
THE
GOLDEN SPY,
IN THE
Courts of *EUROPE*.

Very
Scarce

Not mentioned in
where and can be found



COUNTS OF EUROPE

THE
Golden Spy :
OR, A
POLITICAL JOURNAL
OF THE
British Nights Entertainments
OF
WAR and PEACE,
AND
LOVE and POLITICS:

Wherein are laid open,
The Secret Miraculous Power and
Progress of GOLD, in the
Courts of *Europe*.

Intermix'd with
Delightful INTRIGUES, MEMOIRS,
TALES, and ADVENTURES, Serious
and Comical.

L O N D O N :
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yard, Thread-needle-street ; and J. Morphew near
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THE
Epistle Nuncupatory,
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
A TALE of a TUB.

SIR,

THis Address is not to let you know that the Author sent the following Sheets to visit the World at the frequent Importunity of learned and witty Friends; or to explain to you the drift and design of the Present I send you, for indeed it is purely to follow the Mode; for there is, Sir, you know, a Fashion in Books, as well as in Dresses, and to be out of it in either, gives an ill Grace to the Person or the Book: And my Author having sent me his Copy without inscribing it to any living Creature, and you, Sir, having engross'd Prince Posterity,

To the AUTHOR of

ty, I was affraid, that shou'd my Book be out of the Fashion of an Epistle Dedicatory, in an Age so prodigal to Flattery, it wou'd look so naked and bare, as to fright all the modish Buyers, whom I always desire to be my best Customers; since a plausible Title Page (the Booksellers Art) and a good Gilt Back, seldom fail to please them.

Being therefore come to this Resolution, my next difficulty was to find a Patron. I had indeed a very long Debate in my self whose Flag to Advance, under whose Banner to enter the Battel of Criticks, a formidable Generation, that have no more Mercy than Hunger, Necessity, or a Clergy-man's Revenge. I look'd over the Catalogue of all my Customers, of White's Chocolate House, Tom's and Will's Coffee-house, and the Temple, to say nothing of my City Chaps, who sometimes deal in Wit, and are as terrible Criticks as any of the former: Nor did I neglect the consideration of the Ladies, but cou'd not find one of all my Roll fit for my purpose. For, said I, how can WIT ever hope for a Patron among those who subscribe so profusely for NONSENSE; or Art find a Friend where Ignorance and Impudent Pretence are receiv'd; or that, Satyr shou'd please the Piquet and Back gammon Players of Covent-Garden; or that Cook upon Littleton shou'd defend the Belle Rallery; Or that the Ladies wou'd be favourable to a Man that can produce his Witnesses, when they are so fond of Eunuchs that have none?

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A TALE of a TUB.

Considering therefore that WIT was banish'd the Court, the Great Men's Studies, and the Ladies Closets, the Chocolate-house, and Playhouse, my old Acquaintance Mr. Britain the Smallcoal Man made me turn my Eyes towards Clerken-well Green for Refuge; hoping, that the Neighbourhood of the Bear-Garden, where now are the most natural Judges of Wit, wou'd afford the best Patrons.

'Tis true, had I fix'd on the ingenious Mr. Britain, People wou'd have thought, that I might have found a difficulty in some of the laudable Topics of Dedication; as the Ancient Family, and known Generosity of the Patron; yet to shew them their mistake, I protest sincerely, that had not the least influence on my rejecting his Patronage, since I do not at all doubt, but that I might have spoke as much Truth on both Heads, as generally has been spoken by most of our Modern Dedicators; Who often run the Pedegree of their Patrons up to the Conquest, (and we are beholden to them that they stop there) tho' perhaps they wou'd be puzzled themselves to tell their Forefathers in the Pious Days of good Queen Bess; tho', it may be, the first of them, that made any Figure, was only a Court Pimp; or favourite Valet de Chambre of some antiquated Lady, whose salacious distemper made him a Gentleman, by getting him a Place, in which, by Cheating the Queen and Country, he might raise an Estate, and leave his Posterity the

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Title of Right Honourable. For as that
Sage Donn and Holy Father, Pope Pius the
second, judiciously observes, Few Great Families have had a very honourable Rise.
Besides, Poets and other Dedicating Authors can make Pedegrees, as well, as any Herald, German, or Welshman of them all. His very Name wou'd have afforded many pregnant Conjectures in his Favour. For several Persons eminent in their Stations have born it; which in the Memory of our Fathers, has been thought sufficient to make old ROMANS of some honest Saxons, never heard of in the World till these later days. As, first, Mrs. Britain has been a Lady very useful in her Generation, and furnish'd the Quality with many a Maiden-head both Real and Artificial. Nor has this Name been unknown in the Kingdom of the Beaux, and Gallants; and if we wou'd pursue the Advantages of the Name to its Antiquity, How easie a matter wou'd it be to make it as ancient as the Nation it self? And so with a little of our Modern Author's Address in fine Panegyric, I might have deriv'd it from old Brute and the Trojans; tho' that perhaps I might have left to Mr. Samms, and the rest of the most profound and Learned Antiquaries of this Nation, especially to Geofry of Monmouth, and about a Thousand Welch Manuscripts. But if all this had not been sufficient to vanquish his Modesty, and make him quite forget his Small-coal

A TALE of a TUBOY

coal Bagg, I cou'd have told him, that in pious Times of Yore, a great while ago indeed, and a great way off, before the barbarous Inundation of Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, Men were distinguish'd from the Mob only by their Virtue, their Valour, or Knowledge or Excellence in some Science or Art; and have prov'd it by a Latin Quotation:

Nobilitas sola est atq; unica Virtus.

Tho' that perhaps might have been look'd on as a Satyr on the Quality of these Times; and by the High-flyers, for a rank piece of Republican Malice.

Thus with much ease I cou'd have proclaim'd the Wonders of his Generosity, especially to Men of Art; a Virtue so uncommon in this present Age, that a Fidler shall draw Hundreds out of the Purse of a Lord, who wou'd not give Sixpence to all the Sense of Mankind; and when the Noblemen's Valets take Brokerage for Dedications.

Purely therefore to avoid the Imputation of a Maligner of our Men of Quality, I laid all thoughts of addressing to Mr. Britain aside, and cast my Eyes on you, Sir, who being perfectly unknown for your Quality, or Virtues to the World, wou'd not administer Matter of Envy or Abuse on my present Address: Besides, Sir, to you All manner of
Tales

To the AUTHOR of

Tales lay a claim most peculiar. You led the Dance of Tales to the Town, which yet is not weary of following the Humour. The Arabian and Turkish Tales were owing to your Tale of a Tub; And the last was Midwif'd into the Press by the eminent Bookseller of the Wits, and Chairman of as eminent a Club: The Devil on two Sticks, and many more Ejusdem faraginis: Nay, even Histories, having long been a sort of Tales of so many Tubs, easily pass'd on the Town for your Productions. But, Sir, one of the chief Motives of this Address to you, is that the World might be sensible, that I have too much Modesty (tho' a Bookseller) to palm the following Treatise upon you; The height of my Ambition being to send it abroad under the advantageous Circumstances of your Patronage: For tho' I cou'd never find that a Lord's Title or Name to the Dedication, sold me a Book, or excus'd the Dulness of my Author; yet I am in Hopes that yours will do both; since I have seen many a Blockhead pass for a WIT by keeping good Company; and John Dryden, and Will Wycherly familiarly pronounc'd, and with an Air of Intimacy, has rais'd a Reputation, that Nature never design'd.

Besides, Sir, at a Time when all the Fine Arts are so visibly discourag'd by both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small; when the first
have

A TALE of a TUB.

have run down Poetry and Plays for Ballads and Operas ; when the latter from a Zeal of Reforming of I KNOW NOT WHAT, has not only suppress'd the Antient Fair of St. Bartholomew, so that we may sooner expect to see there a Bonner, than a Pinkethman ; when the more Modern Fair of May, and that Celebrated one of Greengoose, are Reform'd of all their Ornaments as of so many Popish Ceremonies, to the great decay of the Consumption of Pigg and Pork, and Greengeese ; where the Noble and Antient Art of Rope-Dancing is almost abolish'd as Ancichristian, because the Finnambuli were offensive to one of the Plays of Old Terence ; the poor Remnants of these nimble Artists being forc'd to find a Hospitable Retreat at Sadlers Wells, where Mrs. Bushel shows her Plump Thighs to the Sober Saints, their Pious Wives and Daughters, and hopeful Young Sons too, without the least fear of Scandal. When the Facetious Jack-puddings are silenc'd for fear of Prophane Wit, or forc'd to content themselves with a Mountebanks Stage, to Joke off their Pills, Potions, and Plaisters, to the detriment of many an Honest, tho' Credulous Cit. When the Ingenious Puppet Shows suffer a greater Persecution in this Land of Liberty and Moderation, than once they did among the Wise and Religious Switzers, who zealously burnt a Master of a Puppet Show for dealing with the Devil ; from whence, our Godly and Wise Reformers, have ever since
taken

To the AUTHOR of

taken it for a most Diabolical Entertainment. When the Spirit of Hypocrisy aims at Reforming us into Solitude, by Politically destroying all Publick Meetings and Recreations; at least, when they have left no place free for our Diversion but the Markets of French Commodities, the Taverns; and when nobody is like to be suffer'd to thrive but Vintners, Victuallers, Justices Clerks, Reforming Constables, and Informers; for Godliness is now not only a Gain but a Trade, for which Men quit their old Employments as less Beneficial, and serve their end in Reforming: When Usurers, Extortioners, nay, Debochees and Drunkards, Piously set up for enlarging the Kingdom of HEAVEN; and while that they serve the Old Gentleman in Black in all the deeds of their Lives, are Canoniz'd by the Pulpit Gentleman in Black for their Zeal against Common Drabs, and Demolishing Puppet Shows.

At a Time, I say, when all these fine Arts lie under such a Pressure, what fitter Patron cou'd I choose, than the Darling of so Judicious and Pious an Age; who have discover'd so peculiar a Genius in Merry TRIFLING, as cou'd never want Success; when to Write Serious, is to be Dull; and to Think Rationally, to be Pedantick and Enthusiastick. I confess, that there have some other Worthy Gentlemen appear'd of late, who have
had

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had no unhappy Talent this Whimsical way, among which our new Philosophical Transactions are a Masterpiece in their Kind, especially the Author's Facetious and Witty English Epigrams in a Greek Character. The TATLER has likewise lately taken up this Taking Mode, and crept like the Fops of the Times into the Closet of the Great and the Fair, by a Modish Impertinence ; so that if a Peace shou'd come, I know not, but out of excess of Joy, we may not endure any thing but TATLERS these Ten years to come ; which might prove as surprizing to your good Prince, Posterity, as our Military advantages over the French Bully ; for we do now in Writing as in Building ; if Light and Gaudy, 'tis no matter how Lasting ; and, indeed, it is but dealing fairly with Posterity to leave them the Liberty of building their own Houses, and writing their own Books, according to their own Whims.

But, Sir, these are both far short of your Excellence, and meer Imitators of it. The former ridicules only meer Humane Arts and Sciences ; while You, Sir, go farther, and Burlesque Religion it self ; while speaking and thinking of it in a Good Humour, you have brought it to be no more than an Old Coat, leaving to the Good Friend honest Moderate MARTIN, scarce so much as a Lappet to cover his Nakedness. You have indeed done
greater

To the AUTHOR of
greater Wonders in Controversie, than
Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Southamton,
or Amidis of Gaul, *in the performances of*
Chivalry. While Stillingfleet, Tillotson,
and the other Champions of our Cause, have
brought whole Armies of Authorities and
Reasons against the Whore of BABYLON,
you with a JOKE confute the Obstinate Bellar-
mine and John Calvin at once, and have
certainly discover'd the Shortest way with
CONTROVERSY.

Yes, Sir, You put me in mind of the Merry
Philosopher Democritus, who thought the
World only worth Laughing at. And per-
haps you may be in the Right on't when you
see every thing turn'd Topside Turvey (as
they say) When Divines turn Buffoons;
Sharppers turn Cullies; Men of Quality turn
Sharppers; Irishmen turn WITS; Lawyers
turn Arbitrators; Tallymen and Paun-
brokers turn Reformers; Whiggs turn
Tories; and Tories turn Whiggs; Non-
jurers turn zealous defenders of the REVOLU-
TION; Polititians turn Gamesters; and
Coblers turn POLITITIANS.

Were I the Author I should here tell you
Wonders of the Book I Dedicate to you;
That like Homer, according to the Criticks,
it contains all Arts and Sciences; but
speaking for another, I shall let him shift for
him-

A TALE of a TUB.

himself, only informing you, That in the next Volume you will find Wonders indeed perform'd by GOLD, such as wou'd surprize ev'n a PRIEST or a COURTIER; who are generally so well acquainted with its Value and Force. And so, Sir, I Subscribe my self,

Your

Humble Servant, the

BOOKSELLER.

THE

W. T. A. R. of A. T. A. R.
I claim you will find Wonders indeed per-
formed by GOLD, such as would surprise
even a Priest or a Courtier; who are ge-
nerally so well acquainted with its Value and
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THE

T H E

Golden Spy.

The INTRODUCTION; or, *The*
First Nights Entertainment.

AMONG the many great Advantages we have of those who groan under the Tyranny of the *Inquisition*, that of the *Liberty of Philosophizing*, and making free and noble Enquiries into the hidden Secrets of Nature, is not the least valuable; since by that the modern Times and more free Nations have made many and inestimable Discoveries, which have been both useful and entertaining to the World. But it was the ill Fate of *Campanella*, who seems to have had a peculiar Genius this way, to be born a Subject of those Princes who with a great deal of ill Policy suffer a Tribunal in their Dominions, that denies any dependance on them: For *Campanella* was thrown into the *Inquisition* for Writing of things that were above the Understanding of an ignorant Age, and more ignorant People.

None of his Writings ever pleas'd me more than his Book *de Sensu Rerum*, which made me often wish that Chance or Industry might furnish me with some Experiment, that might with sufficient evidence confirm his Speculations. But when my Endeavours had prov'd fruitless, and all my Enquiries had left me not the least Light into my Desires, Chance supply'd one beyond Controversie, and which produc'd an Instance not only of the *Sensibility of Things* which we generally not only esteem mute but inanimate, but ev'n of their Rationality, and discursive Faculty, Observation, Memory, and Reflection. Of this Nature was some Pieces of coin'd Gold, that Fortune had thrown into my Hands, from whose Conversation I learn'd many Secrets of Policy, and Love, part of which I shall relate, the rest I shall reserve for a more private Conference. I confess this Adventure, in a more Superstitious Country and Person, might have pass'd for a first-rate Miracle; but here, where Enquiries into Nature discover e'ry day such wonders, and with me who have read of the *Soul of the World*, and Maxims that hold ev'ry part of the Universe to be compos'd of animal sensible, and perhaps rational Particles, the Wonder rose not above the Power of the Operations of the secret course of Nature.

Were it not a receiv'd Maxim, that nothing is more Powerful than Gold, in War, and Peace; in Courts, and Camps; in Church, and State, with the Great and the Fair; yet
our

our present seeing and feeling of this Truth in the *French* Management were sufficient to establish it. For by this they have made all *Europe* tremble, and rais'd *France* to that height of Empire, which She has obtain'd, and yet struggles to preserve, with a Force almost equal to the rest of the World. I have indeed often thought what noble and diverting Discoveries might be made, could any of the *Louis d'Ore's* or *Guineas* reveal by discourse what Affairs they have negotiated, and those secret Intrigues, which have produc'd strange and terrible Effects in Kingdoms, and Families. But whilst I thought these Reflections but vain Amusements, as I lay awake one Night, I was agreeably surpriz'd with a proof of their Solidity. I heard an odd sort of humming noise like one struggling to speak, or not awake enough to give his Words their true Articulation; this was the more alarming, by being just under my Pillow, or somewhere about the Head of my Bed; yet I was so far from imagining this to be any Ghost, Hobgoblin, or Fantasm of the Night, that I suspected some Rogue had privately got into my Chamber, and hid himself till he found his opportunity in the Night to accomplish his Ends in Robbery or Murther. Leaping therefore from my Bed, I call'd for my Servant, who coming with a Light, search'd e'ry place with all imaginable Care and Exactness; but finding nothing, I kept the Light, and bid him retire to his Rest.

I was no sooner laid down again, but I heard the same rustling Noise, but it seem'd stronger than before, and directly under my Pillow, where yet I could find nothing but my Breeches, and in my Pockets a few *Louis d'Ores* and *Guineas*, with some *Dutch*, *Spanish*, and odd *Italian* pieces of Gold, which my Curiosity that day had prevail'd with me to purchase. Conscious of my wonted Fate, which would never let me sleep while I had any Money in my Pocket, I took them all out and laid them on a little Table just by my Bed-side; secure now of Repose, I found all quiet about me, and the Noise remov'd to the very place where I laid all my Gold. But that which now added to my Surprise was, that I plainly perceiv'd, that the former Noise began to assume a Tone extreamly like that of the Humane Voice, arriving at last to a Murmuring Articulation, some broken words of which reach'd my Ears, and seem'd to come from a Person just breaking from a profound sleep, and yet not conscious enough of Reason to make Sense of what he utter'd.

Tho' I am not naturally Superstitious, or very Credulous of Apparitions, yet the fruitless search that I had just made, having satisfy'd me that I was my self, the only visible living Creature in the Room, I found within me a Concern, of which, (till then) I thought myself incapable. But reflecting, in the midst of my Fear, that this could be no Spirit of Darkness, since it ventur'd into the Light, I grew more courageous, in which I was confirm'd

by several Pious and Religious Considerations which are proper and useful on such Occasions. Drawing therefore aside my Curtain, I directed my Eye by the guidance of my Ear to the very Place whence this Sound seem'd to arise; but my wonder encreas'd when I discover'd nothing in Sight, but what us'd to be there, (except my Gold) which, tho' of several Interests and Countrys, I could not but suppose would lie together without quarreling.

I had heard, and Experience had taught me, that Gold would make the Silent speak, and the Loquacious dumb; but I little suspected that any of that Metal could shake off that natural dumbness which the Opinion of the World had so long fix'd upon it. But I had not gaz'd long e're I found to the contrary the same Sounds were renew'd, and I plainly heard a small Voice among the Gold, which struck me with an Amazement not to be express'd; and yet it was an Amazement, that struck more on my Curiosity than my Fear; for I immediately snatch'd up the nearest piece to me, which happen'd to be a *Spanish Pistole*, and clapt it to my Ear, and ask'd it many Questions; but all in vain, for it remain'd as fullenly silent, as if it had no more power to speak than the World generally imagines.

On the top of the Heap lay a half *Louis d'Ore*, which observing my uneasie Curiosity, with a true French Briskness familiarly call'd to me, and bid me not give my self a Labour so vain, as to lose my Time in sol-

liciting the Dumb to speak, since of all that Heap He (for after what pass'd betwixt us I may, with the Grammarians leave, call it *He*) only could yet a while comply with my Desires. 'Tis true (continu'd he) some of these have had the Power of Speech, but by prostituting that Faculty, have for a time quite lost it; but that the rest neither ever had or ever would enjoy that Prerogative. I my self have now for some time (pursu'd my talkative Monsr.) been struggling to recover a Power, of which I have long been depriv'd, and jostling the rest, to rouse them from their long and drowsie fit of dumbness, but have not yet been able to prevail.

This Declaration of my dapper piece, gave me full satisfaction about the odd Noise that had given me so much disturbance, which yet I thought amply rewarded by so wonderful a discovery. In short (pursu'd he) I will not trouble my self any longer with my dull languid Companions; but since we are in this Solitude, without any Witness, I shall address my self wholly to you. Transported with so engaging an assurance, I took him up in my Hand, gave him a thousand kisses, and hugging him close in my Bosom, full of Pleasure as great as if I had got the beautiful *CÆLIA* in my Arms — Go on, (said I) my Charmer, go on, and bless me with a Conversation, which sure no Man ever enjoy'd before! Why art thou silent my adored? Why dost thou delay those Joys, that are as enchanting as uncommon?

The Power and Progress of GOLD. 7

It was a considerable time e're he would vouchsafe to utter one Word, which threw me into a very painful Fear that he had lost that happy Faculty, which, I found by his Confession, was not always in his Power, In the midst of my impatient Expectation, now almost in despair, he began again to speak, but in a much weaker, and a sort of upbraiding Tone, which made me something uneasy. I ask'd him, however, the reason of a Change so sudden; and the hated Cause of a Silence, I found my self unable to endure.

You your self (said he, something angrily) are the only Cause, who by your fond Actions and Caresses, seem to confess the Miser, a Creature to whom we have the utmost aversion; his Love is as troublesome to us, as odious to all the World besides; for, shut up in his Coffers, we lose this agreeable Quality, which is only maintain'd by an absolute Freedom of circulating with the Sun about the World, where we make far greater Discoveries than that glorious Planet; for we are admitted to those Secrets which are industriously conceal'd from his enquiring Eye; and made Confidants of those Intrigues of Love and Politicks, which he would only disappoint or destroy. Whether we go in Bribes to tame troublesome Zeal of the *Patriot*; to betray the *Statesmans* Trust; or purchase the Honour and Chastity of the Matron or Virgin; for we, like the sage *Ulysses*, accomplish most of our greatest Exploits in the dark.

I assur'd him, that Curiosity alone had betray'd me into the odious Suspicion of a Guilt, of which I had the utmost Abhorrence, Avarice being a Vice the most remote of any from my Nature. I begg'd him therefore, by his hopes of perpetual Liberty, to proceed without any such Fear, and satisfy me in those admirable Secrets of his Essence, which it seems were so very different from the Common Opinion.

Pacify'd with these repeated Assurances, resuming his Courage, he thus again began:

I will not entertain you with an Account of the Generation of this Metal in the Bowels of the Earth, both because that affords but little Diversion to any but a profess'd Virtuoso, and because owing my Origin to another Cause, I am little acquainted with that terrene Gold by which you form your Idea of the whole Kind. I, Sir, am part of that famous *Golden Show'r*, disguis'd in which *Jupiter* penetrated the strong Brazen Tower, to possess the Charms of the beautiful *Danae*, which Story to look on as a meer Fable, favours too much of a Modern Incredulity; since, ever since that time, you find that there is no place so strong, or guarded with that Vigilance, to which *Gold* will not gain Admittance and bring to a Surrender sooner, and with more Safety, than the Batteries of Cannon, and the Valour of Heroes. I confess (continu'd he) all *Gold* is not of this nature, as will be plain from an Instance which I will presently give you. But all the *Gold* of that *Show'r* is ever

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irresistible. This is plain from daily Experience; for if we only look into the Affairs of Love, we shall find some Lovers at a vast expence, without being able to obtain the least Favour of their Mistresses; whilst others with a little of this, and a tolerable Address, easily get into their Arms, in spite of all the watchful Eyes of Husbands and Spies never failing to gain the strongest Fort, if they vouchsafe but to set down before it. This Truth I shall convince you of, in a Story of a certain Lady who had me once in her Possession, as soon as I have premis'd a short Account of myself, and the various Transmigrations I have pass'd, by that Means to remove your Incredulity or Doubts of whatever I shall reveal.

Since I came down from Heav'n in that *show'r* with *Jove*, I have had multitudes of Masters, and Shapes full as various. Much Time I have spent in the Service of the Ladies; have been the Ornaments of the Swords and Weapons of ancient Heroes and modern Generals, and perfectly know what those acquir'd by their Valour, and these by their Money. I can tell you their Conduct and Government, show you the Art of rising in the Camp without Valour or Sense, and all the dark Mysteries of husbanding a War to Years, that might be decided in a few Months. I have been lock'd up in the Cabinets of Princes, great Kings, and mighty Emperors, and am perfectly acquainted with their most secret Intrigues, private Vices, and Follies. I have belong'd to several great Politicians, Favourites and Courtiers,
and

and know all their Principles and Maxims. I have been too often in the Coffers of the Clergy, and many times in their Studies and Closets, which has brought me thoroughly acquainted with their Vicious Inclinations, Irreligion, Hypocrisie, Cruelty, Ambition, Avarice, and Pride. I have likewise adorn'd the Fingers of the greatest Favourites, Male and Female, seen all their Bribes, told over the Price of the Extortion and Robberies they have committed, and seen the Plunder of Nations cram'd into their private Coffers. I know the cause of the Fall of *Sejanus*, that great Roman Favourite, and could give them all such good Advice, as might secure them from the like Fate.

From the Courtiers I easily pass'd to the Gamesters; those, tho' never such Scoundrels by Birth and Parts, are admitted to the Tables of Lords and Princes: nay, this very one thing has brought the Lacquey from behind his Lords Chair, to the Table with him. And the Ostler from rubbing the Horses Heels, into the Bed with a Dutches. The Metamorphoses of this Mystery are greater than those of *Ovid*; for here Footmen, Porters, Butchers, Tapsters, Bowl-Rubbers are transform'd into Gentlemen, and Companions for Ministers of State, and Princes themselves; and on the other hand, Lords, Knights, and Squires into Scoundrels, excluded the Conversation of the Chambermaid; Porters, Pimps under Sharpers, Setters, and the like. I have belong'd to Pimps and Bawds of all Nations, and know
the

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the secret Amours of all the Great Men, when they careſs falſe Beauty in their Arms, as they do falſe Merit in their Favour in their Poſts. I have ſeen the moroſe ſow'r Miniſter of State hug the rotten Remains of Footmen and Porters under the ſpecious Names of Virgins and Citizens Wives ; and the Matrons of Quality, when they have been inſenſible of the Adreſſes of Wit, and Accompliſhments of Perſon and Qualifications, melt luxuriouſly in the ruſtic Embraces of Brawny Coachmen, and Tinkers. I have ſeen the falſe Modeſty hide her Face in public at a double Entendre, yet riot in falacious Enjoyments in her Cloſet. In my Travels thro' *England* I have not eſcap'd the Gripe of the *Godly*, where I have made notable Discoveries of their Hypocriſie; for while their Pretences would raiſe them above Men, their Practice lays them lower than the Wickedneſs of Devils: for indeed, they endeavour to ſeem better than moſt Men, to get it into their power to be more abandon'd than all Men. The canting Reformer, who buſily pretends to alter the courſe of Nature, and ſend the poor Whores to *Bridewell*, I have ſeen reeking in Adultery with his own Neighbours Wife. Others who have look'd on a pint of Wine in a Tavern as an unpardonable Profanation of the Lord's-Day, I have ſeen get Drunk in their own Houſes, to the Edification of the *Godly*. I have ſeen others that have with a Gogle of Detestation damn'd all the Frailtys of Nature and Youth, ſwallow the Eſtates of Widows and Orphans with more eaſe than a Glaſs
of

of Whitewine, and Bitter in a Morning, without the least remorseful keck of Conscience, and then by the Tub-thumper translated to *Baxter's Saints Everlasting-Rest*, without any Restitution to the poor suffering Victims. The Stock-jobbers I have been thoroughly acquainted with, and know all the flights and cunning of their Tricks, and all the familiar Cheats of the honest Traders of the City.

I can tell you the Scandal and Impertinence of the Ladies *Visiting-days*; the Machinations of all the political *Juntoes*: for I have been of all Parties and Factions, and am perfectly acquainted with all their Rogueries; their sham Pretences to the Good of the Public, to bubble the People into their measures, for their own private Interest and Advantage. I can let 'em into the Secret of *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, and point out all the *Fools* and *Tools* that manage and are managed by the Demagogues of each. I can shew you a Scene of the useful *Doctors-Commons*, where Proctors without Religion exclaim on the Danger of the Church. I can inform you in the Art of making a *bad Cause good*, before a Judge that weighs the Merit of Plaintiff and Defendant by ounces of Gold, not Witnesses or Right. I can teach you the Art of bribing Parliaments and public Assemblies, who, drunk with this *Aurum potabile*, disembugue the Rights of the People while they vote against Arbitrary Power, and boast of *Magna Charta*.

As I have had such various transmigrations thro' the great World, so have I taken a short
turn

The Power and Progress of GOLD. 13

turn to its Miniature the *Stage*. I know all the Intrigues of the Ladies of that Romantic Region; their wonderful Constancy, exact Fidelity, and uncommon Generosity: I've been Witness of the *Utopian Felicity* of their Lovers, free from the *Anxieties* of Rivals. I have div'd into the Mysteries of the Management of that politic State; for they, like the greater World, conceal Self-interest and Injustice under the specious Name of *Arcana Imperii*. I can give you the Characters of their *Hero's*, their Honour, Capacity, Judgment, and Knowledge in the Art they profess; their Justice to each other and to the Poets; their illustrious Birth and learned Education, by which they are qualified for such great Posts as they frequently enjoy. I have likewise been conversant with the Kingdom of *Sounds*, the *Opera's*; can tell you all their wise Subscribers, with *their* Merits and Characters. I can paint in as lively Colours as they use, the bright *Female Songsters* and the infamous neither *Male nor Female Singers*. There I have seen a *Switz Trumpeter* pass for a great Master of Music, and Eunuchs palm on the Town Grimace, and Action for Harmony and Voice. And tho' these may seem Trifles not worth your hearing, yet since the Fools of Figure have given them the Air of Importance, they may perhaps afford you variety of Diversion.

From these two *Fairy Orbs* I have sometimes escap'd to the Pockets of the Poets, with whom tho' my stay was generally very short, yet they being Men without Disguise or Design, I can
draw

draw you a perfect Scheme of their Virtues, Capacities, Learning and Genius.

In short, Sir, I have been in every station of Life, from the *Prince* to the *Peasant*, and can unfold all the Mysteries of Iniquity, that in all Nations have always enrich'd Knaves, impos'd on Fools, and baffled Men of Sense.

I have frequently pass'd the Chymist's Furnace, and been tortur'd for the Alchymist's Projection; have seen the Bubbles who spent their present Fortune for a future Chymera. I have also many times pass'd the Physician's Hands in the form of a Fee, and so am perfectly acquainted with the Skill and Method of the Faculty in Practice in regard of the *Patient* and the *Apothecary*.

But, to come to an end, Sir, I am the eldest Son of *Time*, and may justly say, that I know the Transactions in all the Climates of *Europe*, and Ages of the World, in War and Peace, in Love and Politicks.

Having thus given you sufficient Proof of my Experience and Knowledg, I hope what I have to say will find a perfect Belief; for assure your self, Sir, I am not so fond of talking, as to throw away my Words where I meet with any Doubts of my Veracity.

My little Piece here pausing a while, I gave him all the assurance imaginable of a Mind ready to receive, as Verities undoubted, all he had to tell me. Pleas'd with what I said, and the manner of my uttering it, he immediately went on to the Story; which was, to prove the different Force of this *Gold* of Heavenly birth

birth from that which was drawn from the Bowels of the Earth.

The Story of Count Guido, Bernardo, and Donna Biancha.

COUNT *Guido* (said he) was of the City of *Fano* in *Italy*; his Father was a Gentleman of a good Family, yet, according to the Custom of the *Italian* Nobility, he scrupl'd not to improve his Fortune by Traffic. But Avarice growing on him with his Age, and his Wealth finding an abundant encrease, he became so doating a Lover of his Mony, that he never durst trust it out of his sight: So living most miserable, he died most odious and condemn'd. His Son in the mean while (the Subject of our present Discourse) with a small Allowance rais'd himself by his Valour and Parts in the Emperor's Service, to the Dignity of a Count of the Empire: But his Father's Death soon recall'd him from the rugged pursuit of Glory in the Field of *Mars*, to make a more considerable figure in that of bright *Venus*. He came home therefore from the Campaign to take possession of Riches so immense, as fall very seldom to the share of any one Man.

A large Estate was the least part of his Wealth; for the Sums he found hoarded up in his Coffers and other secret places, were sufficient to have purchas'd him an *Italian* Principality. But these heaps of Treasure having been secluded from the Light so many Years, the young Count had the misfortune either to
have

have none of his lucky Gold I have mention'd, or its Vertue was lost by so long a confinement.

The Count was of a quite contrary temper to his Father, being naturally as profuse as the other was niggardly: He immediately set up a magnificent Equipage, and wanting a Palace fit for his reception, he resolv'd to pull down the old House of his Father, and erect a noble Pile, answerable to the Riches he was now Master of, designing in the mean while to travel, and show his Magnificence to foreign Nations. He therefore left the overseeing his Building to the care of a grave Relation, whose Knowledg and Honesty he thought he could best confide in, and so set out for *Venice*, to take the Diversions of the Carnival, and show his splendid Equipage, where many Nations might be Witnesses of his Pomp and Magnificence.

He had not been long at *Venice*, but the Figure he made recommended him to the Acquaintance of the *Great*, and the Eyes of the *Fair*. For, besides the dazzling Beauty of his Riches, which gave Charms, Wit, and Honour where Nature gave none, he had really those of Person to a degree of perfection; his Stature was tall, his Shape neat, his Mien great, and yet graceful; his Eye full, black, and spritely; his Hair hung down to a length very uncommon; he danc'd and sung finely, and talk'd with a great deal of Vivacity and Wit, so that the Men were mightily taken with his Conversation, the Women more; for the Liberties of the Carnival had made him more known to
that

that Sex than at another time he could have been. Tho' he was not extreamly prone to Intrigues with the *Fair*, yet was he not so cold, but that Donna *Biancha* found such a passage to his Heart, as render'd him entirely her Captive. What other Affairs he had with the Ladies of *Venice*, as they have nothing to do with my present Design, so did they never come to my Knowledge, I being at that time a sort of wandring Foliage round a Bracelet, which Donna *Biancha* always wore on her Arm.

Biancha was Wife to the younger Brother of an Ancient *Magnifico*, who had as few Qualifications of Merit as any Nobleman in *Venice*. His Age was above Fifty, his Temper Covetous, Froward, and Jealous, and his Person was fully as disagreeable as his Mind, for he was Crooked, and Paraletic; and all his Conjugal Happiness (if the indifference of a *Venetian* Husband and Wife can merit such a Name) depended on his Authority as a Husband, and the Vigilance and Fidelity of his Spies. *Biancha* on the other Hand was perfectly beautiful in her Person and Face; but in her Mind as silly and insipid as most of the *Venetian* Ladies are.

Count *Guido* had taken particular notice of her in the *Piazza* of *St. Mark*, where her very shape and mein had made so great an Impression on his Heart, that he could not rest till he knew the cause of his Desires: He therefore employ'd his Spies, whom he paid very well, to watch her home; tho' the Task was difficult as well as dangerous, Gold made them accom-

plish their work, and inform the Count who his Mistress was, and where she liv'd. By the same means he had notice wherever she went, so following her one day to Church, he plac'd himself as near her as possibly he could, in hopes either of throwing in a word of passion in the intervals of her heavenly Ejaculations; or, that some lucky Accident or other would discover whether her Face were of a piece with the rest of her Body, which was entirely charming. But he might have pray'd and watch'd in vain for such an opportunity, had not an almost fatal Chance laid open that Countenance that cost him so many sighs and such dangers as rob'd him of his Life in the end. They knelt before an Image of the *Virgin*, which had the Character of so compassionate an Idol, as never to deny any Suit that was prefer'd to her, and it was this day adorn'd in a most pompous manner, and surrounded with great illuminations; and if it had been known that the Count had pray'd to this Miraculous Image for the success of his Desires in that particular, the Event had certainly made no inconsiderable figure in the Legend. For the crowd being great, and *Biancha* very near the Rail of the Image, part of her Veil, in turning, fell over it, and caught fire from the Candles, and in a moment burst out in a Flame. The Count was the first that, alarm'd with her Danger, call'd to them about her, who before he could make way to her, had tore it from her Head; which at once discover'd a Face, that would have turn'd *Jove* into all those Forms to enjoy her, which he us'd
in

in his Amours with the Heroines of Antiquity, and a short Death invading it, and closing her Eyes, which yet set the Count's Heart in a greater Flame than that of her Veil, and much harder to be extinguish'd; for hers, by the care of her Attendants, was soon put out, but his could not expire by any thing but its Cause.

The Lady being in a swoon, the Count and some others made way through the Crowd for her Servants to carry her into the open Air, where soon recovering, she open'd such Eyes as easily compleated a Conquest, that was so far gain'd before.

The Count was not the only Man, that was wounded on this occasion; for there happen'd to be by another, who tho' he deserv'd her much less, was yet far more successful in his Endeavours; for *Bernardo* soon obtain'd all those Favours for which the Count sigh'd, and labour'd long in vain.

Bernardo was just the Reverse of the Count, in Person, in Temper, and Fortune. His Person was low, and something distorted, his Hair black as a Raven, his Eyes almost white, and his Complexion fallow; his Age about forty: As he was far from being generous in his Temper, so his Fortune was but the shatter'd Remains of a Prodigal Father; which yet he manag'd to the best Advantage of making a tolerable Appearance in his own degree of Quality. This Gentleman was by at this Accident, and show'd himself not less officious than the amorous Count, in assisting *Biancha* in this fiery Misfortune, and found some gracious Regards from the Fair one, which

Guido was not able to engage by all the Harmony of his Parts and Address, such wild Caprice sits Sovereign in the Appetite of Woman.

By this time it was no Secret who the Lady was, nor where she liv'd ; so that both her Lovers knew the strict Guard she was under, and therefore that Gold was absolutely necessary for every Approach. This gave little pain to the Count, who valu'd his Mony only for its Use, and Subservience to his Pleasures, and he therefore resolv'd to sacrifice his whole Fortune to an Enjoyment without which his Life must be an insupportable Burthen. *Bernardo* on the other side was as sensible that Mony was necessary to bring about his Satisfaction ; but his Exchequer was then at a low ebb, and not many pieces of Gold could be drawn thence for an affair of this Importance : yet he was so fortunate as to have all his Gold tinctur'd at least with this noble Kind of which I have spoken. He therefore gave some, and promis'd infinitely more, so that whatever Hand it came to, had no Power to resist its force, but was entirely brought over to his Interest. He happen'd to have his Picture in Minature chac'd in the same Gold, which coming into the possession of *Biancha*, by a strange kind of Witchcraft, made him appear in her Eyes the most desirable of Mankind ; and was resolv'd to run the risque of all, to gratifie their mutual desires.

Count *Guido*, in the mean while, had made very large Presents to all her Guard, and receiv'd as large Promises of their Assistance ; and the Lady

dy being made acquainted with his Suit, receiv'd what Jewels he sent her, and resolv'd to improve this Affair to the Advantage of her Favourite Lover. To this end she discovers all the Count's Pretensions to her Husband, insinuating at the same time, that Mony might be got by the descreet management of so wealthy a Lover; and that he could not doubt a Fidelity, that had voluntarily sacrific'd so handsom and accomplish'd a Person to his and her Honour. Avarice had a great Ascendant over the Husband, so that being thus admitted a Confidant, he easily allow'd of the Conduct. Thus as the Count gave largely, all the Spies encourag'd him, took what he gave, and deliver'd his Letters and Presents to their Lady; so that Hope brib'd by Desire confirm'd him in his Folly.

The Count, to improve Opportunity, caress'd the Husband extreamly, and lost his Mony to him freely, to render himself the more agreeable to his covetous Humour. But all he got by what he did, was only fair Words from the Spies, and a transitory Look now and then from *Biancha* at her Window, which only serv'd to heighten his Desire and Impatience.

In the vicissitude of his Gaming, it was his luck to win a few pieces of the nobler Metal, and with the same luck presented them to the most powerful, because most trusted of her Guard, who was so entirely gain'd by this powerful Bribe, that the Count was promis'd admittance on the first Opportunity of the Absence of the Husband; which the Count

took care soon to supply, by making a Friend engage him at play by losing his Money to him. But alas! the Count did not imagine that all the happy Minutes he furnish'd, *Bernardo* enjoy'd; for when the Count detain'd the Husband to engage his Familiarity by losing his Money to him, *Bernardo* was admitted to the Wife, and rifled all those Charms at ease, which *Guido* took all those pains, and was at so vast an Expence for in vain. Thus on the present occasion, *Bernardo* was before-hand with him; and whilst he was attending at the Door, was admitted to his Mistresses Arms.

Count *Guido* being at last convey'd up to an Anti-Chamber of *Biancha's* Apartment, by the Spy he had thus gain'd to this Interest, he attended there a while with trembling and impatience at so near an approach to the Person that only by her Pity and Charms could give his perpetual disquiets any cessation or ease. But Fate, that disposes us and our Affairs with an arbitrary sway, soon gave a melancholly turn to all his Hopes, for listening to every noise, he thought he heard from the adjacent Room the hoarse sound of two murmuring Voices, of so different a tone, that the difference of Sex was easily discover'd. So that now fir'd with Jealousie, he stole closer to the Door, and putting his Ear to the Key-hole he plainly heard the following Words—*My dear Bernardo, your Power over my Weakness is but too plain, to you have I sacrific'd my Honour, and my Husband, nay, to you I have sacrific'd the handsomest, richest, and most accomplish'd Gentleman*
of

of Italy, my Husband, that I might be the more free and secure in the dear Happiness of thy Embraces. Love, my dearest Biancha (reply'd the Man) is the chief, nay, the only Merit, that can deserve thee, and Love is what I possess in a far greater degree than any of Mankind; I therefore deserve thee more than all the rest of my Sex.

Words like these were sufficient to drive such a Lover into such a Rage and Madness, as to produce a fatal Consequence; nor could the Count bear the Indignity of being made a property for the benefit of another; but bursting open the Door, he drew his Dagger, and rush'd in with a Resolution at once to put an end to the Life and Happiness of his Rival. But the noise he had made, had alarm'd the Lovers, so that Bernardo by the help of Biancha slip'd out at another Door, and made his escape; while Biancha (being pleas'd that it was not her Husband, as she fear'd, but a Lover without Power) stopt the Count from pursuing him, upbraiding him in this manner. *Whence Sir, this Insolence in my Apartment, where your very Being deserves Death! which for my sake you ought to expect; yet in regard of a Passion you have so often troubl'd me about, I might pardon this rude effect of it, because tho' we do not value the Sacrificer, the Sacrifice is not always disagreeable. But your only way to let my Pity take place of my Resentment, is to retire this moment, and never more to think of a Passion so injurious to my Honour.*

Your Honour (reply'd the Count with a smile expressing too much of disdain) I hope is safer in

my Hands, than in those of that Wretch, who is fled from my Resentment. He that wants Courage, Madam, can never boast much of Love; and since you have once made so ill a Choice, permit me to hope that you will now take the Opportunity of a better. Tho' I know no Ground (assum'd Biancha) for an Insolence that is not to be born without a speedy Revenge, yet, Sir, I can see plainly that you mean to insult me, or which is as bad, to press me to that criminal converse with your self, which you would insinuate I have been guilty of with some other; yet assure your self, that whenever I shall be so weak to make the choice you mention, I shall never think him worthy of it, that can see any fault in my Conduct, which betrays as little Love as Respect: begone therefore with thy fruitless Hypocrisie, as unavailing to thee, as disagreeable to me, unless you resolve to suffer that Punishment your Intruding Boldness deserves.

The Count was struck dumb with her uncommon Assurance, and confounded with her Rage, and Indignation; but this knowledge of her Guilt to both her Husband and him could not make him bravely to quit the pursuit of so worthless a Creature; but throwing himself on his Knees, and clasping her Hand, he open'd his Bosom and presented her his Dagger; Here Madam (said he) transfix the most loving and tender Heart in the World, revenge your self upon me, and deliver me by a speedy Death from Pains and Agonys that are infinitely more terrible. I can endure any thing but your Fury; and tho' my Fidelity deserves a milder Fate, yet if I

must

must dye to atone the Follies of my Tongue, let this fair Hand be my Executioner.

In short, he argu'd so pathetically, look'd so dejectedly, as would have rescu'd his Life from any Woman besides, if not have gain'd a farther Advantage in her Heart; but she only seem'd to be pacify'd, and with the height of Diffimulation grew calmer and calmer, till she admitted him to kiss her Hand, and talk of Love in so free a manner, as bred that Confidence of her sincerity in him which she desir'd to accomplish his Ruin in a more barbarous manner. But she had a double design in her Complaisance, to revenge her self on the odious Disturber of her private Pleasures, and secure them for the future by the Credit she should get with her Husband, by making the last Sacrifice of a Lover she did not care for, for one on whom she doated.

By this means she took an Opportunity to send away a Servant with all speed to her Husband, to let him know, that the Count was got into her Apartment without her knowledge; and that she would amuse him there till he came to punish him in Purse or Person, as he should think most convenient.

In the mean while, to delude him the more, and get to the place most fitting for her purpose, she led him into her Bed-Chamber, to raise his Mind to hopes and eager desires which she determin'd never to satisfy. Poor Count *Guido* now thought himself in the very direct Road to Happiness; and the Lady did all she could to confirm his fatal mistake by

allowing him all the Freedoms he could wish, except the last; till now word was brought, that her Husband was coming, and would not be long from her Apartment; that all the Avenues to the House were beset, and that Revenge seem'd glaring in his Face. She express'd all the Confusion in the World, and the utmost Concern both for his Life and her own. He advis'd her to fly with him; that, she told him, was now impossible; but the exigence admitting no debate, she advis'd him to go out of Window by a Cord that she found, and while both Ends were fix'd to the Bars of the Window, to sit in the middle till he were gone and yielded a better opportunity for his Escape. Necessity made him take hold of the only way of a Respite of his Fate, tho' he declar'd he had rather die, than have her expos'd to her Husbands barbarous Cruelty. When he was seated, and the Casement clos'd, his Head was so near it, that he could both see and hear all that was done in the Room. The first amazing thing he saw, was *Biancha* flying into the Arms of her Husband, and he as kindly receiving her, and then she drawing him near the Window, spoke aloud to him in these Words. *I have, my Dear at last got into our Pow'r that troublesome Invader of your Honour and mine, use your own discretion in the Punishment of the saucy Intruder, tho' I think as Death is his due, so nothing else can perfectly secure my Reputation, since by the Treachery of some of your Family, he has been admitted into my Apartment, and by his own violence he has forc'd himself into my Bed-Cham-*

Chamber. What Scandal may he not raise ; to the Death of my Repose and yours ! 'Tis true, the Rights of your Bed are yet not contaminated, but had you staid much longer all my Arts could not have protected me from his Madness.

The Husband in a great fury ask'd where he was ? what she had done with him ? and whether she did not dally with his Fury ? She replied, *Turn your Rage against a just Cause, and let the Count feel your Anger, not me, who have with an artful address fixt him where he can neither help himself nor hurt you ; approach that Window, and you will find him ready to receive your Chastisement, without any possibility of escaping.*

The Count observing them coming to his place of retreat, he with a Penknife cut one of the ends of the Rope, and sliding down by it as far as he could, chose rather to venture such a mighty fall, and trust to the clemency of the Waters, than to the pity of such a Wife and such a Husband ; so leaping into the great Canal, he was toss'd about : And now almost spent with swimming, he met with a *Gondola*, (as we afterwards were inform'd) which conveying him to shore, he immediately left *Venice* in that condition, and died, as Report went, on the Road to *Ferrara*.

Thus, Sir, (said my little Piece) this Story makes out what I have told you of the different nature of *this* and the *common Gold*. You may likewise learn this Moral from it, That *Unlawful Love is generally attended with Infamy and Ruin.*

Pleas'd infinitely with this Story and its Moral, I ask'd him if there was any great quantity of this valuable Metal now in the World : he assur'd me there was, since the Tow'r of *Danae* and all its Avenues were almost fill'd with it; but that *Jupiter* being in indignation at the Father, for slighting him as a Gallant for his Daughter, and locking her up close till deliver'd, and then throwing her and her Child into the Sea, he scatter'd it all round the face of the Earth. *One grain of this Gold is sufficient to compass the extent of your Ambition or Love; for there is no Fortrefs so strong, as to be impregnable to it; nor any Heart so hard, that it will not soften at its touch.*

But, said I, since so small a quantity is able to compass all our Desires, how comes about that when we offer but *a little* to bribe a Judge, corrupt a Governour, or suborn a Confidant, we seldom or never succeed, and yet seldom fail when we *double* the Dose, and raise it to the Constitution of the Recipient? I find (said my Piece) you have soon forgot, or little minded, what I told you, That *this Metal is scatter'd over the whole World in grains*; and that, perhaps, *one grain may not fall to the lot of a thousand pieces of lesser excellence.* *Belvoir* is worth perhaps a million, and yet is not Master of a drachm of this; whereas *Boufoy*, who has not the *fortieth* part of his Wealth, may be much better stor'd with this Omnipotent Gold: Thus the former meets Success in *few* things, the later in *all*.

The Positions you advance (said I) are so uncommon and surprizing, that you'd infinitely

ly oblige me, if you'd but discover the Secret of distinguishing this sort of Gold from t'other. *This Gold*, said he, *is like the Materia subtilis, the wonderful Effects of which are reveal'd by Time and Experience, tho' it entirely fly the cognizance of all the Senses.*

But pray (interrupted I) are not you, who now hold this wonderful conversation with me, of this admirable Species? No, (said he, in a sort of surprize) the thousandth part of me at this time can't claim this Honour. But I begin to smell your Design, and ought immediately to put an end to our Converse, by a Silence that may prevent your putting me under a confinement that is equally my Fear and my Aversion. But should you so deceive me, the Punishment would soon reach your self, since contrary to common Opinion, by our Liberty, not Bondage, we bring Wealth to our Owners, And this I take to have been the cause of my so often changing my Masters and my Shape; whether they discover'd my Talent by my Countenance, or that it is my Fate to be a perpetual Knight-errant, I know not; but let the Cause be what it will, *Pythagoras* himself, who remember'd so many different things in as many different Bodies, never had so great a variety of Shapes as my self.

I could entertain you with abundance of the Secrets of Antiquity, as the Impostors of the Priests of *Apollo*, having long been a piece of the golden *Tirpod* from which they pronounc'd all their Oracles; but modern Cheats have put those ancient Frauds so much out of countenance,

nance, that my Discourse upon the former would seem too insipid to entertain you. 'Tis true (answer'd I) my Curiosity rather leads me to know the Mysteries of modern Iniquity, in which I am so much a stranger, that all you shall tell me will have the Charm at least of Novelty.

In that, assum'd he, I can give you an entire satisfaction, from the scepter'd Monarch to the humble Shepherd, that walks with his Crook on the Plains; but I must tell you, Sir, this is a point so very nice to touch on, that if it should be known whence the Intelligence came, some of the disoblig'd Great ones (who hate Truth more than Merit) would certainly compleat my Ruin and Misery, by shutting me up where I should never more behold the glorious Light of the Sun. *Your Fear*, replied I, *seems to me altogether groundless, since the Stamp you bear is common to so many thousands, and the peculiar Mark of your Excellence so invisible to human Eyes.*

Being satisfied with this reason, he laid aside all Caution, and discover'd such private Intrigues of the *Fair*, the *Great*, and the *Godly*, as were as surprizing as new: He gave me a full account of all the Particulars of the Intrigues of the Bishop of — with the Lady * * * *, and several of the fair Sex: The Adventure of the Bell was pleasant enough, tho' to the mortal disappointment of the Bishop and the Lady. Nor was the Mistake of the Summer-house less diverting, than an Argument of his Lordship's Vigour and Good-nature, extending his Benevolence

volence to the lowest as well as the highest. I could likewise tell you by what means the Dean of — got the rich Bishoprick of —, for which he was more beholden to the fair Eyes of Mrs. —, than his own great Learning or Piety: but these are things of an invidious nature, and I dare not yet reveal 'em, lest I should be thought to wound that Venerable Body thro' the sides of some of its loose Members; tho', I confess, 'tis hard that those who should have no liberty of sinning, should be the only Men secur'd from all Reflections, when most abandon'd in their Actions; but I shall not, as matters stand, venture to provoke a sort of People that are more famous for *teaching* than *practising* Forgiveness: Besides, they have been so often on the Stage, and so long the Anvil of Satire to no purpose, that 'tis hard to produce any thing new on such a Subject.

I press'd my little Piece to give me a full account of the *Camp* and the *Court*, which were places I had but little acquaintance with. You must not (replied he) expect to find Princes and Great Men such Gods as their Flatterers and Idolaters make 'em, or so exalted in Wisdom and Virtue as in Riches or Degree. Alas! their Failings and Follies, as well as Vices, are as numerous as those of other Men: Nay, I who have been admitted into their Closets, have been Witness of such Transactions as the meanest of their Subjects would have blush'd at. These Demi-gods, whom some Men reverence as things of a superiour nature in many par-

particulars, in all Ages, have discover'd themselves to be much less than Men.

But 'tis too late to begin with so ample a Subject, when the Night is so far wasted, that you must necessarily require some hours of Repose; wherefore I will dismiss you with a Story much more light and airy, and which will not disturb you with any unpleasant Remembrances.

The Story of the Mercenary Gallant.

IT hapned lately that I was in the Service of a Lady of Quality and Figure, who was full as amorous as beautiful; but tho' she lov'd her Pleasure much, yet she lov'd her Money more, and therefore chose often to ease her Inclinations with her Husband, rather than part with her Gold to her Gallant. It was her Chance to be in love with a young Gentleman of a slender Fortune, tho' he liv'd to the height of a bulky one.

This Lady's Husband being involv'd in many Law-suits, was oblig'd to be much in Town about the Inns of Court. This furnish'd the young Gentleman with frequent Opportunities of pressing an Amour, in which he had a view not only to the Person of the Lady, but her Wealth, from which he hop'd a seasonable Supply to his importuning Occasions; but the Lady on the other hand, tho' liberal of her Favours, was always careful of keeping her Purse, justly believing her Charms sufficient to purchase Lovers, without being at the expence of buying

buying them with her Gold. His assiduity in Address soon got him free admittance at all hours even to her very Closet, where he had frequently revel'd in her Arms, and by a vigorous Embrace satisfied her most salacious Desires; but he had attempted all Ways and Arts in vain, to move her Generosity to grant him a little Supply, which was so very necessary to support his Equipage: But one day entring her Cabinet, he found her extended on the Couch, with her Neck and Breasts quite bare, and few Charms hid from the Eye; but he had been too often surfeited with Beauties he had not now so strong a relish of, as of a more charming rich Necklace which encompass'd the Ivory Tower of her Neck, and hung down in little Crosets on her Lilly-white Bosom.

The Gallant lik'd the Prize too well not to have thoughts of securing it, as a Pledge at least of a Reward of his amorous Services, which he thought was his due. Sleep was his Friend on this occasion, for that held her faster in its embraces than ever; so that undoing the Locket, (which I then was) he took it from her Neck, and, to make a clean conveyance, swallow'd the Pearls one by one, like Pills, till the whole Dose was compleated: Then making a little noise, as if just enter'd, he wak'd the fair Lady, who express'd a small resentment for his disturbing her Repose; but turning that to Raillery, she smiling told him, he ne'r took any Favour but what was presented him, and that she now perceiv'd he made a Conscience of his Doings.

I'm not so conscientious (replied he) Madam, as you are pleas'd to imagin, nor are there many who make a better use of an Opportunity than myself; I always endeavour'd to steal those Favours that were refus'd me, and ever valued them most which I obtain'd in that manner: Nor can you, Madam, be positive to my Conduct with you at this time; nor do you know but that I have stole some dear Favour while you were in so deep a Sleep, and so easily gain'd what you would not have granted had you been awake. Alas, said she, you are too sensible I can deny you nothing, and that makes you slight those minutes of Happiness of which Fortune seems to be prodigal to you: I thought you had known our Sex better, who are pleas'd to lose that by an agreeable Violence, which they refuse to grant on other terms.

Her Words were such a pleasant double Entendre on what he had done, that he could not forbear bursting into a laughter; this provok'd her to accuse him of an unpardonable Indifference, with such a tone of resentment, that he thought himself oblig'd to appeal to her to decide how well he had improv'd the time of her sleep, by that means to try whether she really knew any thing of the Theft he had been guilty of. *Either (said he) you are sensible of all that has now past betwixt us, or you are not; if you are, you must know that I have not misemploy'd my Time; if not, you can't justly reproach my Indifference and Neglect of an Opportunity, which you know not how I have improv'd.*

No Sir, (said she with a languishing Air) you have done nothing; and as I can't enough admire your Modesty in your Conduct, so whenever I fall sick
be

be sure you shall watch with me, because you are not likely to disturb my Repose.

Being with this Reproach touch'd to the quick, he began to offer those Civilities she seem'd to upbraid him with the omission of, but she repuls'd him with Disdain; however a little gentle pressing soon reconcil'd her to his Embraces, by which having appeas'd her, and sitting both on the Couch, she related a Dream she had in the Sleep in which he found her.

I saw, said she, a wanton Cupid in the same figure he is drawn by the Poets and Painters, with Wings on his Shoulders, and his Bow and Quiver by his side, and in his Hand a Girdle, which he call'd the Girdle of Venus; methought I was sufficiently appriz'd of the power and vertue of this Girdle, and then was desirous to know what the young Wanton design'd to do with it; when, to my surprize, he tied it about my Neck, not my Waist, and told me, whilst I wore it I should never want Admirers, then vanish'd out of my sight. As soon as he disappear'd, the Image of a Man presented it self to me, whose Mein and Person were extreamly agreeable to my Fancy, and who seem'd to have much of your Air and Countenance; he made some attempts on my Honour in vain, and more on my Girdle, which whilst he strove to untie, I wak'd, and found it only a Dream.

But (said the Gallant) if I have really acted all these Parts of which you only dream'd, I hope you'll allow that all your Reproaches were unjust. True, said she, but since what I have told prov'd a Dream, I shall very much suspect the reality of your Pretensions. So rising up to adjust her self in the Glasse,

she found her Necklace was gone, and looking about the Couch for it in vain, she was not uneasie, supposing he had only put that Trick upon her to teaze her a little, and therefore went on in this manner : *You had reason (said she) to stand for the Reality of my Dream, since the last Man I had to do with has robb'd me of that which encompass'd my Neck ; and, to come to the point, it is you that have untied my Necklace ; but the Jest being over, I pray return my Pearls.*

He deny'd the Accusation, but she thinking he had a mind still to carry on the Diversion, said, *I prithee restore me this Girdle of Venus, since without it Cupid told me I should lose all my Lovers. I will prove the little God a Liar, (answer'd he) for I myself will love you as long as I live.* This profession would have pleas'd her at another time, but now being intent on her Loss, she desir'd him to restore the Jewel which he certainly had. With an Air of resentment he desir'd her to search him, and clear him from an Imputation she could not in Justice lay on him, after so intimate and long a correspondence as they'd had. She was surpriz'd at his Assurance, and would once more have examined the Couch, but he oblig'd her to search him all over ; she finding nothing about him, lookt round the Closet, but could meet with nothing but the Ribbon and Locket, which he could not swallow, all she could do to recover the rest proving in vain ; which he perceiving her extremely concern'd at, in a gay manner thus address'd her :

Madam,

Madam, I believe that your Necklace is become a Prisoner of War, and that you have no way to retrieve it, but by paying the Ransom according to the Cartel: To be short with you, tho' you have search'd me all over, I have 'em conceal'd about me, if you can but discover the place, they are yours; if not, Two hundred pieces must redeem 'em. To save her Money she renew'd her search, but that proving vain, she promis'd the Money on delivery of the Pearls; he desir'd till the next day, but could not obtain it, till he told her whither he had convey'd 'em.

The next day he brought 'em in a fine embroider'd Purse, and she deliver'd the Ransom agreed on, assuring him, That were she but assur'd of his Fidelity, she could not repent a Present that his Ingenuity deserv'd. Vows and Oaths were not wanting, and other Proofs of his Flame, which were very pleasing to a Woman of her Inclination.

This may shew to what Inconveniencies Ladies expose themselves, when they trust their Honours to young Fellows who make a Trade of Love, and have a greater Passion for the Vanities of Show, than for the Charms of their Mistresses.

My little Piece having finish'd his Story, I laid him down with his Companions, and went my self to Rest, which I found very welcome to me, but I fell not to sleep without a Wish for the speedy passage of Time betwixt this and our next Entertainment.

THE

*Second Nights Entertainment.**The COURT; or, The MALE and
FEMALE FAVOURITES.*

BEing fully refresh'd with Sleep, I got up, and passing away the Day in reading, I amus'd my impatience of the Nights return, by seeking now for Reasons from the Philosophers for such Events as they never dream'd of. At last the welcome Shades of Night began to spread over the Hemisphere, and a universal Silence in a few Hours succeeded, when having dismiss'd my Servant, and fasten'd my Chamber-Door, I set all my Gold at Liberty on my little Table, and threw my self into my Bed in my Night-Gown for my more easie Conversation with my Golden Discoverer of Secrets, that I was extreamly desirous of having a perfect Account of.

I had not lain long, but I heard first one, and afterwards three other pieces began to talk; the Adventure was so surprizing, that I resolv'd not to interrupt their Conversation, but to listen to their Discourse, whence I might per-
haps

haps learn some things that one might conceal. But it was not long before I was oblig'd to interpose my Authority for the preservation of the Peace. For there was a *Guinea*, a *Spanish Pistole*, a *Roman Crown*, and my little *Louis d'Ore* engag'd in a deep dispute, in which, as the Terms went very high, so neither would yield to the other the preheminance, or even allow an Equality of Merit either in War or Peace.

But the most positive in this, was my little *Louis d'Ore*, who made extravagant Encomiums on those many Advantages that *France* has over all other Nations; the Politeness of its Natives, and the Valour and Conduct of its King. This made me imagine, that my little piece had been conversant with *Monf. Boileau*, and heard what he had wrote of the Life of *Lewis* with all the exquisite Art of Flattery; and indeed I could not but ask him if he had not been admitted to his Counsel? No (said he) but I should be the most ingrateful of all things, if I paid not the same deference to *Lewis le Grand*, which he pays to us.

As he was resuming the praise of the *grand Monarch*, he was interrupted by the *Spanish Pistole*, and with that Air of Haughtiness which is so natural to the *Spaniard*, said, that all other Nations were but the sweepings of the *Spanish Monarchy*; the supream Lord of which was design'd by Nature for the Empire of the World, and having already the Title of *most Catholic*.

A bare Name and empty Title, interrupted the *Roman Crown*, is of little importance without something more substantial to support it. But you must all own (continu'd he) that all Nations submit to ours, for what we held in the Time of the old Romans by the Sword, we now maintain by the Power of the Keys; the greatest Kings and Princes of *Europe* still paying their Duty to *Rome*.

Not so fast, (said the *Guinea*) that time is now past, for Kings are no longer the Bubbles of the Pope; and since the days of our good King *Henry*, his Holiness has been taught, that the Subjection of other Princes is very precarious. But if conscious Worth may have leave to boast, what Nation can compare with the *English*, who are not content to be rich and free themselves when almost all the World is in slavery, but extend their Power to the Relief of the distress'd on the Continent; shewing themselves as dreadful to the Enemy by Land, as on the Seas, which is their proper Dominion; and tho' it be a little World of it self, yet it is able to strike a Terror by the force of its Arms and the Valour of its Natives, into the greater.

You have all spoke very well (said I) on the Excellence of the several Nations whose Arms you bear, let us therefore adjourn this debate, and proceed to a discovery of those Secrets of the Court, and the Camp, which I have been promis'd by my little *Louis d'Ore*.

All agreed to the Subject, but none agreed to yield the preference to any other in beginning

ning of his Account; but the matter coming naturally before me as Master of them all, I soon gave it to the *Roman Crown*, as being much the greatest Stranger in the parts; and it being now the Mode of being fond of e'ry thing that comes from *Italy*, even to their most ridiculous Follies and most abandon'd Vices, I was willing to be in the Fashion.

The *Italian* more full of himself than the Favour which he look'd on as his due from *Tramontani*, began in this Haughty Air.

I am not surpriz'd that the other Pieces, who disown the Grandeur of *holy Rome*, should contend with me for Preference; but I am very much scandaliz'd at the Catholic Gold for so impious an Usurpation, especially the *Louis d'Ore*, whose Master pretends to be the eldest Son of the Church, and its present defender against all its Opposers. Nay, 'tis a sort of Ingratitude not very common, since had it not been for Cardinal *Mazarine*, an *Italian*, there had been no such thing as either *Lewis le Grand* or *Louis d'Ore* in *Rerum Natura*.

The Monsieur could not forbear blushing at the Reflection, but told him that *Mazarine* convey'd vast Sums of *French Gold* into *Italy*, but never any thence to *France*. That is not the Question, reply'd the *Italian*, my Assertion is, that *France* ow'd its brightest *Lewis* to *Italy*, that is, to the Manhood and the Instructions of Cardinal *Mazarine*.

I was apprehensive of the ill Consequences of Reflections so severe, I therefore by my Authority bid the *Italian* proceed while the rest waited their Turns.

Before I come to the extraordinary Actions and Adventures of the Courtiers and Favourites of the Court of *Rome*, where I have been conversant (for Gold is more brought to *Rome*, than from thence) I must say a word or two of a Court in general, in which I shall show the Excellence of that Life above all others, the necessary Qualities of a Courtier, and the prudent Maxims by which the skilful move in that slippery Sphere.

I have been in the hands of many besides Courtiers, and therefore I am acquainted with the Common-places of those, who have not been able to arrive at the Happiness they rail at; they tell you, *exeat Aula qui volet esse pius*, *He that would be pious, let him avoid the Court*; but no Body has said let him avoid the Court who would be great, rich, and happy. Now which is the most valuable State let the majority of Mankind determine; the pious are few and miserable, their opinion therefore is of small weight with the many who aim at Wealth and Grandeur. The desire of Happiness is natural to all Men, and the surest means of attaining that can never be justly condemn'd. The Speculative Notions of vain Philosophers, who never so far believed their own Precepts as to put them in Practice, may serve to lard the Discourses and Harangues of those poor Wretches who want Genius and Power to raise themselves

selves above the Vulgar. But Men of Spirit will rather pursue a Substance which in her Enjoyment yields them all, they can desire in this World.

Virgil distinguishing the Greatness of the Romans from other Nations, says,

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius Aëra
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cœliq; Meatus
Describent Radio, & surgentia Sydera dicent :
Tu regere Imperio Populos Romane, memento
Hæ tibi erant Artes, &c. ——— Virg. l. 6.*

shewing, that the height of Humane Perfection was to be able to know the Art of Government. Now 'tis evident, that this Art is only known to the *Courtiers* of every Country; the state therefore of a *Courtier* is the most excellent of any, even by the Confession of a *Poet*; a Creature incapable, by a natural diffidence and neglect of Industry, of attaining that Happiness.

Besides, vulgar Minds are always in pain by Tortures of their own creating; or at least that smell so strong of the Nursery, that a Boy of Sense would be asham'd of them; these are Terrors of Conscience, the Vanity of Immortality, as if the Soul were to be carry'd from the Body to feel Torments unspeakable, for following the dictates of Nature in a higher degree than others; as if an Immaterial Being could be sensible of material Punishments, or that it were a Crime to obey the Sovereign
Law

Law of Self-preservation, by the Directions of that *Self love*, which is founded on Reason, and implanted in all Mankind in a greater or less degree of Perfection. But a Courtier is free from all those Bugbears of the Priests, they act by a Spirit so much above the Vulgar, that they have nothing common with them. Not but they have some Appearances that hold a sort of likeness to what the Vulgar call Virtues. For *Friendship* they have *Complaisance*, *Assurances*, and *mighty Professions*, by which if any one be deceiv'd, it is the fault of his own Ignorance or Pride; Ignorance, in not knowing that this is only *Mode*, on which no Man ought to look with a serious and credulous Eye; Pride in fancying himself an Exception to the only general Rule that has none. For *Fidelity* they have *Self-Interest*, a much surer Tye than the Airy Notions of Honour and Probity; for as long as it is their Interest to be true to Prince or Acquaintance, so long is their Fidelity to be depended upon, and no longer; It is therefore the Duty of the Prince, and Acquaintance, in regard to themselves never to trust or imploy those whose Interest they cannot make to be true and faithful.

For *Religion* they have sometimes *Hypocrisie*, that is, where it may be prejudicial to their Interest to confess the Atheist, and there their Parts are so fine, and their Address so admirable, as to impose on the Credulous the very Works of Infidelity, for the Effects of Grace, and so while they play the Devil, pass for Saints. Instead of that foolish Principle of forgiving your Enemies, which makes a Man only the Anvil of Affronts,
those

those who are resolv'd to thrive, hold it for a Maxim never to be dispens'd with, that the least Opposition to their Aims is never to be forgiven, but reveng'd to the last degree: this makes them tremble, and all others afraid to engage them, want of Success in the Attempt being certain Ruin. There have indeed been some Fools in Post, who have believ'd it the best way to take away Opposers by Obligations; but they are but woful Politicians, not to know that most Men are more influenc'd by Fear than Gratitude, or a sense of Merit.

What some have argu'd about a Prince, some good Statismen hold will reach his Ministers, and so by degrees all his Court; and that is, whether it is safe in these great Posts to be lov'd or fear'd? both indeed seem very necessary, but since it is a matter of great difficulty to know the Advantage of both, it is safer to be fear'd than lov'd; for we may with justice affirm of Men in general, That they are Ingrateful, Inconstant, Dissemblers, Fearful of Dangers, Covetous of Gain: While those to whom they are oblig'd are Prosperous, and out of all Danger, all are observant of them, assiduous, offering to sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes, and Children for their Service; but as soon as ever Evil Fortune shows her Face, and frowns on their Benefactor, they all fly away, as from Infection and Ruin, and almost forswear they ever knew the hopeless Victim, so little will they own their Obligations. Besides, Men make less scruple of offending those who aim to be belov'd, than those who endeavour to be fear'd. For Love is constrain'd into
some

some Law of Duty; but Mankind being infected with all manner of Dishonesty, makes no Scruple of breaking that Law on the very slightest occasion of gratifying his own Profit or Interest.

But on the contrary, Fear is retain'd in its Deference by placing perpetually before its Eye the Image of the Punishment certain, and impending over its Head: yet is there a Medium in this too, both for Prince and Ministers, that this point be not push'd so far as not only not to conciliate Love, but also procure Hatred; for it is not inconsistent that a Man should be at the same time fear'd, and yet not hated. That is, the Executions must be few and seldom.

This being thus pretty well prov'd, it will be no wonder that the most compleat Statesmen have their Bravo's, their Instruments of Fate to Poison, Stab, or Suffocate whom ever they please, and that stand in the way of their Pride, Lust or Ambition. These things may seem strange to you, Sir, who have not been conversant with Courts; but you must all know and consider that Books especially have fram'd a sort of Men who never in Reality existed in the World, that is Men of Virtue and Honour, Probity, Sincerity, without Self-Interest, and the like. For it is certain that the manner of Mens living is so very different from what the Moral Rules prescrib'd for the Model of their Lives, that whoever should neglect what is done to pursue what ought to be done, pulls on himself a certain Ruin instead of consulting his own Interest and Happiness, which is a Sin against himself, and by Consequence a Sin against Nature; for, for any Man to be

be an Honest Man among such a number that are Dishonest, must find himself in great danger of Perdition. 'Tis therefore, a necessary Maxim for Princes and Courtiers to consider how they may be in the number of the later, and turn it to their own Advantage. It may be said that it is to be wish'd, that all those virtuous Chymera's made by Speculation were in Courts; but since those are not to be had, nor maintain'd against the very Grain of Humane Life, that Prudence supplies all their Places, which can so far disguise their Vices as to avoid their Infamy, and secure their Interest. For it is a great Accomplishment, nay, perhaps the very supream Perfection of a Courtier, to know how to put on such Shapes as may be conducive to his Interest. For Men are generally so simple and so obsequious of their present Necessities, that whoever is a Master in the Art of Dissembling, will soon find a Bubble, who will surrender himself to be deceiv'd by him.

I shall only name *Alexander* the sixth Pope of *Rome*, in whose Custody I was all his *Pope-d*om. He was all Impostor, and apply'd his whole Study and Exercise in all the Arts of Fraud and Malice, by which he might deceive all, with whom he had to do; nor was he disappointed in finding Subject matter enough to work on. No Man was ever more officious in his Assèverations; nor had any one ever a more specious and plausible way of taking a solemn Oath; nor did ever Nature produce a Man that ever perform'd less of either; yet all his Deceit still turn'd to his Account, in bringing him that Success
which

which he always propos'd; for he was perfectly Master of the Manners and Nature of Mankind, and of the *Art of Deceiving*.

There's still a greater reason for all of my kind to speak well of Courts, since there is still the *Golden Age*. Gold governs there with an absolute sway, and with that you may compass whatever you desire, and by your Address and Management there, you may obtain that Gold which obtains all things; nay, it is remarkable, that whereas in all other stations of Life you get Wealth by Labour, and Exchange of one Commodity for another, here you sell nothing but Words for it, or Trusts, or Dignities, or other Titles, which tho' of little value in their own nature, yet have such advantageous Perquisites annex to them, that they are very well worth the Purchase. In Traffic or Trade you deal with a few, and in Things that are inanimate; but at Court you deal in Mankind, you sell and buy Nations, and make the People your Property, while their Seed-time and Harvest flow all into your Pocket. 'Tis true, all have not an equal share of the Crop, yet things are generally so manag'd, that few but find it worth their while, and chuse rather to be a Door-keeper there, than a *Major Duomo* elsewhere.

Not to detain you longer in generals, I shall give you one instance of the amazing things done by a Lady in Power in the Court of *Rome*, who wanting the Prudence of a Man, let her Desires aim too far, and by robbing all, made every one her Enemy: Whereas if she had set any Bounds to her Avarice, she might have had

Power

Power and Wealth with security. For if any Favourite be so wholly deyoted to Cove-teousness, to have no regard to any thing, he only heaps Riches together to set other succeeding Favourites to employ their Power to ravish from them those enormous heaps from which their ill Conduct has banish'd all Defenders. For a Courtier minds not whom he plunders, and he that is likely to yield the lowest Spoil, is the most likely to be made a Sacrifice to others.

The History of Donna Olympia, Sister-in-law and Favourite of Pope Innocent the Xth.

IN the Time of *Innocent* the Xth, I was part of the Chain which *Donna Olympia* wore when she was yet under the Circumstances of no extraordinary Fortune, and was therefore hung up in her Closet when she got Jewels more rich in her Administration of the Popedom. By which means I became a Witness of many of her secret Intrigues of State and Amour. She was of the Family of *Maldachini*, that made but a little Figure in *Rome*; till she rais'd it by her Interest in the Pope. She was marry'd young, and discover'd from her Childhood an Ambition of Rule, in her Childish Plays always giving Laws to her Play-fellows. Being come to Age of Marriage, she refusing to turn Nun, was marry'd to Signior *Pamphilio*, Brother to *Gio-*

vanni Baptista Pamphilio, who was afterwards Pope *Innocent* the Xth. By him having had several Daughters and but one Son, her Affections grew weak to her Husband, but strong to his Brother the Abbot, afterwards Bishop, and Cardinal, and Pope; for the Husband would maintain his Prerogative as Master, never consulting her in any of his Affairs, but the Brother never did any thing without her Advice, which made him in her Eye seem beautiful and charming, tho' the most forbidding and ugly of any Man breathing; and her Husband disgustful and loathsome, tho' a Man of tolerable Appearance. She oftner went in the Brothers than Husbands Coach, and was more often with him in the Closet, than her Husband in Bed; so that he frequently could not tell where to find either Brother or Wife, they being perpetually together.

Nor can this appear so extraordinary, if you do but consider that most of the Prelates of *Rome* oblige the ambitious Ladies, by admitting them into their Council, and following their Directions in the most holy and important Affairs. But the Abbot *Pamphilio* being too sensible of his forbidding Face, could not be very engaging with a Lady of so many fine Qualifications as to Shape and Person as *Donna Olympia*, presented her with a Charm more powerful than Youth or Beauty, the entire disposal of his Will.

Perhaps it will not be ingrateful to you to give you a stretch of the Character of the Nature of this Lady, before I give you an Account
of

of her Story, and show her in that Power which was so formidable to *Rome*, and had like to have been so fatal to her self at the last.

In the Company of the Ladies she spoke little, but she abundantly retriev'd that Taciturnity by her Loquaciousness among the Men. She us'd to say, that she had not Words enough to throw away on that Sex, from which she could learn nothing of Consequence or Value. Among the Men, her Discourses were always supported by Reasons of State, and embellish'd frequently with some Maxim or Sentence. Her Memory was so happy, that by reading or hearing any thing once over, she would never forget it. She could not submit to the Opinion of another, without doing her Temper the last violence, desiring rather to perish with her own Opinion, than live and prosper by the Advice of another. She was covetous to a degree, so abandon'd, that she could not endure to hear any body so much as talk of or mention the Bounty of others; nay, she made a Virtue of her Vice, by this Maxim, *that Women were made to gather together, and not to disperse*. She often chang'd her Servants, that they might not by long continuance with her grow too familiar with her Conduct; she seldom went to the Balls, Feasts and Entertainments of the *Roman* Ladies, that she might not be oblig'd to make the like. The Ostentation of her Charity to the Poor Religious, got her some Reputation of Devotion, tho' the meer effect of Vain-glory, never doing any Charity that had not first been carry'd round

the Palace in Proceſſion in the Eyes of the People; but even thoſe ſhe laid aſide as ſoon as ſhe was got into the *Vatican*. She gave her Son no Education, ſo that he could ſcarce read at Twenty, leſt Learning ſhould rouse his Spirits, and make him interfere with her in the management of the Houſe of *Pamphilio*. Her Table was penurious, and yet ſhe made her Steward bring in his Accounts every day to a farthing. She was prodigal of Compliments, and gave larger Promiſes than any one could deſire of her, being admirably dexterous at evading all ſhe had ſo promis'd, with Excuses adapted to the Perſon and Circumſtance of the matter.

The Abbot *Pamphilio* is now made a Cardinal, and all his Favours diſpens'd by Donna *Olympia*, who firſt taught him the Art of Diſſimulation, tho' it be as ancient as principal Cuſtom of the Court of *Rome*. Toward the later end of *Urban VIII*, ſhe thought every moment an Age, ſince from a calculation of his Nativity ſhe found he would arrive at the higheſt Dignity of the Church in the 70th Year of his age: when *Urban* dy'd, and the Cardinals were going into the Conclave, ſhe took leave of her Brother-in-law thus; *Perhaps I ſhall ſhortly ſee you Pope, but never more Cardinal. Were you but Popeſs*, replied he, *I would willingly relinquish my Claim*. Being contrary to expectation choſe, ſhe threw open the Gates of her Brother-in-law's Palace, to be riſſed by the People, with a great deal of ſeeming ſatisfaction, having firſt ſecur'd the beſt and moſt valuable of the Goods,
tho'

The Story of Donna OLYMPIA. 53

tho' she had said but a few days before, That *on condition her Brother-in-law were chose Pope, she would not only sacrifice the Palace, but her self, to the People.*

So known a Favourite soon drew all the Visits, and all the Addresses of every Pretender, to Donna *Olympia*; and the first thing she procur'd at Court, was the Ruin of the *Barbarini*, Favourites of the former Pope, getting their Abbeyes and other Revenues into her own possession, imprudently shewing an Example how she should be us'd her self on the decease of the present Pope her Protector; for she exceeded all the *Barbarini* had done, and dispos'd of all the Court Affairs, public and private: And to secure 'em the better, she got her Son *Camillo* made a Cardinal, and (as first Nephew to the Pope) declar'd *Cardinal Patron*, not out of Affection to him as her Son, but to wrest the management of Affairs out of the hands of *Pancirolo*, and put 'em where she should naturally dispose and direct 'em at her pleasure.

The Amours of Camillo and the Princess of Rossana.

C*amillo* was a very young Man, as much unqualified for, as little desirous of the Dignity; he had a Soul more inclin'd to affairs of Love than affairs of State; his Heart was already on fire, by the Beauty and Perfections of the young Princess of *Rossana*, whose Husband being old, was not thought so agreeable to her Inclination as a Prince so young as *Ca-*

millo, and whose near Relation to the Pope gave a Prospect of all that a moderate Ambition could desire.

The Prince of *Rostana*, besides his Age, was more infirm by an old Paralitick Distemper, which had some time confin'd him to his Bed : He was very fond of his young Wife, and she very complaisant to him, and being Mistress of a *Roman* Diffimulation, disguis'd her Disgust so artfully, that it pass'd with him for a sincere Tenderness. She never stirr'd from him but when she went to Church, where *Camillo* was always ready to receive her ; so dividing her hours of liberty betwixt Heaven and Love, she always return'd home in so short a time, that the old Prince could have no suspicion of any other cause of her absence than Devotion.

But these frequent meetings had made Love spread his Empire in both their Hearts, *Camillo's* Person was extreamly charming, but his ignorant Education denied him those few Qualities of Mind that are more valuable. The Princess, besides a beautiful Person, was Mistress of a sprightly Wit, and a Spirit equal at least to the degree of her Dignity.

The old Prince proving worse, she was more confin'd, till at last she could not stir out at all ; and her Prudence had strictly enjoin'd him to send her no Letters, not doubting but the old Prince's Death would soon set her at liberty to do what she pleas'd.

While she was thus confin'd, and *Camillo* in pain for an Absence he could only support by the hopes that it would be ended soon, by ha-

ving

ving her in his Arms as his own, his Mother's Ambition interfer'd with his Passion, and, unknown to him, has him assum'd to the Scarlet Robe and Hat, and declar'd *first Nephew and Cardinal Patron*. This made so much noise in Rome, that the Princess of Rostana could not long remain ignorant of a Change so fatal to her Repose; the Rage and Fears it gave her were beyond expression, but had the good fortune to be happily cancel'd by the Death of her Husband, so that they were all taken for Offerings to his Monument, where she soon after plac'd him in a magnificent manner, he having added all his to her vast Fortune.

Notwithstanding her green Widowhood, she could not refrain upbraiding the new Cardinal with his Fickleness and Infidelity, wherefore by a Confidant she sends him this Letter:

THo' Contempt is more your due than Anger, yet I can't but let you know my Resentments; the form would have me defer my declaring them till the Prince has been longer in his Grave, yet Anger cannot listen to the cold remonstrances of cautious Formality. You Men are strange unaccountable Animals: I pray what did you propose to your self by amusing me with your Vows of Affection, when you had none, nay, when you design'd to disclaim all manner of honourable Pretensions, by preferring Ambition to Love? Did you think me such a Trifle, that you might abuse my Credulity without any Punishment, because I'm a weak Woman, you a Pope's Nephew, and exalted to the sacred Purple? Mistake not your self or me, you are not above resentment,

nor I unable to revenge. I confess, I would willingly hear what you have to say; before I utterly condemn you. Farewell.

He soon return'd her this Answer, not a little pleas'd that she was now a Widow, and at liberty to dispose of her self according to her Inclinations.

My charming Princess,

THO' I dread your Anger more than that of all the Powers on Earth, yet at this time I had much rather cause your Anger to write, than that your Indifference should keep you silent: There is a Charm in your dear Anger, that makes me see I am not indifferent to the most beautiful Princess in the World. Believe not, Madam, that I think myself out of the reach of your Revenge, if I could be voluntarily guilty of any thing, that could justly provoke your Indignation; for, Madam, you'll alwaies have it in your power to punish me, because you'll ever be able to make me miserable with a Frown; but I beg you to suspend your Anger till I am able to convince you by an Interview, where I may tell you what is not so convenient to commit to Paper. Appoint your Time, and I will commit myself to you, to punish or absolve as you shall find me guilty or innocent. Adieu.

The Princess was not a little pleas'd with this Letter from Cardinal Camillo, and took care to appoint him to come the next Evening after it was dark to her Palace, where she order'd all things for his private reception. The
Room

The Story of Donna OLYMPIA. 57

Room she receiv'd him in was all hung with black, and illuminated with some few white Wax Tapers, where she attended him on a mourning Couch, in a dejected posture, from which she arose as he came near her, in a very humble and submissive manner : *Ha! my Lord,* said she, *is this the Habit of a Lover?* My adorable Princess, (replied he, kneeling down and taking hold of her Hand, on which he fix'd a thousand burning Kisses) *this is not indeed the Habit of a Lover worthy you, but of an unhappy Creature made a Victim to the Ambition of a cruel Mother, who has no regard to the tender Sentiments of an amorous Soul. Ambition and Avarice take up all her Thoughts, and Nature gives her no consideration for my Youth; Inclinations abhorrent of the Dignities to which she has (against my will) compell'd me to wrest from the hands of Pancirollo, the managing of all Affairs. But (interrupted the Princess) must we now put an end to all your Vows, and cancel all those Assurances you have given me of a Faith inviolable? Must all be sacrific'd to a Mother? That will indeed be a Proof of your Obedience, but how agreeable to your Honour, I leave to your self.* Alas, Madam, replied Camillo, *if you can yet credit a Man you have but too much reason not to believe, since any thing could make him take a step that was not answerable to that Love which you have inspir'd, yet believe me, I will have no regard to her Impositions; I am not yet bound in Priests Orders, I can but throw up all these foreign Dignities, and lay aside the Purple, these Trappings of proud Titles, if you would but receive me into your Favour, which I confess I have forfeited.* Assure

sure your self, Madam, that it lies wholly in you to direct my Actions, and I am either Camillo your Adorer and Husband, or else the wretched Cardinal Patron, whom all his Power can afford no satisfaction, while it gives you any Pain, and deprives me of all that can make me easie. Can you forgive me? Can you receive me again into Favour? Can you give me any Hopes, that I shall not alwaies sigh in vain, but be at last permitted to call you mine, without fear of Separation? Speak, my Goddess, on you only my Fate depends; you alone can make me happy or miserable.

After a little pause, with her Face cover'd with Blushes, at last she made this Reply. *If you, my Lord, can quit this Grandeur for my sake, I cannot be so ungrateful as to distrust the sincerity of your Professions; and as I then should with reason believe that you lov'd me above all things, so I do not find any Disposition to make you a Return unsuitable to your Deserts. Do therefore as your Love prompts you, keep not my Heart in suspense, nor urge me by Dissimulation to betray my innocent Sentiments, so as to yield you matter of Triumph, and me of Disgrace; for as I cannot resist your Tenderness, so I will not bear your Neglect.*

This Conversation ended with mutual Assurances of inviolable Love; and a convenient time for the decency of Widowhood being now over, Camillo lays aside the Purple, to the surprize of all Rome, the joy of the Princess, and the indignation of the Pope and Donna Olympia, when his Marriage to the Princess follow'd very near his renunciation of the Cardinal's Cap. The Pope and his Mother, after a long

long debate, resolve to banish both *Camillo* and the Princess, *Donna Olympia* fearing the Wit and Beauty of the Princess would win so on the amorous Heart of the old Pope, as to be a dangerous Rival of her Ambition; making no manner of doubt, but that the Pope would be better pleas'd to have to do with a young Niece, than an old Sister-in-law.

This Resolution being taken, *Donna Olympia* sends for her Son, and in her Closet accuses him of Folly and Undutifulness, where he gave her a full account of all the Progress of his Love, as I have told you, and beg'd her mediation with the Pope, to forgive his following the Dictates of his Passion, since it had directed him not only to one of the finest and most accomplish'd Ladies of *Rome*, but also one of the greatest Fortunes. But Reason and Nature were of little force with a Mother to her only Son; for, redoubling her Reproaches, she bid him be gone and never see her more, but retire to his sloathful *Grotto's* with his fine Wife, and leave the World to be manag'd by those of greater Genius: So she flew out of the Closet, and left him to reflect on his Fate.

But *Donna Olympia* return'd to the *Vatican*, and set her self entirely to make the best of her Market, and to ingross all she could scrape together, either by Raillery, Extortion, or Oppression. She reduces the Pope's domestic Expences, that she might pocket all she could; no Judge Criminal was made, but by her recommendation, to whom she gave inhuman Instructions to gratifie her Avarice, ordering them

them to regard not the Blood, but the Purse of the Guilty, commonly sending to 'em for the Redemptions, pretending she would lay 'em out for the benefit of the Poor; so that the Judges aiming to make some advantage to themselves of their Posts, brought Extortion and Oppression to its utmost extent. In fine, whatever Office at Court fell, Donna *Olympia* dispos'd of it; the Officers of the Datory were to keep those in suspense who pretended to Ecclesiastical Benefices, till she had fully inform'd her self of their value; and those who offer'd most, without any consideration of Capacity or Desert, were made Bishops, Abbots, &c. but they must first bring the full value of the Place, her rates being, that an Office of 1000 Crowns a Year, that lasted but three, should pay her one Years Income; if six Years, double; and so in proportion: but if it were an Office for Life, she would not blush to ask the Moiety of the Revenue for the first twelve Years: Some Bishopricks lay vacant more than five Years together, (she receiving the Profits all the while) because she could not meet with a Chap that would come up to her rate.

An Abbot of *Naples* to raise 20000 Crowns for Donna *Olympia* for a Bishoprick in her Gift, persuaded his Brothers to joyn in selling all the Paternal Estate; which, with all their Credit, could just come up to the Purchase; but the Abbot dy'd before he was well settled in his Seat, which by that means return'd to Donna *Olympia*, and she soon sold it again

for

for the same sum, while the Abbots foolish Family was ruin'd by his Ambition.

The fair Princess her Daughter-in-law had by this time a lusty Boy, but her Malice gave out to the Pope and many others, that Don Camillo was incapable of Generation, and that the Princess must have found some more substantial help to impregnate her. This was believ'd by the Pope, because she said it, but it did not influence Camillo to a Jealousie he was otherwise apt enough to entertain, but in pique of honour it reviv'd his now languishing Love, and made his Princess have a short cessation of those ill Humours which Possession had suffer'd at last to appear. Tho' she gain'd nother point in embroiling the Happiness of so near a Relation, she pursu'd that of her Avarice so impetuously, that the Prisons were full of Innocent Persons, and the Streets of the Guilty, these preventing their Confinement by a Bribe, and those constrain'd to remain in Custody till they could purchase their Enlargements.

But there was a Roman Gentleman, confident of his own Integrity, swore that Donna Olympia should never touch a farthing of his Money; and to secure this, took his Son from a Clerk's Office, which he was in, lest he should be oblig'd to make any Petition to her: But all in vain, Donna Olympia was not so easily to be avoided, for she hearing his Resolution, soon drew him into her Net. She order'd a *Sbirro* to pick a Quarrel with him, and give him opprobrious Language, which the Gentleman being unable to bear, corrected him

him with a Box or two on the Ear. He was upon this seiz'd, carry'd to Prison, and condemn'd to dye for contempt, and striking a public Minister; so that to save his Life, he was oblig'd to present Donna *Olympia* with a Purse, and pay a considerable Sum into the Exchequer.

You may perhaps wonder, Sir, at a Woman past threescore years of Age toiling night and day, without allowing her self any Rest, when she could not make use of what she had already attain'd. But, Sir, if you measure the Conduct of Courtiers and Favourites by common Sense and Reason, you would make them mad People. But they have a Pleasure peculiar to themselves; for great Power and great Riches are things that yield more Pleasure and Satisfaction than the rest of the World imagine. What tho' the People were so provok'd by her Thirst of Gold, that when they saw her Coach pass by, they came up rudely to't, and call'd her Whore, and were so rude, that she was fain to make her Escape to a Monastery, and so to the Palace, and have his Holiness to qualify their Indignation with a Daub of a quantity of Bread. Nor did she mind the scurrilious Ballads sung of her about the Streets all the Nights; those disagreeable Thoughts being lost in her Power, since there was no talk in the Palace but of Donna *Olympia*; Donna *Olympia* here, Donna *Olympia* there, all Letters were deliver'd to Donna *Olympia*; Memorials were no longer given to the Pope, but to Donna *Olympia*. Presents were daily
mount-

mounting the Stairs of the *Vatican*, whence none ever return'd. These Glories made Donna *Olympia* an ample amends for the hate of the People. In short, she got in the Ten Days before Pope *Innocent* dy'd, half a Million of Money; e'ery one making hast to purchase while yet Donna *Olympia* could sell. Among the rest, there was a Canon who had made above an hundred Applications for a Bishoprick in vain, proffering Donna *Olympia* but 5000 Crowns, whereas she demanded eight, and tho' he advanc'd to 6000, she would by no means abate the two thousand, till now the Pope was dying, she sent for him to come to her, and ask'd him if yet he continu'd in the same mind, but finding him a little cool in the matter, assuring her, that through a violent Temptation of the Flesh he had spent two thousand on a fair Lady for the Favours she had granted him. Well, well, (said Donna *Olympia*) then you have four thousand left, make haste and bring them to me, that you may not lose what I have thus long kept for you, for I would not lose the Satisfaction of having presented so worthy a Man to the Bishoprick, while the Church wants such able Pastors as you. Thus he was declar'd Bp. the minute he gave into Donna *Olympia*'s hands the 4000 Crowns.

The Pope dying, after three months contest *Alexander* the VIIth was chose, he began to prosecute her on millions of Complaints, but the Plague interrupted the Cause, by carrying off Donna *Olympia* at *Orvietto*.

Here

Here my little *Roman* Piece made a stop; and I express'd my Satisfaction at an Account, which contain'd so odd a Story as that of *Olympia*, valuing my self on my own Happiness of being no Subject where such arbitrary doings might take place.

Your *Roman* Courtiers (began the *Louis d'Or*) is something different from any of *France*, you have nothing in chace there but Money and Power; we have often more gay Pursuits; at least we mingle a Gallant Air with our severest Politics. *Monf. Fouquet* was a very great Favourite, and Intendant of the Finances; he had Ambition enough, and made use of the Happiness of having his Master's Ear to the Advancement of many of his Creatures. For it is natural for all Ministers of State and Favourites to place their Friends and Creatures about the Prince, because they are Spies on their Enemies, and fortify their own Interests. It is true, that it is dangerous for a Prince to have the Creatures of any one Favourite only about him, they looking more on the Interest of him that immediately rais'd them, than the Service of the Prince, who was but the distant Cause of their Advancement; they only serve for Watchmen about the Sovereign, casting Nets, Chains and invisible Hands upon him, shutting up his Prince by this means. This Method gave *Monf. Fouquet* security in all the Extravagance of his Amours. There was no Lady at Court, that had any share of Charms, but he felt a *Tendre* for her; nor any
one

one whom he fancied, but he attempted; nor attempted any one, but he conquer'd: Not by the Beauty or Comeliness of his Person, for that was very disagreeable; nor by the Vigor of his Youth, or Fineness of his Address, for he was above fifty, and unhappy in a very Unharmonious Utterance: But having the whole Exchequer of *France* at his command, he was Master of many pieces of this excellent Gold of which I have already discours'd. Nor is the Wonder extraordinary, that *Court Ladies* are so complaisant, to prostitute their Bodies to the most powerful Man of the Court, who could use such prevailing Arguments as *Pistoles* to compass his Ends.

*The Story of Monf. Foucquet and Madam
the Countess of ———*

BUT what was now extraordinary, was his Amour with Madam the Countess of —, a Lady of a great deal of Beauty, and no less renown'd for her Virtue than her Wit and Understanding. She never came to Town, but liv'd in a Country Seat with her Husband, who was a Gentleman of an ancient Family, and had long held his Title, but his Estate was very much shatter'd, and scarce sufficient to keep 'em in that Splendour which his Quality requir'd.

It happen'd that Monf. *Foucquet*, in his Progress, came to her Husband's Chateau, as the only place fit to receive him in those parts; his

Reception was answerable to his Dignity, and the hopes the Count had that this Opportunity might be so improv'd, as one day to put him into a Post that might supply the defects of his Estate: (tho' in that he might have been deceiv'd, had not his Lady's Eyes brought stronger Arguments for his Service than his Merit, since Merit is a thing little minded by Courtiers.)

By that time the Count had a little refresh'd the Statesman, Supper was ready; and, to make the Entertainment Compleat, Madam the Countess was at the head of the Table. *Monf. Foucquet*, tho' something tir'd with the fatigue of his Journey, yet he was extreamly sensible of her Charms; every Look he cast on her, and e'ry Word she utter'd, encreas'd his Flame; so that by that time Supper was over, and his Appetite satisfy'd with eating, his Heart was fuller of Love. He had not been us'd to ill Success in his Amours, and therefore had the less doubt of the like in this. He only contriv'd to find some means of delaying his departure a little while, till he could either persuade the Husband to Court, or the Lady to his Bed. And he was not long about the matter; for walking after Supper with the happy Pair in the Garden, he pretended to slip and sprain his Ankle, so much that he was carry'd to his Chamber, and there attended both by the Count and his Lady, they hoping by Assiduity at this Occasion to lay some Obligation upon him to have a favourable Eye to their Affairs.

This

This pretended illnefs kept him there fome days, while the diligence of his fair Hoftefs gave him frequent opportunity of telling her his Paſſion, and that he was the greateſt wretch alive without her immediate Compaſſion. Gallantrys of this Nature, tho' not ſo common in the Country as City, yet enough eſtabliſh'd e'ry where in *France*, made all his Addreſſes paſs for Compliments of that Nature. But the Counteſs being left with him one day, and no body by but his own Servants, they had the wit to withdraw by degrees till they left him alone. When he prefs'd his Paſſion with all the Eloquence he had, he ſeiz'd her Hand, and gave it a thouſand Kiſſes; nor ſatisfy'd with what but enflam'd him more, he raviſh'd ſome from her roſie Lips, which ſhe receiving with the utmoſt diſdain, was leaving the Room, but ſhe could not diſengage her ſelf from his Arms in a minute; which time he us'd to mollifie her back with aſſurance of a preſent of 20000 *Louis d'Ores* for the Favour, which would be a Profit not Injury to her Husband, whoſe Eſtate ſtood in need of ſo powerful a Relief. She by this time had got free from him, and left the Room, which *Monf. Foucquet* did not at all endeavour to hinder, aſſuring himſelf that he had ſhot ſuch a golden Dart at her Perſon, that the more ſhe reflected on it, the more favourable Effects her Thoughts would produce.

The Count returning, found his Lady in Tears, and with no little difficulty got out of her the Cauſe. The Count had been at Court,

and knew what a latitude was there allowed in Address to the Ladies, and was not therefore much surpriz'd or displeas'd at the Adventure. The Twenty thousand *Louis d'Or's* are perpetually in his Head, and he began to reason a little Philosophically on the Subject. My Estate is eating out with a deep Mortgage; I have not hopes of any Redress in a Redemption, I am out of all ways of Preferment; here are 20000 Pistoles in substantial good Gold, an Army enough to drive away all my Necessities; the obliging the only Man that can make my Fortune, and raise me to what height he pleases. And what he seeks, what is it? a pleasing Theft of an imaginary Treasure, for which he pays me with a real. It is what I may lose whenever my Wife pleases, to some Scoundrel for nothing. I have no other Tenour of it but her Will or Humour. 'Tis true, she has yet been very virtuous; at least I have not been able to discover the contrary; and that is all the Ground I have for my Satisfaction. But if she has hitherto been Chaste, how can I be sure but my Page or my Chaplain may find an opportunity of pleasing her some time or other, and if a wanton one likes her Man, she will deny him nothing. Since therefore the trifle is so small, that *Fouquet* would give so much for, and that very trifle depends on a security so much more trifling, a Womans Virtue, that is Humour, I think it is the white spot of my Fate, and not to make use of it to my own happiness, would be a sin against my self.

Arm'd

Arm'd with theſe good Reſolutions, he charg'd his Lady to be as complaiſant as ſhe could, and to raiſe his Deſires, and by that means his Price; and let her know, that if ſhe ſhould liſten to the Statesman's propoſals ſo far as to ſurrender her Perſon into his Arms, provided ſhe ſecur'd the Sum, he ſhould count it rather an Obligation than an Offence. She expreſs'd her Reſentment at his Baſeneſs to a very high degree, and could not be brought into his Company while ſhe ſtay'd, except at Meals, whence ſhe always retir'd as ſoon as they were over.

The Count in the mean while addreſs'd to *Foucquet* for ſome Poſt of Honour, that might put him into a capacity of retrieving his ſinking Family; and the Courtier having an Eye to his own happineſs, gave him ſuch Aſſurances, that he did not doubt of Succeſs at his coming to Court. It was now time for Monf. *Foucquet* to leave the Counts Houſe, which he did with all the Regret in the World, aſſuring the Count, that he ſhould no ſooner come to Court, but find Preferment ready for him.

The Count ſtay'd no longer after him than to ſettle his Affairs, for an Abſence he had ſome Reaſon to hope would not be very ſhort. He and his Counteſs being come to Town, Monf. *Foucquet* provided him a Regiment for the firſt Step, which pleas'd the Count ſo well, that he allow'd him all the free acceſs to his Houſe that he could deſire; but ſtill found the Lady obſtinate. The Count was now gone to the Campaign, and *Foucquet*

try'd all the means the Invention of Desire could prompt, but could not master her obstinacy. In the midst of this contest, News is brought her of the Counts being kill'd in the first Encounter he was in. The grief of her Widowhood, and the decency of Religion put a Necessity on Mons. *Foucquet* to forbear his Visits. But the Mourning was not quite over for her Husband, e're ill news was brought her out of the Country, that the greatest part of the Estate left her by her Husband was seiz'd by the *Mortgagees*. This news was not unwelcome to *Foucquet*, he therefore having advanced his Price now to 60000 *Louis d'Or's* she sent him this Letter, which was found among his Papers when he fell into Disgrace.

Your Person I hate, your Money I have occasion for, wherefore if you bring the 60000 Louis d'Or's with you, you shall not depart without your odious Satisfaction.

The next Evening Mons. *Foucquet* was admitted, and having given her in Bills, Jewels, and Money the Sum agreed upon, the Countess conducted him up to her Bed-Chamber, and with a great deal of Reluctance surrender'd her beautiful Person into the Arms of the only Man in the World she had an aversion to. But she stay'd no longer in *Paris* than to take one to discharge the Mortgage and return her Money into the Country; Where she led a very pensive and solitary Life, till she was vanquish'd by the vigorous addresses of a jolly young Chevalier, who marry'd and bury'd her in a few years Time.

But

• But that you may not outdo me in a Female Favourite (pursu'd my *Louis d'Ore*) I shall not omit the Marchioness *D'Ancre*, to whom I belong'd from her Rise to her Execution.

She was a Lady of the Bed-Chamber to *Maria de Medicis*, and so very much in her Favour, that marrying *Conchini* an *Italian*, as she likewise was, she rais'd him to the dignity of *Marshal of France*, and thence by her Interest with the Queen, over whom she had an absolute Ascendant, to be prime Minister, and to have in his Power and Gift all the great Offices of the Court and Kingdom, which are very numerous, and capable of making a great train of Dependants; which disquieting the Princes of the Blood, more provok'd by the Insolent Carriage both of him and his Wife, they strove in vain to put them out of the Favour of the Queen Regent; so that they shot him in the very Palace, and try'd, condemn'd and beheaded her.

While yet she was in her Prosperity, she was extremely foolish in her Avarice; encreasing by her Oppressions and sordid Deeds that Envy which naturally great Power and Favour produce. There was no Degree of Men but felt the Effect of her Covetous Temper. Tradesmens Bills were never half paid, tho' all reckon'd to the Queen: Whatever Gifts the Queen bestow'd, two thirds fell short into her hands, and the Receiver thought himself well dealt with, if a third came to his. There was a young Gentleman that had got together five or six hundered *Louis d'Ores*, and ap-

ply'd to her Laquey to purchase a Place for his subsistence. He was told, that the best way of presenting, was, to buy some fine Diamond Ring, in which having laid out 300 of his *Louis d'Ores*, he brought it to the Marchioness *d'Ancre*, who having survey'd it, gave it a thousand Praises, and told the young Man, that he could not have given less for it than 500 *Pistoles*: he willing to magnify his Present, assur'd her, that she had guess't the Price most exactly. This was what she desir'd, so praising the Jewel again, she return'd it, and told him, that she had much rather have the value in Gold, since she had so many Jewels already, that she did not know what to do with them. The young Man was free to dispose of his Ring to some loss, and so making up the Sum, deliver'd it to her in Gold, and he had the Place he desir'd.

The Fatal Rape.

There was another young Gentleman, all whose Revenue depended on an Office in the *Parliament* of *Paris*, in which he had a quarter-share, and on another Man's Life; however, he joyns with all the Patentees, and undertakes to solicit a fresh account of more Lives in Reversion. He applies to the *Maquess d'Ancre's* Agent, and agreed for 500 *Pistoles*; but his Lady in the mean while having notice of the matter, and finding she could get more Money for it, makes a Creature of his beg it of the Queen in her Name.

The

The bargain being thus made, the young Gentleman was surpriz'd at the disappointment, and soon finding whence the Blow came, very boldly wrote the Marchioness D'Ancre the following Letter, which coming to her in the Church, as she could not forbear reading of it, so could she as little forbear tearing it in pieces when she had read it.

*I wish you, Madam, a long continuance of those great Favours you possess in her Majesty, and that by Acts of Goodness and Kindness you may perpetuate your Memory to Posterity. But it has been the Misfortune in all Ages of Persons of your exalted Station, never to hear the Complaints of the Injur'd, till they became so universal, that nothing but their Displacing or Ruin could appease the abus'd People. That you may not be ignorant, Madam, in a piece of Injustice lately done to me, I must inform you, that I had absolutely agreed with the Marshal's Agent, and with his Consent, for the Place that Madam de **** has for your Lady begg'd in her name. I desire you would do me Justice, and not prostitute your Character for a Trifle below your pursuit.*

This Gentleman had a beautiful young Wife, whom he had not long marry'd, who by a Relation being introduc'd to the Marschal, so pleaded her Case, that she at once convinc'd his Judgment of the Injury he had done her, and his Heart, that he should attempt yet a greater. For being struck with a violent Passion for the young Lady, he was resolv'd to gratify his Inclinations at the expence

pence of the Happiness of the Lady and her Husband. He therefore gave her hopes of succeeding in her Petition, and order'd her to come again when he had made a full enquiry into the matter. The time being come, and the *Mareschal* having prepar'd all things in order to the satisfying of his lascivious Desires, some Ladies were ready to receive the poor Victim, and amusing her Innocence with pleasant Raileries and Stories, took her insensibly from those that came with her, and had her into the Lady's Apartment; Where having refresh'd her with a noble Collation, they took care to spice some of her Glasses with a soporiferous Potion that would not work immediately. Thence therefore they went to bath in a *Bagnio* strow'd all with Flowers, and scented with delightful Odours, they wash'd her with rich Waters, and having all done the same, they lay down each on a Couch for a few moments in loose Linnen Garments, fit for the Heat of the Season and Place. The Opiate now working, the Ladies withdrew, and the *Marquess* all undrest came, and easily takes possession of the unresisting fair one. But he was not easily satisfy'd with viewing such naked Beauties, which nothing could equal among Womankind, and repeated his Embraces till he found the Potion gave way to the Power of Nature, and that she in the midst of his Caresses gave him a Return that he did not expect. But the fury being over, he found that she was not well awake, and so left her to come to her self.

When

When she was now perfectly awake, she found her self in a posture that was something unusual, and was sensible by some Remains and Tokens, that foul play had been offer'd her. However, hearing some-body coming in, she dissembled a while as if she yet was asleep; when the *Marquess*, not yet satiated with Enjoyment, assaults her afresh, and tho' she struggled sufficiently and cry'd out, yet he gain'd his lewd will, and had the pleasure of seeing her Eyes, tho' full of Rage and Indignation, while he felt such Transports that none but happy Lovers can guess at; struggling, at last she flew from his Arms, but knew not what to do with her self. She curs'd her Fortune, call'd him all the treacherous Villians she could think of, and those abominable Women who had betray'd her thus to Ruin. No Ruin, my Dear, (reply'd he) can come near the Woman whom the *Marquess* *D'Ancre* secures in his Embraces. May all the Curses of the Injur'd overtake thee (interrupted she) and mayst thou fall by the Hands of some Assassine, or rather Common Hangman. He press'd to kiss her and renew all his Dalliances, in hopes to appease her Grief by making her Guilty by her own consent, but all in vain; she was inexorable, he as outrageous; tearing off her loose Garment, and leaving her beautiful Form all naked to his Eyes, she fled into the Bath to hide her self; he throwing off his Garment, pursues her into the Element of Waves, but there with struggling with him she was strangled in the Waters, and he in a fright re-

retires, and comes to the Instruments of his Villany, bids them to try if there were any Relief, but in vain, the poor Lady was stone dead, and in the Night thrown into the *Sein*, and being so found, was thought to have been murder'd for her Chastity. But the Husband having in vain solicited for Justice, had nothing to trust to but Patience, till the Crimes of all had brought 'em to a fatal and ignominious end.

My little Piece, with a true French Loquaciousness would have gone on, but that the *Guinea* now urg'd his Right and Turn of Discourse, and that since I had out of Civility to Foreigners given them the preference of speaking, that they on their side should have so much Moderation and Manners, as to be content with what they had said without taking up too much of the Night in their own Relations. This bluff Reproach made all be silent, when I encouraged my *Guinea* to go on, and let me know what powerful things this Gold had effected in this our World, as well as in the Greater of the Continent.

I shall first (reply'd the *Guinea*) say something of a Court in General, as the *Signior* has done, tho' I shall differ with him in my Sentiments of the Excellence of either the Conduct or Principles of most Courtiers. This other World of *England* is as much distinct from the Continent in Happiness and *Liberty*, as in Situation. The Name at least yet remains here, and the Thing, tho' often invaded in almost e'ry Reign, yet has ever triumph'd
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in the end, and brought its Enemies to Shame and Confusion. A Court therefore here is of a different Nature to what it is in an arbitrary Government; for here the Courtier or Favourite has a harder part to play to come off with Credit and Success, than in *Italy* or *France*, where they need only the Art to wheedle and impose on the Prince, and they are Masters of their Desires. But here the Courtier, Statesman or Favourite must have as careful an Eye to the Good-will of the People, as to the Favour of the Sovereign, or their Prosperity will be of a very short date. 'Tis true, the *English* Favourite may not be one jot honester than the *Italian* or *French*; may believe as little in God, and the Duties of Religion or Morality; may be as voracious and as insolent as either; but then he must endeavour to assume Popular Principles, declare for the Laws and Liberties, put on the Vizard of the Patriot, to win the People into a Credulity of the justness of his Designs and Actions, and then he works with safety, because his Miscarriages and Rogueries, if discover'd, will be turn'd on the Malice of the contrary Party; and he will have the Party that is strongest forget his Crimes in his Misfortunes, and clear him of all Imputations he achiev'd for a Popular Name.

I would not, Sir, have you imagin that I have been so little acquainted with our Court in all Ages, as not to know that *Avarice*, *Treachery*, *Dissimulation*, *Ingratitude*, *False Promises*, and *Poysonings* too, have had place here as well as in *Italy* or *France*; but I can say in general,
that

that our Courts have been freer from Blood than those, and outwitting or undermining a Man has often been the extent of the Revenge of the most inveterate of our Favourites; nay, the People have generally been satisfied with the meer displacing of evil Ministers, without punishing 'em for Crimes which naturally deserve the worst of Deaths, but leaving them to enjoy in a Retreat what they have spoil'd the Public of when in Office. Whether this be an Argument of their Goodness or Folly, I leave to your Judgment. But if Reward and Punishment be the life of good Discipline, certainly the *English* have always wanted it most of any People alive.

I shall not detain you here with a Discourse I heard once spoke to a great Prince in this Realm, to prove to him, That it was directly contrary to the very Duty of a King, to hear any particular *Favourite*, since the Prince being made for the Peoples Good, that's the only End he ought ever to pursue: For 'tis impossible that any Favourite, who has so many by-Ends of his own, should ever lay before the Prince the Real Good of his People; that is only to be known by leaving his Ear open to all, to the public Representations of the People, and to all those whom Birth and Dignity have brought to a Right of Admittance to the Prince's Ear, as well as his Peers.

This does not exclude a King from employing one Minister more than another, because 'tis certain one Man has a greater Capacity than another, and by consequence more fit to be
im-

employ'd. Dismissing therefore these nice points, I shall only give you some account of the Power of Gold in these Nations.

And first, I shall shew you not only a Female Favourite of this Nation, as voracious as your *Olympia* or *d'Ancre*, but whole *Parliaments* selling their native Liberty for Gold and Favour with the Prince. What is it for a Woman to surrender her Honour for a Bribe proportion'd to her Wishes? But for Men of Estates to part with the Security not only of them, but their Lives, for a Bribe, which very Bribe is not safe in their hands by that means, is a Miracle that only *English Gold* can perform.

But to make a right progress, I shall begin with my Female Favourite.

Edward III. was a Prince who for many Years made the most glorious figure in the World of any that sat on the *English Throne* since *William the Bastard*, yet in his declining Years a Lady had the good Fortune to captivate his Heart, in so powerful a degree, as to fully his past Glories, and gave the State some Disturbances, which were complain'd of in Parliament till she was banish'd the Kingdom.

I was then part of a Gold Ring which she always wore on her Finger, and so I had the opportunity of being a Witness of all her Actions. In her Person she was graceful beyond any equal, enclining to tall; her Skin white as the driven Snow, her Hair Jet, her Eyes a languishing Hazle, her Teeth even as Pearl, and of that very colour; her Cheeks vermillion'd

lion'd o'er with Nature's most exquisite Paint; her Lips as ruddy, and her Breath as fragrant as Roses; her Hand small, her Fingers taper, her Foot little, her Leg exactly turn'd, her Waste slender, her Bosom full, and Breasts hard and round, her Neck proportion'd; in short, her Features were perfect, nor any Blemish to be found in any Part about her; so that if any thing could excuse the old King, such an Angel as *Alicia Perrers* might, but Kings are not Masters of their own Actions nor Passions, they ought to be more mortify'd than we suppose the *Carthusians*, or than the *Stoic* would be thought; at least, if they yield to a Passion, it ought to be bounded with such Caution, as not to reach the Public. But King *Edward's* Dotage of Reign grew more strong, as his Body grew more weak; and the less he was capable of pleasing a fair Lady, the more he was fond of retaining her. But tho' this Lady had all these Charms of Person, yet her Mind was wholly disfurnish'd of all those Graces, which should have confirm'd her Merit, and made her truly desirable. She was a very Female *Cataline*, profuse of her own Riches, and voracious of others; as she could give Wounds to others, so was her Heart extreamly capable of receiving an amorous Impression; nor would she ever disappoint her desires by needless Scruples of Honour, or Fear that the King should ever hear of her Intrigues. Yet this it is to be Whore to a King; her Visits were admitted by the most virtuous, and she was caress'd by all the Ladies

dies of Quality. The King in honour of her had proclaim'd *Justs* and *Tournaments* in *Smithfield*, and this Lady being made Lady of the *SUN*, rode from the Tower of *London* through *Cheapside*, attended by many Lords, Knights, Squires and Ladies, every one of the other Ladies leading a Lord or a Knight by his Horses Bridle till they came to *West-Smithfield*, where as soon as the *Lady of the SUN* arriv'd, the *Tournaments* began, which held for seven days together. There was at the upper end of the *List* a sort of Semi-circular Theatre or Throne, adorn'd with fine Tapestry, and various Seats in the midst of which, on a sort of Throne above the rest, sat the *Lady of the SUN*, adorn'd with Beams more piercing and burning than those of the fiery Planet it self, on each side sat two rows of Ladies sparkling as the *Galuary* or fixt Stars, behind each Chair stood her Knight. But all the Eyes of the Assembly were bent with desire and admiration. Happy above Measure (sigh'd each to himself) the Man that can gain the Good Graces of so Angelic a Creature. But as her Beauty was able to inflame all Mankind, so was her Bounty of that Beauty able to satisfy all her Adorers; tho' that part of her Character was not known at this Time, perhaps scarce discover'd by her own dear self, who till this fatal day had not thought of any other Person but the old and feeble King, and on him only for her Profit, for the Gold, Jewels and Grants she got of him, not for the amorous Pleasures he gave her. But this Tilting
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in her Honour, under the Title of *Lady of the SUN*, as she appear'd in greater Glory, and more conspicuous than ever before, so did many a martial Knight exert himself both in Feats of Arms and Address, much more than ever they had done, without hopes of being gracious in her Eyes. But Woman, like Fortune, seldom chuses by Merit, but by the blind impulse of her own Fancy, influenc'd by some odd, secret, invisible Charm, which no-body else can discover.

Thus the *Lady of the SUN* took little Notice of any of the Noble and the Brave, who had perform'd their Parts to admiration of all that beheld them, but had soon fixt her Eyes on one *Michael de la Pool*, a Merchants Son of the City of *London*, (afterwards in *Richard 2d's* time Earl of *Suffolk*, &c.) This Gentleman was very young, and *guiltless of the Razor was his Chin*, the Down scarce yet appearing there; his Hair was flaxen, his Complexion clear and ruddy, his Stature pretty tall, his Air and Mein bold, yet agreeable; his native Assurance was fortify'd with his native Ignorance, (wonderful matter to make a Favourite of) and that had plac'd him on the Theatre among the People of Fashion, and so luckily as to be wholly expos'd to the View of the *Lady of the SUN*, who found her self as much surpriz'd with his Charms, as all the Men were with hers.

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There were others there who would have given many a lavish Present to have made such a progress in her Heart as *Michael* had done, but in vain ; among the rest was *Sir Edward Hunsfield*, a Man of considerable Fortune, and one, tho' Nature had given him not one generous Quality, had Folly and Extravagance enough to squander it away in a few Years, without the Imputation of having done the least good with any Part of it. *Sir Edward* knew nothing of the finer Sentiments of Love, but only the brutal Enjoyments, which like a Brute he had rather come immediately to, than heighten his Desires and Pleasure by all the decent and charming Approaches the skilful Managers of Pleasure make use of on these Occasions. Having therefore seen the *Lady of the SUN*, found an impatient desire of lying with her, and letting his Confidant know his Distemper, he reply'd in this Manner : *Stay, dear Friend, Sir Edward, since your Ambition is mounted so high as the Mistress of a King, you have this comfort, that her Temper is such, that you may buy her Favours with Gold, to which she sacrifices all things.* The Knight was well pleas'd that any way was cut out to a Pleasure that had rais'd his Desires to a greater stretch than ever before he had experienc'd, and gave his Friend or Pimp full Power to treat with the Lady's Agents in this Affair, which with some difficulty was concluded for 10000 Nobles ; and he being admitted to her Apartment, found the Lady in Bed, ready to receive him and his Money. But the Knight's

misfortune was such, that when he had enter'd the Lists of *Venus*, and the willing Fair one ready to surrender all her wonderful Charms to his Arms, the Knight prov'd less than a Man, and spent the whole Night in fruitless Attempts at a Happiness his Stars had depriv'd him of the Power of possessing. The time of parting is come, the Knight full of Dispair and Rage, curs'd his Stars, and whatever had disabled him from reaping the Benefit of his Purchase; yet Apologizing in as tender a manner as he could to the Lady, begg'd that she would allow him another time of Tryal. But she smiling, told him, that she fear'd it would be to no purpose, but that if he pleas'd to bring the other 10000, she would give her self the Mortification of his Embraces another Night, but on no other Condition. So departing with Shame, Sir *Edward* never after solicited so vain and expensive a Suit.

De la Poole in the mean while found his Stars more propitious, arriving at greater Happiness with less Charge. For before the days of the Tournament was over, he had found some favourable Glances from the *Lady of the SUN*, to which his own Vanity gave such an Interpretation, as to raise his Endeavours to improve the Imagination to a Reality. For as soon as the Sports of the day were at an end, he took care at the rising of the Company to press among the Crowd, as close to her as possible; and Opportunity offering, in the hurry, seiz'd her fine Hand, and press'd it with Ardour: She first suffer'd his Assurance, and then

then encreas'd it by returning his Advances, till he found out the way of being admitted privately to Closet; and where the Man that knows himself belov'd is alone with the Woman he desires both by Ambition and Love, there is no time left before he secures his Aim, by seizing all that the Lady could give. Her Resistance was not great, and she perhaps discover'd more fire in the Encounter than the happy Man she bestow'd those Favours upon, that so many sigh'd for in vain.

These amorous Thefts had been sometimes repeated when the Negotiation with Sir *Edward* was finish'd, and Five thousand of the Nobles she received from her Bubble she gave to her favour'd Gallant, with which he purchas'd an Annuity of 500 Nobles a year, which he possess'd till his Disgrace and Ruin in the succeeding Reign.

De la Poole, tho' he had a mixture of Love in this Intrigue with this Lady, yet Self-Interest was the charm that preserv'd his Constancy so long, that some of the Enemies of the *Lady of the SUN*, by their Spies, had some notice of the Affair, and did what they could to put an end to the Dotage of the King, by making a discovery of her Infidelity. It was with all the Address of Cunning that they could insinuate so much Suspicion into the King, as to make him agree to a tryal of finding him in her Apartment alone with her, as she promis'd to show him. Information was brought, and the King and his Friends pass'd by a Master-Key into her Lodgings, at the

very Minute that *la Poole* was happy in her Arms. The King, I suppose, out of a desire of not being undeceived, making some noise at the last Door, the Lovers had just turn'd to disengage themselves, and by her dexterous Address she hid him under her Petty-coats, and sat down upon him, and feigning the Collick, receiv'd the King and his Attendants without the least surprize; discovering all the while the Agonies of those sharp Pains to which she pretended. The Room being search'd, and every place examin'd, the King look'd on her with a pleasing Eye, but frowning on those that had accus'd her, led them speedily from her Apartment, begging pardon for their unseasonable Intrusion.

The Company being gone, she immediately got up and deliver'd the Prisoner from his confinement and pain, and throwing him on the Bed to recover his fright, she goes and fastens all the Doors, to prevent any farther surprize; when returning to him, she could not forbear laughing at the happy Event, and the woful Condition her Lover had been in while he bore all his burden on his Shoulders, almost stifled with the very Heat of the Emphyrean of Love. Having rally'd a little, and lightned his Spirits, they ventur'd into the Bed, and there revel'd in the very Luxury of Pleasure, till the Mornings approach gave him notice to retire, which he did with all the safety imaginable.

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Tir'd with the Pleasures, not the Pains of the Night, the Lady kept her Bed to a very unusual hour, which serv'd for a confirmation of the reality of that Illness she had only pretended: for when a Man has a mind to be deceiv'd by a Woman, the very things that should discover the Imposture confirm him in the belief of its being a Reality. Thus the King, almost afraid to see her, after he had betray'd a Suspicion, without being able to justify it by a Proof of her Infidelity, approach'd her Bed with a visible fear of her Anger. She was not insensible of her Power, but was resolv'd to turn it to her own advantage, and therefore receives him with a seeming Disdain, and (in short) makes him pay dear for doubting her Honour, when he could bring no proof of her Guilt.

Her imagin'd Innocence in this, gave her such an Ascendant over the King's Soul, that he could deny her nothing: This Advantage she was resolv'd to make use of while the King was alive, and the Death of the *Black Prince* had remov'd all her powerful Opposers. She was possess'd of this Maxim, *That if she got but Money enough, she could be guilty of no Crimes but 'twas in the power of that to stop the Prosecution.* She first engross'd all the profitable Places to her self and her Creatures; every thing that would bring in the Gold, she took care to dispose of at the best Market Price. If there was any Suit in Law depending betwixt her self (or any of her Creatures) and any other, she would her self appear and sit in Courts of Judicature,

by her Presence and Influence to wrest Justice from its byass: And there were such Judges in Commission, as would endeavour to gratifie a Lady, from whom they might hope so much.

Virtue is not naturally (or at least customarily) the Growth of Courts, or any of the Avenues to 'em; so that 'tis no Wonder that most, if not all those who had any dependance there, or any Views that way, were ready not only to submit to her Exorbitances, but even to flatter 'em with the specious Name of *Prudence*, and an *innocent Care of her Interest*. I will not so much condemn her for fleecing such as apply'd only for the Means and Power of fleecing some others, that might have a Dependance on the Offices they purchas'd, since those would else have made use of her Power only for their own advantage, while the Infamy of their Actions would reach up to her who had prefer'd 'em; but by making them pay for what she did for 'em, she prostituted not her Character to the Hate of the People for nothing. Yet she can never be forgiven, in suffering her mercenary Temper to vanquish all Considerations for the Frailties of Love, to which she found her Heart always very much inclin'd: For, from the King, she try'd most Degrees of his Leige-people, even to Rope-dancers and Players, or any Man whose robust Appearance promis'd a vigorous satisfaction of her salacious Enjoyments. Yet she prov'd an implacable Enemy to a young Lady, call'd *Matilda*, and her Lover *Gotosfre*, in the Misfortunes which attended 'em on the discovery of their Intrigues.

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The Story of MATILDA *and* GOLOFRE.

M*atilda* was a Relation of this Favourite *Lady of the SUN*, and all her dependance was entirely upon her Father and Mother, who were very nearly related to her. In hopes of Preferment, *Matilda* was sent out of the *Country* to *Court*, to be under the Eye of *Alicia*, the *Lady of the SUN*: On the Road she and her Company were overtaken by a young Gentleman about the age of Twenty, and his Servant. It hapned the Waters were extreamly out in many parts of the *Country*, especially in that part which they were yet to pass, between the place where they joyn'd company and *London*. After some hours Conversation, the young Lady and Gentleman found themselves struck with a mutual Passion for one-another, and every moment improving it, they came to a Lane overflow'd with Water, and in it was a Bridge that was to be pass'd, but was entirely cover'd by the Flood, which to miss was to hazard in a great measure their Lives: Young *Golofre*, in pain for his Mistress, rode before her, to direct her Horse in the way, but in the midst of the Water, just by the Bridge, her Horse by some strange Accident startled with such vehemence, that he threw the Lady from his Back, who screaming out as she was falling into the Water, she soon sank; the Lover immediately leap'd from his Horse to save her, and as she rose a second time, caught hold of her Arm, and drew her close to him. There
was

was, about a Bows shot off, a fort of Island in the Water, that held its Head a little above the Stream, and attended by two or three Trees and a small Hutt or House, the only hopes of Life to the despairing Gallant; thither he steer'd his Course, supporting his dear *Matilda* with one Hand, in his cumberfom Accoutrements, now almost spent with getting to the desir'd place.

Scarce was he able to get either himself or his dear Lady up the Bank, which at the place they came to was somewhat more steep and slippery than in any other part; yet, unable to venture farther, he exerted himself, and with no little difficulty got her ashore, and by degrees into the Hovel that was there. It had been a Receptacle of some Wretch that us'd in the Summer-time to live there on the Alms or Expences of Travelers, by selling a Dram, or some such thing, as they pass'd; but in this Season it was left desolate, as unable to afford any Benefit by being in such a solitary place. There was in it a sort of a thing like a Chimney, a broken Stool, and two or three Hurdles that might supply the office of a Bed: There were likewise some little pieces of Sticks, that might make a Fire, could they find any means of lighting the Fuel; but Industry overcomes all things. *Golofre* more concern'd for his Mistress than himself, gently placed her on the Hurdles, and bending her Head down, would have made her bring up the Water she had swallow'd, and by good Fortune having a Bottle of Cordial Water in his Pocket, he gave her some, which produc'd new Life and Vigour to support her under this Misfortune. Searching
about.

about, he found a Flint and some Touchwood, and by the help of his Knife he struck fire, which he improv'd so far, as to light the Sticks which Fortune had thrown in his way: By this means they dry'd themselves, expecting their Servants would bring 'em some Relief. But they by good Luck having escap'd the Danger, and *Golofre's* Man having got his Master's Horse, ne'r design'd to proceed in so dangerous a Road, but by the first opportunity got up into the higher Ground, and made his way over Hedge and Ditch to the first House he could see. The Lady's Horse was drove down with the Stream, and her Servant with much ado getting back again, never staid to examin whether his Mistress were safe or no, but return'd home to his Master with the News, that she was drown'd.

Golofre's Man had found his passage so difficult, that when he came in sight of a House it began to be duskish, and almost dark by that time he had reach'd it: It fortunately prov'd to be a Mill that stood on that Rivulet, which the Rains had now made so dangerous a Torrent. The Miller had a little flat Boat, which he us'd to paddle with on the head of his Mill-pond, and was soon perswaded by the Man to venture down the Stream with that Boat, to fetch up his Master and the Lady, but no Price could win him to so dangerous an Attempt in a Night that afforded not one glimring Star to direct so uncertain a Course, but as soon as the Day began to peep they set out on their Voyage, and in three hours time arriv'd at the place, where they found the poor Lovers in despair of all Relief; for having thoroughly dried

dried themselves by the Fire, and again reviv'd themselves with a Dram, they had leisure to consider their dismal Circumstance; yet could not all the Danger they had past, or that which they were now in, restrain his declaring his Passion, and pressing her so far as to confess, that by Gratitude and Inclination she was inclin'd to reward a Love so agreeable to her Wishes.

Vows of eternal Love and Friendship being pass'd, he began to consider how he should find Means for her to get some Repose; he renew'd the Fire, pull'd off his Coat, and wrapping her in it, laid her on the Hurdles, her Head lying in his Lap, to his no small pleasure and satisfaction. Tho' *Matilda's* Fatigue had compel'd her to yield to some short Slumbers, yet *Golosfre* had a mixture of too much Pleasure and too much Pain, to have the relief of a wink of Sleep all that Night, but often in the Transports of his Passion hug'd *Matilda* so eagerly, that he wak'd her from her Repose.

The Miller and his Man being come, they all went on board this noble Vessel; and the Miller being as skillful as *Typhis*, they arriv'd safely at his Mill, and there with what the Miller's Stock could afford they refresh'd themselves, and *Matilda* went to rest in the Miller's Bed, and *Golosfre* in his Man's; and tho' neither of 'em were Beds of Downe, yet they slept heartily, being warm and secure.

But the Convenience the Miller had was not sufficient for the Condition of the Guests; and no Town was nearer than four or five Mile, and the Lady found her self in a very
bad

bad Condition, very feaverish and weak, but made shift by the help of the Millers Wife to dress her self, and get on Horseback, and by a gentle pace to reach the first Inn of a tolerable Accommodation, where she immediately took her Bed, and he sent for a Physician, the best in the Country, but she grew worse and worse, becoming lightheaded; so that *Golofre* who never was from her, thought fit at last to send his Man away to her Fathers House to inform him of her Condition; this was two days Journey at that Season, and before her Mother could come, her Feaver had left her, and she was in a fair way of recovery.

Matilda took care to give a large and pathetic Account of *Golofre*, and the Services he had done her, and that owing her Life to him, she could do no less than comply with his Importunities by a promise of Marriage, if she could get her Friends Consent. The Mother had view'd him with Eyes that perswaded her to think kinder of him than of a Son-in-law; and considering that their stay was not to be long together, she made several advances to the young Man, which he would better have met, had his Heart been free from the Charms of the Daughter; for the Mother was not above Thirty four, and very Youthful both in Appearance and Thoughts, she had Beauty enough to render her desirable, and provocation enough from a fumbling old Husband to wish that others might think so, especially young *Golofre*, whom every moment she lov'd more and more. She had Address
enough

enough to put off his Demands and her Daughters to the decision of her Husband, to whom it was necessary that she should return, till her health was confirm'd, and the Fathers determination in that particular receiv'd.

Being therefore now able to sit a Horse, an easie one was got, and the higher Roads chosen to return to her Fathers, whither young *Golofre* was invited on what he thought the Happiness of his Life, but indeed only for the use of the Mother, who had attempted by broad sides often to let him know her Mind, of which he having inform'd the Daughter, she took care to allow as few moments of Persecution to her Love as possible; but it was impossible always to prevent some opportunities, when a Mother that govern'd the Family made it her Business. *Bertha* (that was the Mothers Name) had manag'd the old Man so, as to give Denials to the Pretender, telling him, that should he yield to his Suit, it was only to deprive himself of those Honours which he had coveted, by seeing her marry'd to a Man of the first Quality, by the Interest of Madam *Alicia* their near Kinswoman; That he had now, thro' her Interest, a fair prospect of arriving to the Dignity of a Lord and Peer of that Realm. These were Arguments strong enough to secure her Husband from granting a Boon, that must deprive her of the Happiness that she esteem'd the greatest in this World.

Golofre began to be weary of doubtful Replies, and therefore press'd the old Gentleman

to

to be plain with him, and let him know what he had to depend on in a point of that concern to his Repose; and found at last, that the Father, unable to put him off longer, let him know that his Desire was not in his Power; that his Cousin *Alicia* had taken her for her own, and demanded the entire disposal of her Person, that in Gratitude for the Life he had sav'd, he would write to her in his behalf. This being all the Answer he could get, *Golofre* having inform'd *Matilda* of the matter, resolv'd to go immediately for *London*, and try by some means or other to get into the good Graces of her who had the disposal of his Happiness in the Person of *Matilda*. The Evening before he was to depart, *Bertha* at her wits ends, was resolv'd to put all to the hazard of a tryal of Skill. When, therefore, *Golofre* was in Bed, and asleep, as she had taken care her Husband should be, by a private Door she let herself in her Shift into the Chamber where her Beloved lay, and gently got into the Bed without waking him, she having taken care that the old Gentleman and he should have both their Load, *Bacchus* over-powering *Venus* and all her Night Torments, Languishments and Watchings, *Golofre* slept most profoundly. How *Bertha* manag'd the matter I can't tell, but being a Woman of Address, she did not entirely lose her Satisfaction; which eagerly pursuing, the Gallant awak'd, and surpriz'd betwixt sleeping and waking at a Woman in Bed with him, and in so familiar a posture, he was removing away from her, but she clas-

ping

ping him about the Waste, cling'd too close to be easily shook off. *Whether, my dear Golofre, dost thou flee from the languishing Matilda (said she)? My Parents deny me thy Lawful Embraces, but not being able to live without them, in my Night of Dispair I have thrown aside my Virgin Modesty to possess them without the Ceremony of Law. What has past betwixt us in thy sleep was but a half Satisfaction, while I was depriv'd of those Transports thy Love for Matilda must give thee to find her in thy Arms, suffering thee to rifle all her Charms. Why thus cold, thus indifferent? Spare my Modesty, while darkness hides my Blushes, and thy self a Man in Reality, as well as in Appearance.*

Golofre had too noble an Idea of Matilda to think, that she could either act or speak in this matter, and believ'd, that it was no other than her Mother, and thus reply'd, striving to get loose from her hold, while she twin'd her self about him like a Snake, not to be shook off. *Madam (said he) dismiss me, such Impudence unmans; me while you kept your Virtue you had Charms, now you act like the most abandon'd Prostitute, you have none: Dismiss me, or I shall raise the House and expose you to your Parents, who as I find they do not love you, so have they Reason.*

Base Man, reply'd Bertha, too well thou know'st in whose Arms thou art; Matilda would have found thee more warm; yet know, thou canst never enjoy her without Incest, and I will take care, if possible, that you never see each other more.—Yet you ought to consider the Injury you have done me, for my Virtue wounded me with a Passion that must
render

render my Life ever miserable. If thou hast sav'd my Daughters Life, wilt thou murder me for her sake? No, I know no Reason but that she should die for her that gave her Life, not I for doing it. Do not struggle thus, I cannot hold thee long: Am I not fair? I'm daily told of a thousand Charms that yet smile in my Face, have I not one to touch thy obdurate Heart? Not enow to move thy Compassion, if not Love? — As she would have gone on, he broke from her, and she in her Agony could not help reproaching him so loud, and in terms so vehement, that he was afraid the House would be disturb'd. She apprehended his fear, and following him out of Bed — No, no, said she, if I cannot live in Happiness, thou shalt not live beyond me, here I will fix myself till my Husband come and transfix us both, that will be some Pleasure, to dye with you, and hinder any other from enjoying the Pleasure that is deny'd to me. She urg'd him with that vehemence, that he perswaded her to go into the Bed, and that he would come to her, and do what he could to acquit himself of what she expected from him.

Perswaded by these fair Words, nor yet willing to be caught in that condition by the Family, she return'd to the Bed, supposing some necessary Occasion might oblige him to stay a little; but he making to the Door, with much ado got it open, and flying to his Man's Chamber, she pursu'd him; he had scarce got in e're she was come to him; but being thus excluded, she vow'd Revenge, and so left him.

H

But

But all this had made so much noise, that not only *Matilda*, but some of the Servants were rouz'd; and coming out with Candles, found *Golofre's* Door open, tho' all his Cloaths there, and presently *Bertha* full of Rage and Tears, in her Smock: She could not bear the sight of *Matilda*, but giving her some blows and scratches on her Face, she drove her to her Chamber, and had it not been for the Servants, had certainly destroy'd her. This rouz'd the Old-man, who missing his Wife, and hearing his Daughters Voice, gets up, runs to her Chamber, and examines the matter, interposing his Authority: *My Dear*, (said *Bertha*) *lying awake, I heard Matilda's Chamber-door open, and she trip away, as I imagin'd, to Golofre's Chamber; fearing the worst, I immediately went after thus in my Shift, to prevent what I fear'd: I heard her open his Door and steal in; I follow'd and pursu'd her even to his Bed, where seizing her, her Gallant rose in her defence, threatening me in a vile and scandalous manner; but, unable to move me, I got her out, and my Passion prevailing, beat her and scratch'd her Face, but am sorry I proceeded so far, since I had happily prevented the Mischief.*

This rais'd the Old-man's Indignation, and taking his great Sword, would have gone immediately to his Chamber, and made him pay his Life for his Attempts on the Honour of his Family; but being a little pacified by his Lady, and desir'd to defer it till the morning, he was led back to his Chamber and Bed by his false Spouse. The Servants and *Matilda* knew that all *Bertha* had utter'd was entirely false; and

and *Matilda*, who knew her Mother's Passion for *Golofre*, was satisfied that she had made some fruitless Attempt on his Virtue, nothing else could have put her into so violent a Rage.

Golofre's Man in the mean while got up, dress'd himself, and coming down, found the Servants with Lights, by the help of which he gather'd his Master's Cloaths together, and carried 'em up to his Chamber, where he dress'd him, and told him what he heard from the Servants below. *Golofre* was mightily touch'd with the Misfortunes of his dear *Matilda*, and chose rather to expose himself and *Bertha* to the Resentment of the old Gentleman, than to leave *Matilda* expos'd to the Malice and Revenge of so barbarous a Mother: He therefore resolv'd not to stir till he had seen the old Gentleman, and set things in as good a posture as he possibly could. The old Man was up before his usual Hour, full of Resentment for the suppos'd Injury *Golofre* had done him; his Wife push'd him on, hoping that one or both would fall in the Quarrel, and that if either surviv'd, it might be in her power soon to send him after the other; to such dangerous Extrems do our Passions drive us, when we give our selves up to their conduct, without regard to Virtue or Honesty.

Matilda had lock'd her self up in her Chamber with only her Maid, full of Tears and Despair both for her self and her Lover. And now the old Gentleman and *Bertha* came into the Hall, where they found *Golofre* and his Man ready to take Horse as soon as they had seen

him. *Bertha*, to amuse her Husband, immediately falls on the young Man, calling him base and treacherous Villain, a Spoiler of their Honour and Peace, and thunder'd out such a Volley of abusive Curses, that the old Man was fain to command her to be silent, and leave the righting his Honour to himself.

Madam, said *Golofre*, *I am sorry your Madness and Folly have put me under a necessity of declaring to your Husband, that your Rage at me is because I would not be the Spoiler of the Honour of your Family, and not because I had in vain attempted it: but the Preservation of your Daughter's Life, and the clearing mine own Honour, oblige me to a Course I tremble to take.*

These words alarm'd both the Husband and Wife, but she, who had only Impudence to bring her off, began to scold again, but her Husband told her, that a method so preposterous would more confirm him in his Doubts than all the Evidence *Golofre* could bring. Silence being therefore made, *Golofre* in as modest terms as possible let the old Gentleman know how she had persecuted him with her Love, and that if he had that Night but yielded to have broke the Bands of Hospitality, there had been no Disturbance, but he had departed in Peace, and done a Villany, which his refusing to be guilty of has involv'd him in. He then oblig'd the Servants to give an account of all they knew, and by comparing all together, the Husband was satisfied of his Wife's design of making him a Cuckold, but not of the Matter of Fact, since he easily believ'd that *Golofre's*
Heart

Heart being prepossess'd with the Love of the Daughter, he might easily resist what could be therefore no Temptation to him. Commanding his Wife to her Chamber immediately, he took his leave of *Golofre*, and at his desire sent his Daughter to a Relation ten miles off, till her Face was recover'd, and she got to *London*, there to undergo as heavy a Persecution for Love under the *Lady of the SUN*.

What became of *Bertha* and her Husband I know not, having only heard what I told you related by *Matilda* and *Golofre*, to *Alicia*, in hopes by that means to soften her Heart to pity a Love that arose in Misfortunes, and yet never met with any Smile of Success.

When *Matilda* was come to *London*, she was graciously receiv'd by her Cousin the *Lady of the SUN*; and the more, because she found in her Charms that might be able to engage the Heart of some Man of Power to strengthen her Interest when the old King should die, and when she must expect the Assaults of her Enemies, for all the Irregularities which she had committed all the time of her Power.

She try'd the King's Sons, but there she was too much hated to hope for Success, or any tolerable Terms: she at last consider'd of her old Gallant *de la Poole*, by a sort of Prophetic Spirit foreseeing his Power and Interest in the next Reign, tho' then there was not the least appearance of any such mighty Fortune attending him. *De la Poole* saw her with admiration, and had he suppos'd that *Alicia's* Power would have been of any long continuance, he had

soon gorg'd the Bait; but as Matters stood, he kept her in such a suspense, that she had no reason but to think that he thought the Match very honourable as well as advantageous to him.

Golofre had made such an Interest with a Privado of the *Lady of the Sun*, that he was admitted with *Matilda* to make a full relation of all that had pass'd between them, which they told in so moving and pathetic a manner, as must have mov'd any one who could be sensible of any thing but her own Interest; she was too much a Courtier to dismiss 'em without Hopes, tho' she resolv'd to disappoint their Desires.

Golofre was no sooner gone, but *Matilda* was order'd to be strictly guarded, and all Admittance (even Letters to or from *Golofre*) entirely forbidden: And *de la Poole* growing colder as the King grew weaker, she applied to another young Spark, who was very great with all the King's Sons, had a Place about the Prince of *Wales*, and was therefore likely to secure her the better when he came to be King. He saw her, liked her, and immediately agrees with the *Lady of the Sun*, who acquaints *Matilda*, That she must prepare to marry this Gentleman in two days time, because she would not leave so useful a Match to the hazard of Fortune.

Matilda was struck dumb at the News, and distracted with Despair, resolv'd not to outlive the violation of her Faith. With some Industry and more Gold she brib'd one of her
Guards,

Guards, (for Courtiers can't resist Gold on any Consideration) who convey'd a Letter from her to *Golofre*, by which she inform'd him of all that was design'd against his Happiness and hers; promising, if he could contrive any way, that she would flee with him from the hated Court, to the farthest part of the habitable World. It was the good Fortune of these Lovers, that the Messenger who brought *Golofre* the Letter was the Son of a Neighbour of his, who had formerly been supported by his Family Time out of Mind; and enquiring his Name, took care to let him know his Obligation, and with Prayers and more Gold agreed to help her to escape to him the next Night.

Golofre got a Priest and every thing in order to fix Matters so fast, that it should not be in the power of Fate to separate 'em any more. All things being therefore done with Diligence and Care, *Matilda* was convey'd to an Apartment provided, and immediately married to him; and the Hour of the Night, and further security of their Love requiring it, they immediately went to Bed; where I leave 'em to those Joys true Lovers find in each others Embraces, and return to the *Lady of the Sun*, who was soon inform'd of her Escape, and of the Servant that convey'd her away. Her Rage being heighten'd by the disappointment of that Refuge she promis'd her self, she imploy's all her Creatures to make strict enquiry after 'em, who at last lighting on the House, search'd it, and found 'em in Bed together. *Golofre* told 'em she was his Wife, and that no Man had

power to separate 'em, which now could only be done by that God who joyn'd 'em.

Build not on that, said one of the Leaders of those who search'd for 'em, *for the Court can do as much as he that made you, in this or any thing else, when it pleases: However, since I have not yet Power to do any thing in this, we shall only secure you here till we inform our Lady what discovery we have made.*

Alicia was more enrag'd that she was disappointed, than if she had allow'd him a Favour for Friendship; but resolving not to lose the means of her future Security, she determin'd to destroy him by the force of Law if possible; if not, by more clandestine means. She easily obtains a Warrant to secure him for stealing a valuable Jewel at the same time he carried off her Cousin; she had those that on his Tryal would swear it, and doubted not of the Kindness of the Judge to wrest an Evidence to her side as far as he could. *Matilda* was forc'd from her dear Husband by the violence of the Messengers, and born to *Alicia* at the same time that *Golosfre* was carried to Prison. The poor Lady *Matilda* suffer'd, tho' not in so nauseous a Prison, yet in a fine Room, all the Persecution she was capable of from the *Lady of the Sun*, whose Rage was proportion'd to the Disappointment she had given her: She upbraided her with Folly and Ingratitude, protested that her favour'd Lover or Husband should be hang'd, and that she would turn her out to Miter, if she did not comply, and marry the Person she had chose for her.

Thus

Thus was she for some time persecuted, and *Golofre* by the unwholsom Damps of the Prison became sickly, when the very Person *Alicia* planted for his ruin, deliver'd him. The *Lady of the SUN* had charg'd *Matilda* to receive her Friend kindly, and to make no discovery of her being already married, or she would take care, by the next Visit, to remove her pretended Husband out of the World; and so introducing her Friend, left the young Couple together. He press'd his Love, she discover'd nothing but Despair, till affected with her Grief, he began seriously to enquire into the Cause; and having work'd her into a belief of his Sincerity by his Protestations both of Secrecy and Service, she told him the whole Story of her Amour and Marriage, and the cruel Event of it. Now, Sir, (said she) *if your Pretences of Love are real, you will not see me miserable, but bring me some Relief; yet no Relief can be of any force with me, but the Safety of my Dear Golofre; assist in that, and you'll oblige me in so sensible a manner, that anything in both our powers will be ever your Due.* The young Courter, tho' touch'd with the Story, was yet so much a Courtier as to do nothing without a Bribe, where it could be had, and therefore presses those Favours she could grant, without depending on any one else: She resists so vigorously, that even Force was offer'd, till she desir'd a Parley; the Articles were, That when he had set 'em both at liberty, and done something worthy such a Favour, he might demand without fear of a Repulse. Tho' *Matilda* never de-

sign'd

sign'd to comply with his lewd Desires, yet she had found, that Sincerity was of no use in a Court, where false Promises are current Coin.

All the young Man could do, was to find out *Golofre's* Prison, and remove him to better Lodgings, which he had no way to do, but only by threatening the Goaler with severe Punishment, if *Golofre* miscarried under his custody; telling him, That Madam *Alicia's* Reign was very near an end, when not only she, but all her Creatures, would be brought to answer their illegal Practices.

Golofre being remov'd into a more wholesome Apartment, began to mend apace; and the *Lady of the SUN* hearing by her Spies of the Goaler's sudden Kindness to the unfortunate Prisoner, sent him a severe Reprimand, letting him know, that since he had remov'd him from a place that would have dispatch'd him to their hands, she expected he would now take care himself to send him to another World. In these Streights, on both sides, the Goaler knew not what to do; but consulting with his Wife, (a notable Baggage, and one who had taken some liking to *Golofre*) she advis'd him to send to *Alicia*, that he should be dispatch'd the next Night, and at the same time to convey him away to some place out of Town till the King was dead, which was hourly expected.

Tho' this News was agreeable to *Alicia*, it stuck *Matilda* to the Heart, who was just expiring with the News: When her new Lover came and found her in that condition, he was extreamly surpriz'd at an Account of the Cause, and going

ing to the Goaler, assur'd him of a severe Punishment as soon as the King was departed, who could not hold out a day longer. The Goaler at last taking him aside, under the assurance of Secrecy, told him what he had done, and where he might find him. He comes back to *Matilda* with this good News, which immediately reviv'd her, and made her desire that he would take her out with him, and convey her to her Husband, since by his Authority she might go out, tho' not without it; and, that it was now a proper time, *Alicia* being confin'd to the King's Chamber, he being now on his Death-bed.

The Gallant, who could deny her nothing, comply'd with her Desires, and convey'd her to her Dear *Golofre*, delivering her into his Arms, with an assurance of all the Service in his power at any time. The Gallant being gone, *Matilda* and her Husband resolv'd that moment to retire far from the Court, and to live on that pretty Fortune he had, where neither Lust nor Ambition should ever interfere with their Love.

In the mean time it was now the turn of the *Lady of the SUN* to grieve for the King, there were manifest Tokens of Death, yet did she still flatter him with Hopes of Life, so that he neglected making that Provision for his Soul which a dying Christian should, till he was taken quite speechless: Mean while the *Lady of the SUN* took care to make use of her Time, purloining away the most valuable things in the Palace, stealing the very Rings off his Fingers as he lay expiring, and then, like a true Harlot and Favourite, left him gasping for Life, not capable of speaking a Word.

Word, and with only one poor simple Fryar in the Room.

The old King being dead, and the young one proclaim'd, as there were many about him who wish'd for their share of the Plunder of the *Lady of the SUN*, either by Bribes or Grants, so they let her not long continue unmolested, bringing a Proceſs againſt her: Yet ſhe on her ſide had ſo well imploy'd her time, that with her Money ſhe had corrupted many of the *Lords*, and all the *Lawyers* of *England*, who did not only ſecretly ſollicite her Affair, but publicly pleaded her Cauſe, and us'd all their Intereſt in her behalf: Yet ſhe was ſo much and generally hated for her rapacious Avarice, that ſhe was ſo vigorously proſecuted by the Parliament, being by her own Mouth convicted, that ſhe was baniſh'd the Land, and all her Eſtate, movable or immovable, forfeited to the *Exchequer*, from whence (by the late King's Favour, or rather Dotage) it had been unduly taken.

On her departure ſhe gave the Ring, in which I then was, to *Michael de la Poole*, in hopes that if he arriv'd at the good Fortune that had been foretold him, he might do her ſome Service as to recalling her into her own Country, from a Banishment ſhe abhorr'd; but he, like a true Courtier, before he was ſo, ſoon forgot her; nay, made it his buſineſs to joyn with all that rail'd againſt her.

I hope, by what I have told you (ſaid my *Guinea*) of the *Lady of the SUN*, I've been equal
with

with the *Seignior* and *Monsieur*; but what is to come shews my Power more than any Instance they have produc'd; it was in the next Reign after my Lady *Alicia's* dominion that this Experiment was made.

The Grandson, yet a Child, succeeded *Edward III*, and tho' he reign'd 22 Years, yet without the Glory of his Grandfather, he had all the Dotage of his Age; for never Prince had more Favourites, and those more unworthy of his Favour, and whose cursed Advice at last brought him to an ignominious End in a private state. E're yet he was of age, this *Michael de la Poole*, made Earl of *Suffolk*, *Robert de Vere* Duke of *Ireland*, with an Archbishop of *York*, had led him so astray, that the Parliament did threaten to depose him if he would not surrender those Misguiders of his Youth, and come to them; which being oblig'd to do, his Favourites fled: *De la Poole*, before he was set at liberty by the King, to make a second Escape after he was taken at *Calice*, gave me to the King, as a Token to remember him, assuring him I once belong'd to the finest Lady in the World; and that as he believ'd he should never see His Majesty more, so, as his last Advice, he recommended the E. of *Nottingham* to him for a Man of Judgment, and one who could put him in a good way of managing the *Parliament*, who had hitherto been such a Curb to his Inclinations.

The King took his Advice, and being now One-and-twenty Years of age, assum'd the Government himself, and by the Advice of *Scroop* Earl

Earl of *Wiltshire* and the Earl of *Nottingham*,
 made many alterations. And the time of Par-
 liament coming on, he advis'd with his new
 Favourite *Nottingham* how to order that point.
 My Leige, (said my Lord *Nottingham*) some of
 our Princes have taken very wrong Measures for the
 Ends they have aim'd at; they have taken it with
 Disdain, that they could not do what they pleas'd
 without being accountable to any among Men; and
 have on those Notions grown so unpopular, that if
 they have not lost their Crowns, they have conside-
 rably shaken 'em, and had a Reign perpetually di-
 sturb'd with Tumults and War; whereas if they had
 but consider'd matters justly, they might have been
 much more absolute, and much more secure in all their
 Arbitrary Proceedings, if they had but studied the
 Art of bribing the Members of Parliament. Your
 Majesty has a great number of Places in your Gift,
 which ought to be distributed among the leading and
 active Members of your House of Commons, to others
 you must give Pensions, which will never be a Far-
 thing out of your Pocket, for they will not scruple to
 give Taxes, so long as by your Gifts they have an
 Encrease and Interest for their Money: Nor will
 they be over-nice in examining into Accounts, when
 their own Receipts must be found amongst 'em. By
 these two Articles you engage another numerous
 Party of Gentlemen, who are in hopes of the same
 Advantage, and these will go a greater length than
 those already in Pay, since they will persuade them-
 selves, that the more they do to merit a Reward,
 the greater the Pension or Place will be. When this
 Method is fix'd, you need advance but one or two in
 a Session, and you carry all before you; all your
 Actions

Actions are stamp'd with Jure Divino, and you can do nothing that can be found fault with, since you have then the whole Power of the Nation to back you.

The King seem'd well pleas'd with the Advice, and resolv'd to put it in execution. The time for Election coming on, his Agents went to all the Boroughs, and spar'd no Bribes to get Men fit for the turn, and capable of being manag'd by the Court; so about *Lady-day* the Parliament meets, and care was taken to have Sir *John Busby* chosen Speaker, and Sir *William Maggat* and Sir *Henry Green* were the chief Managers of the Court Cause; Men who were ignorant, covetous, and ambitious: Nor must we leave out their Flattery, Sir *John Busby* in his Speeches not being contented to give the King his due Titles of Honour, but such as were fitter for the Majesty of the Almighty, than for any Earthly Prince.

Such a Power had Gold and this Method with the Parliament, that meeting in the beginning of the Year 1398, at *Shrewsbury*, the King, by the Interest he had made among 'em, caus'd not only all the Proceedings of the Parliament in the tenth of his Reign (which were great Asserters of Liberty) to be condemn'd and annull'd, but even obtain'd a Concession of 'em, That after the present Parliament should break up, its whole Power should be confer'd upon, and remain in certain Persons by them particularly nam'd, or any seven or eight of 'em, who by vertue of such Power
granted

granted did afterwards proceed to act and determine many things concerning the publick state of the Nation, properly the Business of a Parliament.

Yet, in confidence of this Method, the Earl of *Nottingham* lost his Country, and the King himself his Crown; for there is such a Love of Liberty fix'd in this Nation, that no Court yet has been able to overthrow it; as most Courts (except this present, where Patriots only prevail) have made it their fruitless Endeavours to do.

The *Guinea* perceiv'd by this time that I grew sleepy, and therefore excusing himself for the length of his Entertainment, after two others had spent some Time in it, hop'd the Variety of the Matter would make Amends for the long tediousness of the Narration; and so we all committed our selves to Silence.

The End of the Second Nights Entertainment.

THE

T H E

Third Nights Entertainment.

G A M I N G.

TH O' much of the last Night was spent in the Accounts my GOLDEN SPIES had given me, yet I lost good part of what remain'd, in ruminating on what I had heard. I that had falsly abus'd my self with an Opinion, that none were worse than my self, was strangely surpriz'd to find Men guilty of such Crimes as would never enter into the Heart of Man to act or imagine: Is it possible (said I to my self) that all those Maxims of Right and Wrong, of Virtue and Vice, which I have learnt from my Childhood, and read confirm'd in the Commonwealths of old, should be nothing but a vain Speculation, that only serves to mislead him who believes it into Ruin and Perdition? Can it be, that what seems to be founded on the Criterion of Truth, Evidence, should indeed be only Matter of meer Scepticism? And, that those who seemingly govern the World, and direct the secret Movements of the State Machine, should lay those things

I down

down as Maxims of *Wisdom*, and the sacred Rules of *Prudent Conduct*, which bear all the Marks of a Consummate and most Diabolical Villany? This still rais'd my Wonder to a greater height, to consider how they could keep Human Society together, or that any Government could live, much less flourish, under the Direction of such Maxims as are destructive of the Public Good and all Particular Happiness.

The Confusion of my Thoughts upon this intricate Subject turn'd my Brain so, that giddy with the View, I tumbled at last into an uneasie Slumber, which held me till the approach of Day: Soon after arising, I put all but my *Guinea* into my Scrutore, and retiring into my Closet, taking it out, and laying it on my Table, I thus address'd my self to it.

The Relations you all gave me last Night have not a little disturb'd my Repose: 'Tis true, I was not much affected with the Villanies of *Italy* and *France*; the Misery of Slavery both in Church and State, under which they groan in a different degree, would make one easily suppose they can renounce all the Duties of Religion and Humanity: But when you came to advance the same on the Great ones of our Nation, I confess, I was in hopes that having receiv'd some Disobligation at Court, you dealt with it as most Grumbletonians do. Therefore since we are alone, pray be candid, and set my Judgment right in this Particular; Is not our Court always free from those Villanies of the first magnitude, which are so well known to prevail in all other Courts?

I am

I am sorry (replied my *Guinea*) you should doubt my Veracity, who could receive no Advantage from imposing a Falsity on you in any thing of this nature; but I am willing to believe this Incredulity, from the charitable Opinion you have of your Countrymen, imagining them free from all the Vices of other Nations: But that's a very great mistake; I've been in many Countries and Courts, and know that the Magnitude of Vice is varied sometimes by different Modes and Kinds. The *English*, it's true, seldom make so little of Murder in their Revenge as the *Spaniard* or *Italian*, but then they find to the full as small a Concern in the public Depredations as any Country in *Christendom*: And it is remarkable, that the two great Courts of Concourse, the Rivals of the *English* Court, I mean *Rome* and *Ver-sailles*, have each had their Time in encouraging the finer Arts and Sciences, such as *Painting*, *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, *Musick*, &c. but the *English* Court has never yet thought it worth its while to encourage Men of Art. 'Tis true, there have been some forward pushing Fellows fortified by Ignorance, who sharing a small smattering in some of these Arts, have found easie Access to, and particular Favour from, the Great Men of *Britain*, who seldom yet have had Discernment enough to distinguish, or Generosity enough to prefer a *Man of Art* to a bold *Pretender*.

This is a Mark of a Scandalous Avarice, every one aiming at the making his own Market of the Public; which is the Bubble to

e'ry Side and Party, while all make a Clamour of the Service of Prince and Country, that they may have it in their Power to love only themselves; and scarce any Nation can show so many Families rais'd, and so many Estates got by the Public, as this *Island*, that boasts of her Virtue and Liberty.

My *Guinea* then pausing a while, call'd softly to me to lay my Ear closer to him since what he had to utter was not to be trusted to a Voice that might be interrupted by any other. I was curious enough, not to make any Difficulty of punctually observing his Directions; where he unfolded such Monstrous Vices to the confounding of Sexes and Nature; such prodigious Hypocrisies, to the calling in doubt of every thing that is said and done; such villanous Designs, as would make one think that there was no other Hell, and that the Devil was not only Prince of the Air, but Prince of the Earth.

He pull'd off the Mask from the false Patriot, and show'd him a crusty hypocritical Knave, that laugh'd at the causetefs Credulity of the People, by which he made his Mark of the Liberty and Property. In short, the Mysteries he reveal'd are like those of *Bona-dea*, which are not to be expos'd to unhallow'd Eyes, for fear the Sense of Things should destroy all confidence betwixt Man and Man, and so put an end to Humane Society. These things I reserve for a more lucky Opportunity; for tho' the Piety, Public Spirit, Generosity, Learning, and good Sense of the
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Present Court must ever exempt it from all parallel in this Account, yet since the Depravity of Men is so great, that either thro' Envy or Dissatisfaction they will find spots in the Sun, I shall not give those evil Inclinations the Satisfaction of finding Fewel for their Malice in what I shall thus publicly deliver. Putting, therefore, my *Guinea* in my Pocket I left my Chamber, and took the Air as far as *Hamstead*, diverted my self with a Bottle, and the Conversation of a Friend; I mean a Companion; for, by what I had heard, I began very much to doubt whether there were any such thing in the World as a Friend, since every Man has his own Interest and Self-Love so much in his Eye, and at his Heart, that it is almost impossible to find any one without a Design on his Neighbour for his own advantage.

Returning to Town, I fell in at *Bradbury's*, in pursuit of a Relation, who was one of those Fools who would put it to the determination of the Dice, whether his Money should be his own or not. 'Tis true, that the Dice are sometimes very good Judges in the Case, deciding the Cause for the poor Sharper against the rich Bubble; which puts me in mind of a Story much in favour of the Cubical Gentlemen. There was a *French* General, that being now grown old, desir'd as a Retreat the Government of some Province, where being to be Judge in *meum* and *tuum* as well as criminal matters, the King ask'd him how he would do, without any Insight into the Law, as ha-

ving always been bred a Soldier? He told the King he would venture his Majesties displeasure on the just discharge of his Office. He has the Place, comes off with wonderful Applause, in all his Decisions; insomuch that his Reputation of an able as well as just Judge went before him to Court; where being arriv'd, the King was very inquisitive to know how he could order matters so well as to please every body in a Post in which the ablest Lawyers had fail'd. He told his Majesty, that his Method was this — he carry'd with him to the Bench a Box and Dice, and having heard both sides, he then threw for Plaintiff and Defendant, and whoever had the highest Dice carry'd the Cause; and that he seldom mist of judging Right by this Method, to the Satisfaction of all that heard so well-poisd a Judgment.

But finding not my Relation, I retir'd towards Home, desirous to make some further Enquiries of my wonderful Spies, in matters I did not so very well understand. Being got into my Bed-chamber, and having dismiss'd my Man, set my loquacious Pieces at large, and with my *Guinea* laid them on the little Table by my Bed, into which I got, and desir'd them to proceed in their farther Account of the Court, which yet I thought was far from compleat.

To number up the Vices, as some *Tramontani* call them, said the *Italian* Piece, or the Virtues, as the wiser *Italians* count them, would be an endless Task. You count Ambition, Mur-
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ther by Poison, or Dagger, Whoredoms ; private dispatches of their own Wives, and other Womens Husbands, Contracts, Re-contracts for advantage of Fortune or Revenge, great Hypocrisies, false Complaisance to those you depend on, and Insolence to our Dependants. You, I say, court Vices of the first magnitude ; we think them wise Precepts of Policy, to gratify our Pleasure and Interest. You make a great noise about Favourites making their Fortunes by the Government ; we look on it as a Duty, and a Customary piece of Prudence, and in this we have Precedents of the wisest and best *Romans* ; *Cato the Elder* thus rais'd himself from an unknown Villager to the Head of the Commonwealth ; *Marius* from a *Plebeian* to a seventh Consulship, *Sylla* from a desperate Fortune to the Head of the World. Nor did any of 'em regard those musty School Morals which teach such a Respect to others, not center'd all in themselves, while *Epictetus* remain'd a Slave by following the contrary Maxims.

Thus you Gentlemen make a mighty Do against Gaming, which is a thing that has prevail'd over all the World, ev'n from this to *China* it self, where they play away their Wives Children, and themselves to Slavery, in the Ardor of their Sport.

I was pleas'd with his mention of Gaming, and desir'd him to let us know what Discoveries he had made in that Affair. *Gaming* (said he) may have many ill Consequences, I will not deny it, but since it is so establish'd a Cu-

from, that it is a sort of Rusticity and Ill-breeding not to Game, I know no other Rule of our Actions but the common Usage and Mode of all Nations. It is a thing so follow'd in *Italy*, that every Village almost yield us daily Examples of the good and evil Effects of it; by which some poor Rogues get Riches, and other wealthy Fools get Beggary: and like other Trades it seems a necessary Engine of Providence, to compleat that Vicissitude, which is so visible in all things under the Sun.

The Unlucky Cast.

There was in the Town of *Leghorn* a Merchant of some Note, who, besides his Adventures at Sea, did often venture an Estate by Land, and make quicker Returns by the Dice, than ever he could do by all the Wings of the Wind. He had long since sent his Prentice to *China*, where some years he had been his Factor; but having got a tolerable Estate, he return'd home for himself, and in a little Time marry'd one of the most beautiful Women in that part of *Italy*. *Frescobaldi* the Master kept a very good Correspondence with his quondam Factor *Antonio*, and was a more intimate Friend than ordinary, present at his Wedding, and saw his Wife with Eyes not so hospitable as Friendship requir'd; but that in *Italy* never enters into the Balance with Pleasure or Profit; so *Frescobaldi* finding that his Heart was entirely engag'd by the Wife of *Antonio*, was resolv'd by one means or other
to

to become Master of his Wishes, and possess the fair *Flaminia* in spite of his own Age, and her, and her Husbands Youth.

He employ'd all his Art, set to work all the Engines of this Venereal War, which are thought to be of use in Engagements of this nature, such as Presents, female Agents, and the like ; but the Lady was not yet weary enough of her Husband, nor was her Appetite so deprav'd as to prefer an old batter'd Gallant to the Vigour and Fire of a lusty young Husband. Tir'd at last with the Obstacles he met with, Chance threw into his Head the means of accomplishing his desires, tho' with the Ruin of *Antonio* and his Family. *Antonio* had added to the *Italian* Itch of Gaming that adventitious Habit which he had got in the *Indies*.

Frescobaldi push'd on the Humour, and every day won some of *Antonio's* Money, allowing for some encouraging Intervals, which he had to fix his Bubble to his Arms: In this manner being highly in Game, *Antonio* lost all his Ready-Money, and Bills of Credit, and had at last no stock left but himself and his Wife; he set both, and left both; *Frescobaldi* would remit nothing of his good Fortune, but sells him to the Gallies, and takes her to his own House.

Yet he had another task to accomplish, tho' he had her in his Power. It happen'd that she either dislik'd his Person, or his Treachery so far, as not to be prevail'd with by any Entreaty to accept of his offering a Heart
both

both despis'd, and hated. This gave *Fresco-baldi* some Trouble, but little Pain, since she was in his House, in the Hands of his Vassals, who must act by an implicate Obedience whatever he commanded. The Night being therefore come, when he was resolv'd to admit of no farther delay, *Flamania* being in Bed, and in her first sleep, by a secret door he conveys himself into her Chamber, and quite into her Bed, before she wak'd, and spite of her struggling accomplish'd his desires. But unable to struggle for a second Embrace, he left her, till he had recruited for another Encounter. He saw her in the Day all in Tears, which he endeavour'd to mitigate by Praises of himself, his Riches, and Power to make her Happy ; but all being in vain, he told her, that she had better submit willingly to what her Fate had subjected her to, since he was resolv'd to oblige her by Force to comply with his Will till he was weary of her, and then he would turn her upon the Common. But if she would use those endearing Arts of which without doubt by the Character of her Sex she was Mistress, she should command both him and his Fortune.

I know not how it came to pass, whether thro' Obstinacy or unconquerable Aversion, she could not be work'd on to be easie to his Wishes, so that tir'd with being oblig'd always to commit a Rape by himself, he order'd two of his Servants to hold her, whenever he had a mind to satisfy his amorous Inclinations. As this was but an imperfect Pleasure to him, so it extremely

treably aggravated her Misery ; which she was resolv'd to free her self from, ev'n by her own Death ; yet resolving not to perish alone, she with a great deal of constraint pretended to relent, assur'd him of a Complaisance for his Passion, that would be more agreeable to his Wishes. Which she observing for some time, had procur'd her self a greater Liberty than usual, and in him a Confidance that betray'd him to his Ruin. For having by this means secretly got a Razor into Bed, in his first sleep she dispatched him by cutting his Throat ; and not satisfy'd with this, she cut off the offending Parts, and having provided her self with some Money and Jewels, she made her Escape, and arriving at the Place where her Husband was in the Gallies, she paid his Ransom, and set him at Liberty ; which charm'd him beyond measure, so that he would have proceeded to the Rights of a Husband, she utterly refus'd him. ——— No, (said she) *Antonio, you have dealt by me too much like a Fool and a Villain ever to have any thing to do with me more ; you have brought me into too much Guilt to escape long the Punishment of the Law ; yet as I once lov'd you, I have here set you at Liberty with the Prize of my Honour and Frescobaldi's Blood. Provide for your self, lest you share my Fate. Know how to value your self and your Honour more, and if it be possible for you, after what you have done, to enjoy Tranquility, may you find it in abundance. For my part, I have determin'd of my self, and will this moment return to Leghorn and surrender my self to Justice.*

Antonio

Antonio did all he could to perswade her from so fatal a Resolution, and that since she had so happily escaped, not to put her Life in danger, which he did (as he ought to do) value much more than his own. But all persuasions were in vain, the next morning she set out for *Leghorn*, and he follow'd her so close that they arriv'd just together, he still dissuaded her from entering the Town, but all in vain, for she went directly to the Magistrate's House, and told him, that she was come to surrender her self up to Justice for the Murder of *Frescobaldi*, who had receiv'd his Death by her Hands.

She had no sooner done, but *Antonio* interpos'd, and told the Judge that she was mad, for it was he who had murder'd *Frescobaldi* in revenge of the Cheats he had put upon him in Play, by which he had not only ruin'd him, but sold him to the Gallies.

My Lord, (interrupted *Flaminia*) the falsity of this is evident, for *Antonio* was a Slave in the Gallies when *Frescobaldi* was kill'd, with whose Money I redeem'd my unjust Husband. This Contest held some time, till the Judge enquiring into the whole Story, was wonderfully touch'd with the Narration; but Murder being Death, he could not but commit her; yet took care so to represent the matter at Court, that *Frescobaldi*'s Death was look'd on as a just Punishment of his Barbarity; and *Flaminia* pardon'd the Crime. *Antonio* was banish'd for his unjust dealing by such a Wife, yet had his Exile remitted by her Mediation.

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However, nothing could prevail with her to live with *Antonio* any more; but shutting her self up in a Nunnery, she spent her short remains of Life in Prayer and Pennance, for she dy'd in less than a Year after her Enclosure; and *Antonio* pin'd away in a melancholy Solitude a few months after.

This (assum'd my little French *Louis d'Or*) is an Argument of the abominable Folly and evil Consequence of *Gaming*, which like other Vices has pass'd the *Alps* from *Italy* into *France*, and there has produc'd as many fatal Proofs of its Mischief as in most places where it reigns: It has debauch'd most Families in the Kingdom, and brought many to irretrievable Ruin. It has Bastardiz'd the Nobility, yet some have made their Fortune and enobled their Blood by it, as if it were an Excellence equal to the bravest Martial Atchievements: *Monf. Chamillard*, from a petty Counsellor of the Parliament of *Paris*, became (by playing well at *Billiards*) First Minister of State. 'Tis true, we are something refin'd in Morals à la *Italienne* since the Ministry of Cardinal *Mazarine*, but we can by no means come to the Perfection of the Court of *Rome*, to call Vice *Virtue*, and *Virtue Folly*. Indeed some few Politicians act as if they were of that very Opinion, yet they keep a Decorum in their Professions, and double their Villanies by a convenient and strong Hypocrisie. Nay, in this very Evil of Gaming our Court has much reform'd the Abuse, which was grown to a vast height, by forbidding *Basset* and other Games of great Sums and great Chance, and liable

ble to great Cheats; yet the Humour is still so radical, as not to be entirely expel'd without severer Laws. *Monf. Chamillard* owing his Rise to his Skill in one sort of Game, may perhaps be excus'd for the Favours he has bestow'd on some Scoundrels, who have come to make a Figure by being the Appendix of Gaming; among the rest there is one, whom by way of ridicule the Town has call'd the *Chevalier de Gascoign*, who was originally a Boy that us'd to wipe the Bowls at a Bowling-green, where Gentlemen giving him a petit Piece now and then, he industriously took care to improve it by Gaming with his Equals, till by good Luck and Address he encreas'd his Stock, to be able to go a *Louis d'Or* sometimes with a Gentleman that was playing for a great deal of Money; an Indulgence which Men of Quality are very free of to Scoundrels, tho' seldom to Men of Sense.

This soon enabled him to throw aside his blue Apron, and entertain some more aspiring Projects, by which he try'd one day to make a considerable Figure in the Town, few or none being so just to themselves to examin who and whence the Mortal is, that makes the Appearance of a Gentleman, and ventures his Money. He first gets into the Ordinaries, among the Foreigners, who are pretty numerous in *Paris*, by whom he rais'd his Stock to about a thousand *Louis d'Ores*, then being unwilling to run any Hazard, took up a safer Course, and frequented the Basset and Hazard-tables of better fashion, and being thoroughly acquainted with all who play'd, lent out his Money, making 5 or 10 *per Cent.* in a Night, besides

besides going a *Louis d'Or* by the bye with the Fortunate.

Being now grown rich, he sets up his Coach, and by I know not what means comes acquainted with *Monf. Chamillard*, who managing the Treasure of the whole Kingdom, and being prime Minister of State, had abundance of valuable Places in his Gift, yet ne'r bestow'd one of any value on a Man of Merit or Learning: *Mr. Racine* (an excellent Poet) dying, he left, among other Places, one that was a perfect *sine Cure*, of about 400 Pistoles a Year; *Mr. Chapelle* (a very ingenious young Man) succeeds him, but hapning to be prefer'd to a Post of more value, this became vacant, and in the Gift of *Chamillard*, who in all *France* could not find one more worthy of it, in his Judgment, than the famous *Chevalier*, the very Jest of the Town, equally worthless in Mind and Person; his Countenance confess'd the Boor, he had but one Eye, clumisie in his Person, awkward in his Behaviour, and dull in his Conversation; he wanted it not, while many a Man of Learning was starving, without being able to recommend themselves to this Minister of State, who was always hard of Access to Men of Parts, and open to Gamesters and Sharpers: He yet affects the Opinion of being a Wit and Man of Sense, but wants enough to shew it, by providing for those who are more oblig'd to Fortune than Nature. But that's a thing now quite out of fashion in *France*, a certain Proof of its speedy declining.

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I could give you the Characters of several other Gamesters in *Paris*, who have rais'd themselves from the Coach Tail to their Lord's Table and Lady's Bed, but those are things now of every day's experience, and you can't pass the Streets without seeing Sharpers as well as Quacks in their Coaches.

But the Infection is spread even among the Nobility; they play not now for Diversion, as formerly, and on the square, but Lords and Dukes turn Sharpers, and take the Trade out of the hands of the Scoundrels. There was a certain Marquis of a very great Fortune, and who has been deem'd not only a Man of Sense, but even a Critic and Poet; who being eat up with Avarice, that Parcimony would not satisfy his Thirst of Gain: Resolving therefore to set up for a Gamester of the worst sort, as not designing ever to play fair: To learn to cogg a Dye, he had for some Nights together ty'd down his Finger, to bring it to a habitual posture of managing it to advantage. This very Nobleman frequenting the public Gaming-houses, tho' naturally a proud haughty Man, would submit to a familiarity with the most infamous of People, if he thought he could bubble 'em of but 20 *Louis d'Ores*. Among the rest was a Fellow, who living at the sag-end of the Town, had pickt up about 500 *Louis d'Ors* by dealing in Offals among the Poor: This Fellow was so mad as to venture what he had got with much Industry and Pains, at the Uncertainty of a merry Main; but that he might have the fairest Play for his Money, he would frequent only those Tables where the Quality was. The
Marquis

Marquis soon found him out, and proving very complaisant to him, resolv'd to have the Bubble to himself. The Man was transported at being taken notice of by one of his Quality, and so he swallow'd the Bait. This Offal-man had won about 25 Pieces, and breaking up from Play, my Lord Marquis took him up in his Coach to set him down near home, but indeed carries him to his own House, and bubbld him that Night of all he had about him. He treated him handsomely, inviting him thither often, and so dismiss'd him highly satisfied with the loss of his Money and the gaining his Lordship's Acquaintance.

This held some time; the Offal-man won in public sometimes, but was sure always to lose in private, till at last the Marquis had quite stript him. What to do he knew not, having left neither himself nor his Family any thing to subsist on; but at last resolv'd to try what the Marquis would do for him, who had won much the greater part of his Money: so he comes to my Lords, was admitted as usual, but appearing very pensive, and the Cause being ask'd, the poor Fellow confess'd his Folly, desiring his Lordship to take some Pity on his condition, and give him something to begin the World again, and provide for his Family. No, no, said the Marquis, *thou art an idle Rogue, to go and throw away thy Substance at Gaming; thou art not to be trusted; for since thou hast got such an Itch, to trust thee with Money is to send it from my self to some other, for thou'lt only be the Porter of it to some Sharper. Go get thee out of my House, I'm not Company for Offal-men; away, lest my Servants use you sawcily. Ah! my Lord,*

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some Pity, cry'd the poor Fellow; What can I do? I have not one Farthing in the World, to buy Bread for my self and Family. Why, you Rogue, (said the Marquis) would you have me keep your Family? Go and hang thy self, if thou canst get no Money.

Thus turning him out of doors, the Fellow took the Marquis's Advice, and went immediately and hang'd himself. A terrible Example to such Fools as throw away their Fortunes at Gaming.

But this Noble Marquis serv'd another Tradesman as bad a Trick as this, which has made him pretty famous in his way. He had to do with an Upholsterer, who furnish'd him a Country *Villa*, to the worth of about 8 or 900 Pistoles; he had often waited on the Marquis for his Money, but got nothing but fair Words, till at last he was fain to speak so pressingly, that the Marquis appointed him a Time to come and receive his Money. The man was extreamly pleas'd at his Success, and returns punctually at the time appointed: He was introduc'd with all the Civility imaginable, had into my Lord's Closet, where his Lordship being at Breakfast, he was made to sit down and drink some fine Wine, being assur'd that when his Steward came he should be paid all his Money. The Time in the mean while hanging on their hands, the Marquis ask'd the Tradesman if he could play at any sort of Game, as Cards, Tables, or Dice; he replied, That he understood *Trick-track* as well as most Men: This News was very pleasing to the Marquis,
for

for that he was a Master of; tho' he perfectly knew how to disguise his Mastery, till he had fix'd his Bubble: This he effectually executed, having lost some Crowns to him, till now hot in Play, they doubl'd their Bets; the Marquis wins two Games and loses one, which raises the Trader to a deeper Game, till at last he was manag'd so finely, that he had lost most of the Money he came to receive.

The Upholsterer began to fume, telling the Marquis he would play no longer, since he had not play'd fair with him. When smooth words would not do, the Marquis bully'd, assuring him of a good Bastinado by his Servants, for an Insolence that ought not to be pardon'd; but in consideration of his Loss, he would pay him the remainder of his Money, provided he would never come near his House more. The Upholsterer knew not what to do, curs'd his own Folly, beg'd the Marquis's Pardon, and receiv'd about 60 *Louis d'Ores*, (what remain'd of his Debt) needing no Threats to keep from a place where he could expect to meet nothing but Destruction. It was the Fellow's good fortune, that it was not his All; he could yet keep up his Payments, and by a thrifty Life afterwards made shift to provide for his Family, but put the Marquis ever after in his *Litany*, instead of *Deadly Sin*.

Yet this Marquis, as cunning as he is, and as much as he is in with all the Sharpers, had a notable Trick put upon him by three or four Gamesters of the best credit and figure. 'Twas beforehand agreed among 'emselfes to let the

Marquis into the Secret, by pretending to take him into a Bubble, from whom they propos'd to win at least three or four thousand Pistoles a man: But they so order'd the matter, that while the Marquis thought himself one of the Sharpers, he was the only Bubble, losing in one Night 6000 *Louis d'Ores*, which they divided among 'emselfes, as a lawful Trophy won from an Invader of their Province.

But there would be no end of relating the Adventures of this nature, which are the Business and Practice of so many hundreds as live meerly on the Elbow; were a true History of the Acts and Deeds of this noble Marquis alone committed to Writing, his Character would be as singular among Posterity as 'tis in the present Age.

But if these are the Disorders among the Men, those it brings among the Ladies are not fewer, or of less dangerous consequence. *Paris* and the Court, for many Years, had given daily Proofs of it before there was any stop put to it, which has not been so extensive as wholly to suppress the Eagerness of the Ladies in *Gaming* and the Irregularities it produces.

The Fair Extravagant.

MAdam *de Montpensier* was a young Lady of infinite Beauties of Body and Mind, for she had as many Charms in her Wit, as she had in her Face, Shape, and Mien; all these were heighten'd with perfect Modesty, yet accompanied with a sprightly Gaiety, that made her

her as tempting as invincible. This Character she maintain'd some time after she came to Court, and her Husband was envy'd as the Happiest Man in all the large Dominions of LEWIS the Great. But the Court, which is a place of glorious improvement, in time work'd on her, Temper, and set at Liberty the *Woman* in her, which afterwards playd its Part to the utmost.

The Ladies of the Court first taught her to play, then brought her into Company that run the Humour up to the height, which always having a Spice of Avarice in it, hit *Madam Montpensier's* Temper so exactly, that she exceeded soon all the Gamesters of either the Male or Female Sex in those Parts. But tho' her desires of Gain were infinite, yet her Luck was not so complaisant to her Wishes; she often lost, and was at last forc'd to strain her Credit to supply her Lust of Play; and when that was spent, unable to forbear the Cards, and as unable to prevail with *Monsieur* her Husband to supply her Extravagance that way, she began to reflect which way she should be able to supply her Wants without him. She therefore threw aside her former reservedness, and admitted the Addresses of the many that admir'd her beyond their own Happiness; nay, she began to learn to Coquet it at last, but yet kept within the Bounds of Honour. She would provoke her Lovers to play with her, who of course must lose their Money to her, in hopes that Gold genteely thus thrown into her Lap, would make a *Danae* of her. But

she kept off till she had ruin'd some, and tir'd the rest, who would not be such Fools to throw away certain Money for an uncertain Favour. So that finding at last that she must come closer to the point, and give real Satisfaction before one Man, whose Purse might supply her Extravagant Gaming: and by some surmizes revive the Hopes of others, so far as to make 'em Bubbles to those Hopes, which she resolv'd to gratify where she could keep them no longer alive without it.

The first happy Man was *Vander Vermin* a Dutchman, who from a Tapster in the *Hague*, by lucky Hits and good Management had arriv'd to a vast stock of Money. *Madam Montpensier's* Eyes, Wit and Mien had warm'd his Flegmatic Constitution into Love, and his Money had drawn her Thoughts to make him her Bubble. *Vander Vermin* was a goodly portly Fellow, and one whose Person might please a Woman well enough, whose Inclinations were that way. But then he was in his Conversation a dull heavy lump, without Spirit or Vivacity; yet his Money supply'd all to this Lady, whose tendre for Money was greater than for Man; a perfect Mercenary to her Nature, who would deny no Favour for Gold, nor grant any without it; with it the most worthless Wretch was an *Adonis*, without it the most meritorious had no Charm.

She did not however yield to *Vander Vermin*, till she had fram'd his Complaisance to its utmost stretch; and till he grew as impatient for the Favours he thought he had sufficiently

ciently purchas'd, as she was to be Mistress of more of his Gold, to throw away to others at Gaming.

The Appointment at last being made, *Vander Vermin* overjoy'd at the Happiness, indulges himself till the happy minute, according to the laudable Custom of his Country, with the Bottle and an intimate Friend or two, who by his discourse had discover'd to what Country he was bound, and therefore to make themselves sport, they took care to convey something into his Glass, that in a few Hours would have such an Effect, as would put both him and the Lady into a miserable Condition.

The Hour is come, and away speeds *Vander Vermin*, is admitted to the Ladys Room, and after a noble Present, they venture to Bed; where what was done I leave to themselves; but they had not spent much time in these their Enjoyments before a dismal Catastrophe attended the Lovers, too secure of their Happiness from abroad, without suspecting any Enemy within. *Vander Vermin*, who had perform'd like a Lover of Vigour, attempting the same Race of Pleasure again, the unlucky Dose given by his Bosom Friends forc'd an unfortunate Passage both upwards and downwards, and in such abundance, that the poor Lady quite frighted out of her Wits, screams out, and flies in a miserable Condition from the Bed in her Shift, leaving the Heroe in a most expiring Condition. The trusty Maid flies to her Mistress, alarm'd with the noise, but was almost struck down with the abominable stench

when she came to the Bed. The Knight was left to shift for himself, while *Abigail* took care to recover her Lady, by stripping and washing her all over in a Bath that was at the other end of the House, and whither *Vermin* could by no means be admitted.

What to do he could not tell, he still dis-embogu'd, he still purg'd to extremity, found himself as sick within as stinking without; he heard that the Hour approach'd of *Monf. de Montpensier's* Return, and did not believe matters would be amended by his finding him in that Condition in his House, and his Lady's Bed. In short, there being no Remedy, he was fain to dress himself in that condition, and scarce able to move, to get out into the Street, and make the best of his way to some *Bagnio*, or his own Lodging. The Evening was dark, yet as Fate would have it, one of his Companions half drunk, comes by with a Light, and knew him by his Cloaths, reels up to him, and going to embrace him, finds such an unfavorable flavour salute his Nose, that he kept at a little more distance from him; he look'd very pale, and every now and then was taken with his past Evil.

His Friend finding him very ill, he enquir'd into the matter, but being unable to stand or talk, they went into the first *Cabaret*, whence sending home for *Linnen* and his Servant, he was therefore put to Bed, but continuing ill, *Vander Vermin* told his Friend, that he verily believ'd that he was poison'd by a Lady who had that night granted him the Favour of making

king her Husband a Cuckold, and so related to him the Adventure with this particular, that after he had drunk a Dish of Chocolate with her in the Intervals of Love, he found that strange alteration in himself, nor did he expect to live till the Morning. But his Friend persuaded him to send for a Physician, and try the means of recovery, altho' it should fail of the End. A Gamester is never fit to dye, and seldom willing in cold Blood, and therefore *Vander Vermin* comply'd with his Friends Advice; and a *Physician* was come, but found no Symptoms of a capacity of taking a little Rest. Where we leave him, and return to the Lady, who fled from him in a most lamentable Pickle; almost dead, she reach'd the Bath, and with much ado by the help of Sweet Waters and Perfumes, qualified the filthy Odours which her unfortunate Lover had bestow'd upon her. *Lettice* (said the Lady) was ever a Woman so unfortunaté as I am, who after I had preserv'd my Virtue as well as Reputation thus long, when Ill-luck and my hard Stars had reduc'd me to a necessity of yielding to this Creature, our very first meeting should be so fatal to my Satisfaction. 'Tis ominous, or rather a favourable Warning to me at the beginning of my Folly, to adventure no more into so hazardous a Voyage. *Alas, Madam,* reply'd the Maid, *I am sorry for that Misfortune; but I am not of your Mind, dear Lady, nor would I be at all dejected with one disaster, especially since the Evil it has produc'd is so easily redress'd. But I would never more have to do with a Dutchman,*
who

who by Nation is a slovenly Brute, fitter for the Gun-room than a fine Lady's Arms; he is always swilling, and when his Stomach is overcharg'd with Wine, he eases it in any Place without any Ceremony.

The good Lady being now well refresh'd, and by degrees forgetting past Misfortunes, gave a willing ear to her Maids Advice, which was not thrown away upon her. For falling to Gaming again, she had her usual good Fortune, and obtain'd that Exchequer which *Vander Vermin* had fill'd, who being quite disgusted with *France* by the last Adventure, left *Paris* and Intrigues to some new Comer. She then pick'd out among those who adress'd to her the Duke of *Nemours*, who was then past fifty, but a Man of a tolerable Vigour for his Age, and whatever he wanted in Vigour of Body, he had in that of the Mind. He had long follow'd *Madam de Montpensier* with a fruitless Address, till she having lost at play, was oblig'd to borrow 200 *Louis d'Or's* of him, which he lent with such a Grace, that she easily imagin'd him a proper Man for her turn, and therefore resolv'd to admit him to those Favours she had no Right to dispose of. She gave him such favourable looks, and such distinguishing morals of Regard, that he had hopes, that his Happiness would not terminate on this side of Enjoyment. He therefore, to engage her the more, was constantly with her at Play, and always prevented her asking him for Money, by conveying it privately when he perceiv'd her Occasions. And having made such approaches,

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he was resolv'd not to lose his Aim by the Neglect of any Opportunity of finishing an Intrigue to his Satisfaction in the Arms of the finest Lady of *France*.

The lucky Minute is come, and a fair Opportunity, join'd with a very little Importunity, vanquish'd all the former Resolutions, and made the Duke of *Nemours* as happy as he then desir'd: But he was of a strange Temper, that the most violent Passion before Enjoyment, soon after turn'd to Indifference, Coldness and Aversion. The Lady soon discover'd the Change, and was heartily mortify'd at the Neglect. He avoided her Company as much as possible, and when he could not, he conceal'd that Disgust of her which so reign'd in his Bosom. The Lady one day press'd him to know the Cause, with a design to make that use of his Pocket as she had formerly done, but he frankly told her, ——— You, Madam, owe my neglect to your own ill Conduct; for when you once admitted one to those Favours, beyond which you had nothing to give, you put an end to that Passion which, till satisfy'd, you might have turn'd to your Pleasure and my Slavery. He would not stay to hear her Answer, but flung from her, and left the Room.

Two such Misfortunes in the two first Intrigues she had ever ventur'd on, should, one would think, have restor'd her to Virtue. But whatever Resolutions of Goodness they rais'd in her for a time, the next ill-luck at Play destroy'd them, and threw her into the very same necessities of hazarding her Happiness as well
as

as Reputation, by a criminal Commerce with some Bubble of Quality or other.)

Thus she run thro' the Ability and Patience of many a Lover, till her Husbands Chaplain, by his Intimacy with *Lettice*, and by his own Observation, had found out so much of her Conduct that he resolv'd to prefer his Suit to her, he thinking that so delicious a Morfel ought not entirely to go by the Mouths of the Clergy, without paying them at least a Tenth. He found his Opportunity of seeing her alone in an undress, and fit for such an Assault as he had design'd, lying supinely on the Couch in a warm day, and her Limbs all distended. He got to her side, threw himself on his Knees, and seizing her Body, desir'd her not to be surpriz'd till he had spoke a few Words to her, on which her Ruin depended. The Lady a little surpriz'd (but not displeas'd with the Person, who was very Handsom, and very Vigorous) ask'd him what he meant by this Insolent Behaviour? to which the Priest thus briefly reply'd. *Madam, I must be very short with you, I am privy to all your Intrigues from the Duke of Nemours down to this time, nay, I could go higher, to your scurvy Adventure with the Dutchman; I am, Madam, a Gentleman and a Scholar, my Friends who oblig'd me to take Orders, could not divest me of Humane Nature and Humane Passions; Beauty has the same force on me as on other Young-men. I have view'd your Charms so long with desire, that to live longer without Enjoyment, is not in my Will nor my Power; and since you have not deny'd the last Favour to those who lov'd you less, I am resolv'd*

to attempt the same Happiness, with this Comfort, that if I fail in my Happiness, I shall not fail in my Revenge.

Madam de Montpensier, like a true Woman, deny'd all she had been charg'd with, vow'd Revenge if he did not withdraw, and to call out if he press'd her any further; but he was too full of Lust to be frighten'd with words; and therefore pressing the matter home, she easily suffer'd him to overcome, and was so well pleas'd with his Conduct, that she continu'd the Intrigue with him, till the discovery was the Cause of her Confinement and the Priests Flight. For Madam having, in complaisance to her Lust of Gaming, gratify'd so many Gallants Lusts of *Venus*, it became a common talk, till at last it reach'd her Husbonds Ear. This made him more watchful of her Actions, which brought him at last to find this Lady and the Priest in a very familiar Conversation, from which the Priest escap'd by leaping from the Window in a very uncanonical Condition, and the Lady to be confin'd to a Nunnery during her Husbonds Life. And this was the unfortunate End of a Debauchery which first proceeded meerly from such a Love of Gaming, which too many Lady's are possess'd with, without considering the fatal Consequence of their Folly.

The Honest JILT.

BUT Madam Grammont had more Prudence and better Luck, for she was affected much in the same manner, lost all she could

could get of her Husband, or on his Credit; and that Fund failing, was fain to run on Tick to the *Chevalier de Beauvin*: He was a gay Man, had a great deal of Money, and a very Handsome Wife of his own; who yet seem'd not so charming in his Eye as Madam Grammont, because she was his own. It happen'd that there was a particular Intimacy betwixt these two Lady's, so that they generally discover'd all the secrets of their Bosoms to one another, unless they were of a Nature that would not admit of any Partner. Madam Grammont thought that the Money she had lost to the *Chevalier* was of that Kind; and therefore had never told her one Syllable of the matter, till she found her self under a necessity of doing it to save her own Honour, and keep their Friendship inviolate.

The *Chevalier* had long had a secret Passion for Madam de Grammont, but never durst utter a Word of it, till he had got her so much in his Debt, that he had reason to believe she would grant him any thing, rather than apply to her Husband to discharge so considerable a Demand; and then he began to declare his Passion for her, and urg'd it with some vehemence. She being one day at play, and having lost all her Money, was fain to apply to the *Chevalier* as usual; but he denied her, without a Promise of a private meeting, where he might have the liberty of convincing her of the eagerness and reality of his Passion. She was too far engag'd in her Play to scruple, and therefore agrees to the Proposal, and appoints the place, and like

a Woman of Honour met him accordingly, but was not a little surpriz'd to find him so very intent for more than ever she design'd to allow him; however, she had plac'd a Servant within call, to prevent the worst of her Fears.

The *Chevalier* knowing nothing of this, was by no means deficient in promoting his own Cause. *Tho' I ought not* (said *Madam Grammont* afraid to put him into Despair) *to have admitted an Address of this nature, and I believe should ne'r have born it from any other, yet some Men have such a way, or natural Privilege, that we can't be angry at the Profession we can't believe, and which perhaps might be more agreeable, if we could flatter our selves that what we heard was any other than a Method of Talking to all Ladies, who have Youth enough to keep 'em in countenance.* Ah, *Madam!* (interrupted the *Chevalier*) *what Proofs would you have of the reality of my Passion? I think I've given the greatest in Nature; to fight for you would be far less, since that we do commonly for a meer Acquaintance: I've done that which we would not do for all the Ties in Nature; I have lent, (nay, given) you my Money, and that in no trifling Sum; nor did I ever deny you the command of my Purse, to get this Opportunity of convincing you that I love you above all the World, and of telling you, that you have the advantage of me in Fortune, having it in your power not only to acquit your self of all your Debts of Honour with Honour, but at the same time, and by the same act, of bestowing a Reward on a Passion, that without it must destroy my Life, in the most exquisite Torment of a languishing Despair, which is unworthy your Justice, unworthy your Charms.* It would
be

be unworthy my Justice indeed, (assum'd Madam de Grammont) should I listen to so rude as well as unjust a Request, of regarding neither my own Honour nor my Husband's, the Laws of God, or the Duty of a Wife. No, no, Chevalier, you would make me pay Extortion for the Money you lent to my Folly, if you require a Compensation so infinitely beyond its value. I can never think the Chevalier so mercenary in his Aims, as to take the advantage of my Misfortunes to accomplish my Ruin: The Offer had been more supportable had it been done without such Bond as might make my Grant the Effect more of Fear than Inclination.

I protest (interrupted the Chevalier) I'll take no advantage that Fortune has given me over you; I will not press my Passion any farther at this time, that you may no more upbraid me with a thing so far from my Temper: But, Madam, when I have convinc'd you of this Error, by giving you a Discharge of all you owe me, I hope you'll no more scruple the sincerity of my Love.

Saying these words, he rose up, and with a profound respect took leave of Madam Grammont, and the next time he met her he deliver'd her a Paper, which contain'd a general Release of all his Demands. She took it with a gracious Smile. This, Madam, is a Sacrifice to my Passion, yet offer'd with as free and hearty a Zeal as ever Bigot pray'd to his Favourite Saint: Admit me therefore, as a Lover worth your Regard, and continue not to keep me at such a distance, as makes a perpetual Winter in my Bosom, which if the Sun of your Smiles shine not quickly upon, will freeze me to death.

Madam

Madam Grammont was infinitely pleas'd at this Present, and treating the *Chevalier* with all the Complaisance he could expect in such a place, she retir'd, fully resolv'd never more to play, lest having thus escap'd the wreck of her Honour and Reputation, she might split the next time without any Refuge. She was always civil to the *Chevalier* when she saw him, but carefully avoided all Opportunities of hearing or trying how far his Passion might carry him to the prejudice of her Virtue. The *Chevalier* was no Fool, and easily perceiv'd she had jilted him out of his Money, making so cold a Return to his Passion, that he had no reason to expect she would ever give him that Relief which alone could render him satisfaction. He could not blame her for any breach of Promise or dishonourable Conduct, but only himself, for over-acting his Part, in throwing up the only secure Key to his Treasure; however, the more difficult he found the Conquest, the more eager were his Desires; he watch'd her closer than ever he did his Wife, and waited with more Diligence than ever, yet no Hopes appear'd; the Lady was shy, tho' civil, and so he return'd in his state of Despair, till a sudden Thought came into his Head: He could not imagin a Lady so given to Gaming could at once so entirely vanquish that Inclination so far, as not to be won by Art to a Relapse; he resolv'd therefore to set some Friend to draw her in, without telling him the End he aim'd at. The Person imploy'd was well acquainted with all the Niceties of this Art, and in a little time,

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by an admirable Address, got her to play, won all her Money, and got her considerably in his Debt; when the *Chevalier*, as by chance, comes into the Room full of the usual Respect he us'd to pay her, and in his Eyes even more Fondness and Passion than he us'd to express. She blusht at his Presence, seem'd in some confusion, and would have left off, but being so deep in, was willing to reduce it to such a Sum as she might venture to ask of her Husband; and Fortune proving unkind, she strove in vain, the Debt still encreasing, till at length tir'd with ill-luck, she resolv'd to give over. Her Antagonist was as willing she, but press'd her for an Acknowledgment of the Debt; she seem'd unwilling, but the *Chevalier* advis'd her to it, for he would certainly go to her Husband and demand the Money. He enquiring the Sum, proffer'd her to pay it. *Ah! Chevalier, (said she) I am more afraid of your lending it, than of his demanding it of my Husband, tho' that too would render me unhappy. Have I, Madam, so ill behav'd my self on such an occasion, (said he) that I deserve not to be trusted? You have behav'd your self too well (replied the Lady) in some particulars, tho' other things give me no little pain; however it would be a foul Injustice to try another Friend on this unlucky Occasion, when you proffer your Service.*

He gave her Bills to the value of her Loss, which she deliver'd to the *Chevalier's* Friend with an absolute Resolution of never playing more, promising to discharge the *Chevalier's* Debt the first opportunity. Now he having got her again in his power, resolv'd not to play

to foolish a Game, as not to make use of his present Advantage for his own Happiness. He grew very importunate, plainly telling her, that nothing but the last Favour could restrain him from seeking his Money of Mr. *Grammont*; that he had already sacrific'd so much Money to imaginary Joys, that therefore he must have those which are more substantial.

Madam Gramont knew her Husband's Temper, and that he would presently imagin, that a Woman who had lost so much Money with a Man, would not be very scrupulous of paying it at another Game, if he would be such a Coxcomb to accept it so: She was at her Wits-end to know what to do, a thousand times cursing her own Folly, who being once deliver'd from the like Distress by a singular Favour of Fortune, (her own Address and the Caprice of the Chevalier) had madly again thrown her self into the very same Dilemma. She knew that she must be either newly guilty, or be thought so by him, who only could make her unhappy by such a Suspicion; but she would rather chuse an innocent Misery than an aggravated Guilt, yet fain would avoid both.

After a mature Debate in her Mind, she resolv'd to Jilt the Chevalier again, but in a manner more agreeable than the former: For tho' she would not admit him to her Arms, his Pleasure could not be the less, so long as he thought himself in her Bosom. *Madam de Beauvin* was much of her stature and size, both exquisitely shap'd, nor was she in reality any thing inferior to her in Beauty, tho' the deprav'd Appe-

tite of her Husband (desirous of Change) made him slight her, because his own.

Madam *de Grammont* took the first opportunity of getting a place of free Converse with her dear Friend Madam *de Beauvin*, and being alone, after some previous Discourse, — My Dear, (said she) I have always thought my Happiness as uncommon as great, in possessing the Friendship of a Lady of so much Sense, as to be so rarely cross'd in all the Duties of so sacred a Tie as Amity, as you are. How few of our Sex have any Notion of it! how much fewer ever reduce any part of it into Practice! suffer me therefore to value my Felicity in this Particular extreamly. I can't imagin why the Men run us down on this head, as incapable of such a Virtue. It is the Vanity of their Nature, (replied Madam *de Beauvin*) they would engross all that's great and glorious to themselves, tho' they perform no more than the weakest of our Sex, at least in our days; but if Men are always the same, we may justly suppose it meer Boast: Mean while I find in my Bosom such Sentiments for my dear *Grammont*, that there's nothing I could not sacrifice to her Content. Ah, my Dear! (replied Madam *Grammont*) we easily think so when the Trial's at a distance, but when present, small Difficulties stifle all those generous Notions. That's too unkind (assum'd *de Beauvin*) to come from your dear Mouth, put me to that Trial, and then condemn me if I plead any Excuse. That Assurance (said *Grammont*) is so kind, and utter'd with such an Air of Sincerity, that I must
not

not let slip an Occasion whereon my Life and Happiness depends, tho' I fear it may give you some Pain. Speak freely (said *Beauvin*) and secure of no Repulse, if in my power. 'Tis only in your power, my Dear, (replied *Grammont*) nor can any but your self relieve my Distress. Make no more Ceremony, (assum'd the other) but tell me my Part, and see how cordially I'll perform it.

Know then, my Dear, (said *Grammont*) that I have been such a Fool as to be drawn into Play, and that too deep to own to my Husband, whose suspicious Temper you are not altogether unacquainted with: Your Husband coming in, I thought by the Friendship that was betwixt us I might make use of his Purse, resolving to pay him again out of my Allowance by such degrees as might not be perceiv'd by my Husband. 'Tis true, he complied with my desires, and supplied my occasions, but would you believe it, my Dear? — Shall I proceed? Can I tell you the rest? Can I make you uneasy? 'Tis impossible, let me rather perish unhappy.

This had fir'd Madam *Beauvin*, and made her the more uneasy to know the Sequel, but having press'd her Friend with impatience, she went on in this manner: Since you command me, my Dear, I will proceed. Could you imagine him guilty of such Perfidy to you, and such Injustice to me? He presses me to injure both my Husband and you, or vows to betray all. Villain! (interrupts Madam *de Beauvin*) are all my Charms then vanish'd? am I grown old

and ugly already? Nothing of this, (replied *Madam de Grammont*) you are as charming as he is false; but Men, who accuse us of Fickleness, are the most inconstant Creatures in the World; nay, they would engross the Folly to themselves, as the Prerogative of their Sex, and yet grudge us the innocent Liberties of our Birth: However, all is well yet, let me but prevail with you to supply my place, I'll make the Appointment, and you shall give him greater Happiness than he could receive from me, could I induce my self to be false to you and my Husband.

In short, *Madam Grammont* easily prevail'd with her Friend to lie in the Bed in her Apartment, and receive her Husband in the dark as his Mistress, not his Wife.

This Part so well play'd, she appoints the Chevalier to come to her House when her Husband was abroad; she receives him in an Undress, the more to deceive him, and suffers him to ravish a thousand Kisses from her, till she led him into the dark Chamber, even to the Bed, and there giving him the slip, left him to his Wife. The Entertainment of new Lovers was so long, that *Mr. de Grammont* returns in the mean while, and seeing his Wife look so charming in her *Dis-habille*, was very fond and amorous upon her, till at last pressing her to go into the Bedchamber, she refus'd, which Refusal continuing, he grew jealous, and swore she had hid her Gallant in that Apartment, from whom his coming had disturb'd her. She was in a mighty strait what to do, and now saw a necessity of discovering all, or being yet more unfortunate; so assuring him

him of her Innocence, desir'd him to sit down, and she would confess the whole matter to him: With some Persuasions he allow'd her time to remove his Doubts, and clear her own Innocence; then falling on her Knees, she ask'd his Pardon for venturing to play beyond her own Stock, and so gave him an account of all that had past since her last misfortune, which was all that was necessary to let her Husband know. He discovered his Resentment for her playing, but could not but approve of her Conduct in preserving her own Honour, and putting his own Wife upon him, which when he was satisfied of, he told her, he should be more easie.

This Discourse had held so long, that *Grammont's* Voice was heard by the Lover, as busie as he was; the Chevalier's Wife took this Opportunity to get from her Husband, assuring him, that she heard Mr. *Grammont* in the Antichamber, bid him lie still, and she would go remove him to a more safe place whilst he made his retreat. Secure of her self, and ready with an Excuse, she comes out, to the no small satisfaction of *Grammont*, who found he had made a discovery of all the Affair. She advis'd Madam *Grammont* to keep him in fear a while, and therefore, that Mr. *Grammont* should press to go into the Room, and Madam should dissuade and wheedle him thence; and that while she went to set him at liberty, they would retire into the next Room and hear all that pass'd betwixt 'em. This was put in execution: But while Madam *Grammont* went to free him, Mr. *Grammont* had a few minutes to express his Passion to Madam *de Beauvin*, who

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look'd

look'd then infinitely charming. *Madam*, (said he) how could the Chevalier be so ignorant, as to prefer my Wife to you, who excel her more than the Silver Moon the lesser Stars of the Night? Must he come off thus? But do both your self and me that Justice which Flesh and Blood commands: You've done enough for your Friendship to my Wife, do something in Justice for your self and me.

He said much more, and press'd his Affair so handsomly, being himself a very graceful Person, that he found *Madam de Beauvin* lik'd him better than his Wife did the Chevalier; but by that time she came back, which was very speedily, he had made such a progress, that he had no reason to suspect a Success answerable to his Desires.

Madam de Grammont returning, told them, that tho' she had found him in a terrible Fear, yet if she had not alarm'd him with the nearness of her Husband, she had been still in danger of calling out for their assistance; but, that he would not go till she had made another Appointment for a second rendezvous, which she had done. She beg'd her Husband, since he knew her Misfortune, to pay the Debt, which she would allow out of her Pin-mony, lest out of a Vanity common to Men, he should give himself the liberty of talking, at the expence of her Reputation.

Grammont allow'd of her Care, and promis'd to perform it, but pleaded as yet want of Money, and that in the mean while he must be kept in his Errour. Whilst *Madam Grammont* left them a few minutes, he made an Appointment

ment with her fair Friend to come an hour before the time, and he would take care his Wife should be out of the way, and her Husband denied admittance. This was punctually observ'd, and Grammont had the satisfaction of being fully reveng'd on him who had design'd him such foul play, and believ'd that he himself had escap'd the like Shame.

Things pass'd in this manner; when Grammont, unsatisfied with his Revenge till his Cuckold was sensible of his condition, took care to have his Wife out of the way, and got the Chevalier admitted and conducted to the Bedchamber, as if expel'd the Field of Battel. He comes, was conducted in, carried to the Bed, and finds a Man upon it with a Woman; concluding it to be the Husband, would have withdrawn, but Grammont seizing him by the Hand, drags him to it, throws open the Curtains, and discovers the Chevalier's Lady upon it, in a panic fear of the Event. The Interview was surprizing to all but Grammont, who had design'd it. *What (said Grammont) is your business in my Bedchamber, especially at an hour which I dedicated to Pleasure? Speak Madam, (said he, as to his Wife) do you know of this Affignation? Ha! (said he) who have I been happy with? Not with my own Wife! I thought the Charms were too transporting for her to bestow.* The Chevalier confounded, did not know what to say, till the Lady getting off the Bed, began thus:

I am sorry for this Event of what was design'd, but 'tis the Effect of your Villany and Treachery: I, by my Friend's desire, have frequently receiv'd you

in her place, and this day expected you as I us'd to do; but how Mr. Grammont came to deceive me I know not, for in all my Caresses I took him for the Chevalier. Madam, I think the Event so just, that I cannot be displeas'd at it; for knowing nothing of this Affair, I came to lie down and take a little Rest, but finding a Lady in the Bed, concluded it must be my Wife, not imagining that any body else could be there, and to seize what I thought my Right; I had remain'd in Ignorance, had not your coming in that manner rais'd my Jealousie, and made me seize your Hand, whence all this Discovery arose, in which, by a strange Miracle, we that had committed the guilty Fact are chiefly innocent; and you, who have been disappointed in all your Designs without the guilty Fact, are only guilty.

In the midst of this confusion Madam Grammont comes in, and is infinitely surpriz'd to find 'em all together: The Chevalier was the most confounded, begs all that was past might be buried in Oblivion; and, to purchase it, he would remit his Demands of the Money he had lent her. Thus was the Bubbler bubbld, and the honest Jilt jilted; but finding out the Falshood of her Friend, she prevail'd with her Husband to leave the Court for the Country.

I could tell you a thousand Examples more of the ill Effects of GAMING, but I remember that I ought not to take up all your Time, but leave some of the remaining part of this Night to my Brethren. Here my little Louis d'Or gave over speaking, and then my Guinea, after a small pause, began in this manner,

Against

Against GAMING.

Since our *Italian* Companion has began his Discourse on this as well as the former Subject, with a Vindication of the Folly and Vice we have talk'd of, I shall likewise say something in opposition to it. First, the wretched State of his Country, and a Relish of their Pride and Vanity, appears through his destructive Paradox; but the ill effect of their Politics, in the ignorance and destruction of all the People of their Country, is a very weak motive to engage in any of their Principles. What he says, indeed, smells much of the *Conclave*, but that is the worst proof in the World of its Validity and Reason. Thus in *Gaming*, he has given it a turn, as an excuseable Mode, and would make you believe, that there is nothing in it of want of Sense or want of Honesty. Honesty indeed he laughs at, as a meer Notion of the Schools; but the *Tramontani* are yet happy enough to have it in Practice in all Degrees and Stations, and that by Men of the best Sense and Understandings, Fools having not Matter enough to make an Honest Man of; at least they have not yet arriv'd to such an abandon'd Degree of Vice, as to reduce it to Principles of Practice, and disown those external Truths on which the Maxims of Morality are founded. If the Practice of Virtue is not so general as it might be, yet all allow the Excellence of it.

Thus

Thus in *Gaming* it self, search all the Court, City, and Country, and you shall not (or very rarely indeed) find one Man of Sense a Biggot to the Folly. Your practic'd Gamesters, your Sharpers of all sorts, from the Lord to the Footman, are the most ignorant and senseless Rogues of the Creation. The Fashion and Ill Company have, I confess, drawn in some Men of tolerable Understanding, but scarce one of fine Parts. The Sharpers of Quality are Men without Honour, Generosity or Sense, and have nothing to distinguish them from the Mob but their Title. They, like our *Signior* here, alter the distinction of Right and Wrong, call a Debt a Man is bubbled of in Play, a Debt of Honour; but that which is due for Goods received from a Tradesman they never pay till they are forc'd, by having their Coaches and Horses seiz'd as they ride the Streets. The vulgar Sharper generally rises from the Refuse and Scum of the People, and having no sense of Honour, Riches, or Religion, he is qualify'd to stick at no Roguery that will fill his Pocket, and raise him to make a figure in a Coach, whose original Station, both by Nature and Fortune, was at its Tail. Yet when these abandon'd Wretches have got Money enough, they are admitted to the Tables of Lords, and the Beds of Ladies. Those very Fellows, who (without the Advantages which they derive from Cheating) would have made their Servants have kick'd out of doors, now by their Success of Roguery they carefs in their Bosoms. They hang the poor Thief, that robs
but

but for Subsistence, and takes away but half a Crown, when they protect and respect the Thief of a Gamester, who has bubbled (that is, robb'd) hundreds of their Estates. The Men of Quality can, without any Indignation, see Sir *William* walk in a Thredbare Coat and Piss-burnt Wigg, and thoughtless S——s in his Coach and Six. 'Tis true, a Man that is so egregious a Fool as to lose an Estate to a Sharper, deserves as little Pity and Redress as he that ventures his Health with a known and common Whore; 'tis true, both may escape by prodigious Accident, but that is owing to Fortune, not their Prudence. Yet methinks Men of Quality, who are proud enough in the wrong place, should value their Dignity more than to prostitute it to the Power of Sharpers; and the best Remedy that I know of, is to make all Summs lost at play forfeited to the State.

The Parliament consisting of Men that are, have been, or are to be marry'd to a strange sort of Infatuation, I wonder they don't put a stop to that Evil that may ruin their Sons, debauch their Wives and Daughters, and render their Families infamous. But if the Wisdom of your Nation pass this over as a *Bagatelle*, I shall not trouble my self about the matter, but give you some Account of what I have discover'd in my Progress through the Hands of the Sharpers and Gamesters, both Gentlemen and Ladies.

There are several Classes and Clans of these Vermin, from the Court to the Mob; and those
so

so various, that to dwell on each would wear out many Nights in my Discourse. There is no Extravagance that a distemper'd Fancy can form, that is so madly whimsical as a Gaming-room about midnight, where nothing is discover'd of Reason or rational Being; 'tis a *Bedlam*, and e'ry one that loses expresses a various kind of madness; which has made one sometimes wonder at the vanity of Men in assuming to themselves the Preheminence of the rest of the Creation; whilst his Conduct discovers more of *Chaos*, and less of Design, than the most Sensual and Brutal part of the Animal Kingdom.

These *Gamesters* or *Sharpers* are a-kin to the Devil their Master, for they not only lye in wait for the Ruin of themselves, but their *Setters* the *Sweetners*, and the desperate Instruments that go about the World daily seeking whom they can devour. Some frequent the Coffee-houses of Note, and the Chocolate-houses; others the Play-house, where while the young Heir comes to expose his Shapes to bewitch the Lady's Eyes, and steal away their innocent Hearts, the *Setter* gets into their acquaintance, and under the shape of a professing Friend, gay Gallant, thoughtless Rake, grave Adviser, drunken Scoundrel, or any other Appearance he thinks most likely to take with the young Gudgeon, wheedles him to a Bottle, and delivers him over to the Executioners, the *Sweetners*, and the *Sharpers*; who by peculiar Arts only known to themselves and the Devil, work the most averse by degrees up to Gaming, and then

then manage them as they think most conducive to their own Advantage. The *Setter* all the while is concern'd for his Friend, a Bubble to appearance like him, tho' as soon as the Coast is clear he shares the Spoil with the barbarous *Rapparees*. Yet as villainously scandalous as this Setting Trade is, I have known Agents, Envoys, and other weighty Negotiators rais'd out of their Tribe, and many a Man of Quality has no more scrupled the setting a Friend, than a Man of Mode pimping for his Friend, or Cuckolding him. Nay, 'tis now grown so common, that it's profess'd among the Gentlemen of the Town for as lawful a Vocation, as any Corporation; and it is thought that a Ministry may come to get them incorporated into a Body Politic, and then I know not but St. *James's* and *Covent-Garden* may entirely rival the *Change*; and that there may be more Adventures at *White's* and *Bradbury's*, than to the *Levant*, or both the *Indies*.

Tho' there be a thousand Tricks in the Play betwixt Man and Man, yet that betwixt Man and Woman is ten times more hazardous. For the Man-Sharper endeavours to disguise the Cheat so, as to deceive you into an Opinion, that you have lost your Money on the Square, but the Woman-Sharper thinks you oblig'd in Complaisance to overlook the most clumsy of her Impositions. And to take notice of a Lady's cheating, is thought an unpardonable piece of ill-breeding. 'Tis true, there are other Ladies, who are less skill'd in these Arts, that will be as great Bubbles as the Men, and when
they

they have play'd away all their ready-Money engage their Charms than in this Nation ; tho' perhaps they have not made so great a noise elsewhere. I shall give you two or three Instances, and so put an end to your Attention this Night.

The Foul Extravagant.

THE Lady—— has one Leg shorter than the other, her Back overlooks her Head, and her Face is as formidable as *Medusa's*; she has but one Eye, like the *Cyclops*, but that not in the middle, spacious like the Grecian Shield, or Sun, but small as that of a Pig ; her Nose thin, high and crooked ; her Teeth rotten, her Mouth wide, her Lips thin and stiff, her Breath contagious, her Neck long and lean, her Breasts flabby, her Arms, Hands, and Fingers long and scraggy, her Legs crooked, and her Feet large. Her Mind is not furnish'd with greater Beauties than her Body : She is Vain, Talkative, Loud and Silly. With all these Defects she brought her Lord a great Fortune, but with it such a Spirit of Gaming, that would bring one ten times as great to a Conclusion.

Sometimes she was a considerable Winner, seldom rose from the Table without carrying off some hundreds. But Fortune, that is never fixt, various as the Wind, and as uncertain, by degrees turn'd her Back to her, till she had now lost all that she had ever gain'd, to a handsome young Fellow that had been Page to one of

of her Family ; and who being born a Gentleman, had apply'd himself to the most honourable way of raising himself from Contempt, by getting a Commission in the Guards. This brought him to Court, and a handsom Assurance to the Bassett-Table, and to Piquet with the Ladies, where meeting generally with good-luck, he at last got Money enough to set up for a profess'd Gamester. My Lady—— happen'd to play with him one Night ; and tho' she had never till then found any motion in her Heart of Love, or any Desire but of Gain, yet by a certain Fatality she was so smitten with the Captain, that she could not mind her play, but lost all her Money, and ventur'd on upon Tick. Which she surely paid the next time she saw him, and challeng'd him to a fresh Encounter, in which she was always a double loser, both of her Money and her Affections ; yet bewitch'd with both the Love of him and of Play, she still renew'd her Folly as opportunity serv'd. When Money could not be got at home, she would take up Jewels, Plate, or any other Goods, which pawning for ready-Money, she threw it away in the same manner.

But nothing gave her more disturbance than that she should lose all this Mony to a Man that was yet insensible of her Passion, and whom she could not tell how to acquaint with her Folly, for fear it should not prove so agreeable to him as she could desire : She made all the dumb Signs imaginable, by ogling him with her single Peeper ; but he finding nothing

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agreeable in her Countenance, seldom disobligh'd his Satisfaction so much as to look at so shocking a Phiz. The difficulty of her Amour heighten'd her Desire more, but still with a little hopes of Success. She at last resolves to write to him, and to trust no Body with the Affair; the next time they plaid, she convey'd it into his Pocket with her own Hands. When the Captain came home and found some occasion for Paper, he found the Lady's Letter, and seeing a Womans Hand, he soon open'd it with some eagerness, being both in his Vigour, and a passionate Admirer of the Sex. No Body can express his surprize when he found it subscrib'd by my Lady——: He threw it aside at first without reading, being so disappointed in his Expectation; but thinking, perhaps, that it might only be to borrow some Money of him, since he had won so much of her of late, he took it up again, and read in it these Words:

I doubt not but you'll be as much surpriz'd in the reading as I was confounded in the writing of this Letter. I'm likewise sensible of the Imprudence of letting you know how much my Happiness and Misery are in your power, but my Fortune is alwaies subject to yours, I could never win of you since we play'd together; and indeed, I must confess, I alwaies found less Desire to win of you, than of any-body I ever play'd with; and I wish that the least valuable thing I have lost to you were my Money, that I should not regret, that would give me no pain; but I have (dear Captain) lost a Jewel to you, which if you are not generous enough to restore, I'm destin'd to undergo all the Disquiet in Nature: My Heart is the Right of another, yet You have won it of me. — I am confounded and asham'd; I dare say no more, spare my Blushes, oblige me not to explain

plain my self any farther, but imagin the rest, and you will find me ——— Yours eternally.

The Captain had scarce Patience to read it over, and when he had, knew not what course to take; he was unwilling to lose the Advantage of winning her Money, and yet could not prevail on himself to think of any Affair with a Person so forbidding as my Lady. At last he resolv'd to take no notice of the Letter; as if he had never met with it, and to pass the time with her in the usual manner, where being in public, he could fear no plainer declaration of her Passion, than which nothing could be more terrible to him. This would not secure his Repose, my Lady ——— when she saw him next, survey'd his Eyes and his Countenance, but could make no discovery, that could give her the least hopes of Satisfaction. She play'd with him again, lost her Money once more; was e'rey moment tortur'd with a greater uneasiness, and at a greater loss how to inform her self whether he yet knew her Condition, and if not, how to make him more sensible of it. At last she rose from the Table — Sure (said she) *no Woman was ever so unlucky, I'll play with you no more; I shall be ruin'd if I go on—* He made her a Bow, and withdrew, without saying one word. This was so mortifying a sight to her, that she was almost distracted betwixt Desire and Despair, till coming home, she was resolv'd to send him another Letter, but by such hands, as that she should be sure of its coming to him: She went therefore to her Scrutore, and having wrote and seal'd up her

Billet, gave it to her Servant-maid, and bid her be sure to give it to the Captain, and bring her an Answer.

The Captain, as his ill Fate ordain'd it, was at home, and receiving the Billet from his Man, who told him the Messenger staid for an Answer, was oblig'd to open it, that he might not be so rude as to put an Affront on a Lady of her Quality who sent it: He expected nothing but the nauseous Subject of the former, but opening it, found the following Words.

Is it possible, that you could have a Letter from me, and take no notice of the receipt? What Injury have I done you, that you use me so barbarously? But perhaps you did not understand me, I was too obscure for you to come at my meaning. Ah! no, barbarous Man! you too well understood my meaning; you too well knew your own Power, and therefore deal with me in so cruel a manner; you saw I lov'd you, and therefore you ungenerously mean to insult me with a Silence far more odious than the most unkind Letter could ever have prov'd. Must I repeat my own Infamy? Must I tell you again that I love you? What must I do? Inform me, insensible Creature! let me know what you would have me do to convince you of my Love, and gain yours. 'Tis true, I am not Mistress of such Charms as are able to penetrate your cold Marble Heart; alas! I am sensible of my own Defects; yet certainly Love is a Merit that e'ry one can't pretend to: Nor do I think myself so very despicable, but that I might expect a Return to my Passion. Consider your self, and consider me, then I shall not despair.

The Captain was more confounded than if a Bomb had fallen into his Chamber, and was as much to seek in his Reply to this Dunn of Love, as he had been in former days to answer an importunate Dunn for Money: He knew the

the Nature of slighted Women, and was sensible that a Woman of her condition was generally more affected with a thing of that nature than a Woman of Beauty. He therefore, after a little consideration, resolv'd to return her this Answer :

Your Billet, Madam, has doubly surpriz'd me ; first, by your accusing me of a Letter from your Ladiship's fair Hand, which I never yet saw ; and next, with letting me know of the Honour you do me, in having more favourable Thoughts of me than ever I could merit. I must confess, Madam, if I could be so vain as to think you mean any thing but a Banter by this, I would tell you, that I have not forgot the Honour I have had of being in your Family in my Childhood ; nor should I ever presume to entertain a Thought against my Lord's Reputation and Honour : But as I am convinc'd your Ladiship (at most) designs it for a Trial, I have nothing to reply, but that I hope your Ladiship will not pursue a Trial of his Honesty who has nothing else to value himself upon. Madam, I love you too well (that is, I pay too awful a Veneration to your Quality and Merit) ever to entertain a Thought injurious to either, but shall alwaies be proud to subscribe myself, Madam, ——— Your faithful Vassal.

Tho' this Answer might have given my Lady ——— sufficient reason to believe that she was far from touching his Heart, or that she could never expect to arrive at that Happiness which she hop'd, in his Arms, yet she could not help sending him another Billet, to this purpose

You affect (my dear Captain) an Ignorance you never can be guilty of ; my Words are too plain to need any Comment : But, to remove all Doubts, I assure you that I was sincere, wrote what I meant, and design'd no Trial but that of your Love. If I am to be happy in that, let me know it ; if I am to perish in Despair, let me know it :

Keep me not in Doubt, the worst state of Hope and Desire. I cannot live without you, and you have no reason to prefer airy Notions to my Satisfaction. If you have any Obligations to the Family, discharge 'em in loving me, who am the best of it, and add not Ingratitude to Insensibility. Save my Blushes, and put not on me so improper a Task as usurping your Part.

The poor Captain was puzzl'd what to answer; yet, after some study, he sent her a Letter in Terms as ambiguous as possible, neither to cut off, nor too much heighten her Hope. The Maid which my Lady —— us'd to send was a very pretty fresh-colour'd Country Girl, and who had Charms enough to give the Captain Desires, which he press'd every time she came to bring a Letter from her Lady, at last to that degree of rudeness, that she had great difficulty of escaping with her Virginity; so that when her Lady would have sent her again, she plainly refus'd to go, and on an Enquiry discover'd her Reason. My Lady was heartily mortified at the Story, finding that while she sigh'd in vain for the Pleasure, her Maid had it press'd on her farther than she approv'd; but unable to resist the impetuosity of her Desires, she bid her Maid make an Appointment with him in the dark the next Evening, who scrupling to comply with her Lady's Commands, she assur'd her that she would venture to engage him in her stead.

The Appointment is made, and the ready Lover came to the agreed Rendezvous, and, much to the Lady's satisfaction, acquitted himself like a Man of Honour, when both (tir'd and weary) gave themselves some Repose.

My

My Lord, who had long taken a liking to this Girl, supposing his Lady was fast asleep in her own Bed, stole up in his Night-gown to the Maid's Chamber, to surprize her in Bed, and so at once come to a Possession, without the troublesome Fatigue of the impertinent Approaches to a Chamber-maid; so throwing off his Night-gown, happen'd to get into Bed on the Lady's side, and finding her asleep, made no scruple to awake her in the most agreeable manner; My Lady—— little thinking that she had her own dear Husband in her Arms, awaking in Loves Transport, cry'd a little too loud, *My dear Captain, what will you kill me with pleasure?* My Lord was soon sensible whom he had possess'd, and puzzl'd at her words, imagin'd something more in the matter; so quitting the Bed, he concluded the Maid and her Mistress had chang'd Beds on purpose to abuse him doubly; and therefore stealing down Stairs, he takes his Candle and Sword with him to his Lady's Bed-Chamber, where, to confirm his Suspicion, he found *Abigail* asleep, and his Valet de Chambre close by her. The Bed-Cloaths were all off, and she was naked, with nothing conceal'd but part of her Breast, over which the Valet had thrown his Arms. The sight was so tempting, that tho' my Lord knew whom he was to follow, he could not resolve to pass without some Satisfaction in her Arms, which he thought now doubly his due on demand. He therefore gently pricking the Valet with the point of his Sword, made him start from his Trance, who found his Lord

M 4 arm'd,

arm'd, as he fear'd, to his Ruin. My Lord, cry'd out the Wretch, indeed it is not my Lady, it is Mrs. *Abigail*, whom I have secretly marry'd, I beg therefore for my Life. My Lord bid him not make a noise, and tho' he was satisfy'd his pretence of Marriage was all a common Refuge on such occasion, yet if he would silently away, and get two or three of his Fellow-Servants together, ready to go with him, he would pardon the Insolence he had offer'd to his Lady's Bed. Now Mrs. *Abigail* lay all this while in a terrible Agony, having caught the Sheet and thrown over her, to hide what had already been seen. The Valet being gone, my Lord shut the Door, and coming to the Bed-side, told Mrs. *Abigail* plainly, that she had been in a Confederacy with the Lady to abuse him in the Arms of another; that tho' he ought in reason to take away her Life for such a Treachery, yet she had discover'd such Charms, that by an immediate Compliance she might make her own Peace. With that my Lord setting down the Candle, throwing off his Nightgown and aside the Sheet, seiz'd the trembling *Abigail*, who was pleas'd that any thing could appease her Lord when so justly provok'd. She told him all that had pass'd betwixt her Lady and the Captain, and how he imagin'd that he had her, not my Lady, in his Arms.

My Lord having satisfy'd himself for that time, call'd up his Servants, and went with Lights to see for his Prig, not doubting but he should find them as he left them. But the Lady and the Captain having come to an understanding

derstanding after his departure, the Gentleman was gone, and the Lady with him. The House is search'd all over, but no Body to be found, till they saw the Sash in the Parlour-Window not shut close, and concluded, that they had made their Escape that way. So sending all to Bed, he took Mrs. *Abigail* to his own, vowing, that if she had no more to do with his Valet, and prov'd constant to him, he would take care of her as long as she liv'd.

The Morning came on, and a Letter was brought him from his Lady, to own her Folly, excuse her Gallant, and let him know, that in making her Escape, she had in the dark falln into a Cellar-Window of a new Building, that had been carelessly left open by the Workmen; that she desir'd to dye at home, since she could not out-live the Bruise and the breaking of two Ribbs. And scarce one who knew of her Folly would find it their Interest to divulge it, it was his Interest to conceal his Dishonour from all the World, since she had met with so just a Punishment for her fault from the Hands of Providence. My Lord considering the matter, and that he was not wholly innocent in the Adventure, but chiefly that as this was not known to the Town, so it deliver'd him from a Woman that was his Aversion, he immediately took care to have her brought home, where languishing a few days, she dy'd, and was honourably buried, leaving an Example of the ill Effects of Gaming which caus'd all this Trouble, and her Death at last.

But

But it is not the Court only that labours under the Inconveniencies of this hateful Vice, the City Beaux endeavour to imitate in this as in all other Follies.

The Beautiful BAIT devour'd at last.

THERE was an old Gentleman liv'd in the City, who formerly had a tolerable Fortune, but in his Old-age had nothing to depend on but a Place of about 150*l.* *per Annum*. He had a Wife, a very beautiful Daughter just ripe for Man, and a Son capable of succeeding him in his Post, with two little Children about ten Years old. The Family was large to maintain out of an Income so small, but by extraordinary Oeconomy they manag'd it so well, that they made a very genteel Appearance. It was the Daughter's good or ill Fortune to have a young Attorney fall in Love with her, and her Parents having no Money to give her, expected no better Opportunity of disposing of her honestly. Married they were, and continued a while in the City, but Business not coming in as the Limb of the Law expected, or in hopes that at the other end of the Town his Wife might get such Practice by her Beauty as might bring in enough to support him like a Gentleman, without the Fatigue of an Attorney; he takes a Lodging in the *Strand*, that being so great a Thorowfare, might sufficiently shew her to all the Gallants as they pass'd by in their Coaches. It being therefore a considerable Shop of Trade where they lodg'd, Madam was per-

perpetually in the Shop, which invited not a few Customers to her Landlady, and Addres-
ses to her self. *Layter*, as Fate would have it,
lodg'd but at next Door, and it being at the
very juncture that he was in pursuit of just such
a Beauty to carry on his Trade, he blest his
Heart at the sight, and made his Wife soon en-
ter into a strict Friendship with her; the Hus-
band and she is invited to Dinner, and then to
Supper, and no Day could pass but *Sylvia* (for
so we'll call her) must be their Guest.

The Husband lik'd this Treatment mighty
well, but Money as well as Food was what he
aim'd at. *Layter* soon found out his Wants, and
supplied him on Bond with what he had occa-
sion for; and having thus got him into his
Power, he was resolv'd to make use of the Ad-
vantage. Whenever his Wife was not with
them, he press'd for his Money, and manag'd
the Husband so artfully, that he got the entire
disposition of *Sylvia* to himself. Nature never
fram'd any Creature more charming, and she
had besides from her Education contracted a
sort of Bashfulness, which heighten'd her Beau-
ty to the last degree of Perfection. *Layter* took
care to invite those to his Table who had not
only Money enough to gratifie his Thirst of
Gain, but also Youth enough to be fir'd by a
Beauty so uncommon.

The first he caught was a young Country
Squire, who had not only a plentiful Estate in
Land, but a Bank of Money sufficient to pay
for his Follies. *Sylvia* was taught to propose
Play as soon as the Dishes were remov'd, and
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the Bubble paid too great a Deference to her Eyes to controul her Commands: His Eyes were too much imploy'd on those of the charming *Sylvia* to mind his Game, and so by consequence was gull'd with all the ease imaginable. In the Intervals he ventur'd to tell his Passion to *Sylvia*, who only blush'd at what he said, not daring to encourage his Addresses. The young Gentleman try'd all means to engage her without effect, *Layter* or his Wife alwaies taking care to allow him little Opportunity to make any Progress in his Amour. He had now lost near a Thousand Pounds in this Project, without so much as gaining a Kiss; till weary of this Courtship, he began to find she was the Gamester's Property, and therefore resolv'd to apply to him and his Wife, with the Proffer of Two hundred Guineas for their Assistance, but they receiv'd the Proposition with the highest Indignation, which had proceeded to a Challenge from the Sharper, but that he found the young Gentleman was not to be Bully'd: But he consulting some Friends, who knew the Fun better than himself, thought fit to sit down by the Loss, and never come near 'em any more.

Layter now takes her to *Epsom* with his own Lady, the Season coming on for that place, and there appearing on the Wells, the Fun drew a thousand Admirers, who daily throng'd to *Layter's* Apartment, and lost their Money to him, for a sight of those Charms they were never to enjoy. Among the rest there hapned to be an old Citizen, who had gotten a great deal of Money by a great deal of Knavery, and
now

now blind *Cupid* was resolv'd to be even with him for all the Rogueries of his Life; for he wounded him so deeply, that if half he'd been worth could have purchas'd her Embraces, he scarce would have scrupl'd it: But *Layter* was not for suffering so great a Treasure, and a Person who brought him in daily so considerable a Revenue from Bubbles and Fools, to be taken from him by any one Man's Money, most of which would go into the Pocket of *Sylvia* or her Husband. So that the old Citizen, tir'd with the Expence and small progress he had made, retir'd in time, having lost above 2000 Pounds by this Folly, the most expensive of all his Life, and which soon put an end to it; for pineing away e'ry day, in a little time he went to the Master he had serv'd; and leaving no Will, good part of what he left was consum'd in Law.

It would be endless to tell all the Bubbles that she made, and to reckon all the Money *Layter* got by her in this manner, both in City and Country, from Clergy and Laiety. But he having made several successful Campaigns with her, it was her ill or good Fortune to lose her Father, whose Death left her Mother and Brethren in the utmost Distress; they had no hopes of Subsistence, but by begging the same Place for the Son, who with it might maintain the Family and raise his own Fortune by marrying to some advantage, which, being a handsom young Fellow, he had no cause to despair of, if he gain'd but this point
to

to support him till a fit Opportunity offer'd to accomplish his Wishes.

There was of this young Lady's Mother's Acquaintance a Lady, who having liv'd in some Reputation formerly in the City, out of an odd Vagary being parted from her Husband, set up for Intrigue at the Court-end of the Town, where she was so good-natur'd, that if she could not please her Acquaintance her self, she would very generously supply that Defect by helping them to some other that could. Her Character, I confess, is something odd, for she was so exact a Professor of Sincerity, that out of a meer Principle of that, she would tell her Husband when she made him a Cuckold, and by the very same Principle let one Gallant know when she had been obliging another. This Lady having work'd her self into an acquaintance with several Men in Power, her Mother thought the fittest Person to address to on this extraordinary Exigence of her Affairs; taking therefore her Daughter with her in the Coach, came to her Lodging, laid before her her Condition, and desir'd her Assistance. The Presence of this young Lady inspir'd her with a Resolution of doing a double Service, at once to help the Son to the Place and the Daughter to a Gallant. She advis'd her against *Layter*, as the Bane of her Reputation, where she was daily expos'd to the view of all the wild Fellows of the Town, without reaping any Advantage to her self, while *Layter* made her only his Property to fill his Pockets,

kets, and at last to betray her for a Sum, when he could no longer get by his other way.

The young Lady was pleas'd with her Advice, promising to return in a day or two, to know the Event of her Negotiation in behalf of her Brother. The good friendly Lady was not long before she sent for a young Gentleman of Quality and considerable Post in the Government, as well as Estate in Land, who was Master of a great deal of Wit, and a Person perfectly charming: She describes the beautiful Petitioner so warmly, that nothing but she could come up to the Idea she had rais'd: He is infinitely charm'd, promises her Success, and desires to see her at her Lodging, where he would bring her the Grant of the Place she had ask'd.

Layter in the mean while was inform'd by what Interest she work'd, and long'd to be acquainted with a Man, whom if he could draw in, might be worth twenty other Bubbles: So the silly young Creature suffer'd him to come with her to the Appointment; which so disoblig'd the Minister of State, that nothing pass'd but general Words; and all *Layter* could do, was not sufficient to engage him in the least Discourse with him or Regard to him, but taking his leave very abruptly, left 'em all in Despair. Madam took the young Lady aside, and told her, that she had marr'd her Affairs, by bringing so notorious a Scoundrel along with her; and so dismiss'd her with Tears in her Eyes for her Folly, for she could not but like the Man, and now found that all
her

her Hopes of providing for her Friends and her self were disappointed by her abandon'd Acquaintance.

Fully resolv'd therefore to take the first Opportunity of leaving him, she soon met with one; for the young Lord ——— hearing of her Beauty, went to play there one Night, and being out of Awe of the Scoundrel, made his Addresses to bright *Sylvia*, and sitting by her, would whisper her often. She lik'd him so well, that she agreed to come to him the first lucky minute she could find to make her Escape; so the next Morning early she got from her Lodging, and sending for my Lord ———, he immediately took care of her, discharg'd her Lodging, and sent her Husband out of the reach of poor *Layter*, so that he was forc'd to fall to his old way:

Here my *Guinea* made an end; and Night being pretty far spent, I turn'd my self to rest, but could not put the charming *Sylvia* out of my Head; yet I reap'd so much benefit from what he had told me, that I resolv'd ever to hate and abhor those vile Caterpillars call'd *Gamesters* and *Sharpers*.

The End of the Third Nights Entertainment.

The Fourth

T H E
Fourth Nights Entertainment,
O F
LOVE INTRIGUES.

AS long as the last Nights Entertainment had held, the Morning shining out with so extraordinary a Beauty, I got up betimes, and took a walk into the Fields all alone to ruminate on what I had heard the Night before: I cou'd scarce have believed that Mankind cou'd so far degenerate, not into Brutes, but into Divels, as I had heard, but I remembered that Gold wou'd not Lye, and that a Metal so Mercurial had means of seeing in Security, what I cou'd not experience but at my proper Expence. Lord, thought I to my self, what a Mystery is not only Man, but the whole Creation! How Beautiful is all we behold, and yet how soon it fades and changes from all its Beauty with deformity and dissolution. The charming Face of Woman, when in the bloom, how many wonders does it disclose, how it

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warms

warms and tosses the Blood into strange Tempests of Desire; and yet a few years wears off all that's pleasing, and leaves it a Shrivled, Beamless Face, fit only to move our Aversion. The Mind of Man which discovers so many Wonders, and almost frames Beings that exist only in its Fancy; that by its Reason measures the Abiss, views all the Order of the Heavenly Bodies, and passes all the Bounds of Nature, even to the Throne of God, and there displays him in his Majesty beyond the expression of words, yet in a few years is fled with all its fine Notions we know not whither, and sinks in the Grave with such wretches as I have heard describ'd, who have not deserv'd the name of Men. Sure this World is the very Dream of Providence, which must be all beautiful, but must vanish all like a Dream as if it had never been.

Again, how can our Philosophers answer this vast disproportion of Human Minds? Here is one that soars on the wings of Reason to a pitch of Divinity; and there one that never lifts its Faculties above the reptiles of the Earth; nay, is laid beneath them in the Bowels of the Earth, with those fatal Minerals which only engross all its Thoughts. One moves by his wise Principles of Morality, another is so far from regarding them that he cannot understand them, or form any Notion, but what comes from his most perverted *Self-Love*: So that tho' the

the Form of Men is always the same, yet their Minds are so different, as if their Kind was far from being the same: This puts me in mind of that Verse:

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

Thus musing with my self, I past away the Morning, and to divert my self, found out a Friend to Dine with whom I had not seen a pretty while: He was glad to see me; and I to find him yet in the Land of the living, having heard of his Illness a pretty while since; nor had he so far escap'd his Distemper, but that the pale Tracks yet remain'd: Being set at Dinner, I examin'd into his Health, what had been his Distemper; and how long he had labour'd under an Illness that had left him so unlike what he had been? My Friend, *said he*, my Distemper has been the just punishment of my own Folly; if I had had but your Prudence, I had yet been as well as you both in Purse and in Person: I have been weakned in both by Avarice and Lust; the Sharpers have robb'd me of my Money, and the Whores of my Health: And I am scarce yet recover'd from a Distemper which I ow'd to their filthy Embraces. Take warning by me, quit this Lewd Town, which contains nothing worthy the Residence of a Man of true sence: the Men are Sharpers, the Wo-

men Whores ; Religion is Hypocrisie ; Friendship Design ; Knavery thrives, Honesty starves ; Fools pass for Wits, and Men of Sense are contemn'd and in Raggs. Arts have no Patrons, Sharpers and Whores find only Regard : Poetafters get Places ; true Poets scarce a Dinner. I am resolv'd the next Week to give it my perpetual Adieu.

I smil'd at the strange alteration in my Friend, who had been a long time so bewitch'd with the Town, that he declar'd, That the midnight Ordure was a greater Perfume than the Primrose in his Country. This Discourse with my Friend, put me in mind to enquire of my Gold something on this Subject, soon as the Night return'd me to my Chamber : This desire did not suffer me to stay late abroad, and no Friend so dear, or Bottle so charming, as to have power to make me stay past Ten out of my Lodging. Every Body wonder'd at the change, and ghest all Causes but the real: One swore I was secretly Married, and that the Joys of the first Month were not yet grown dull on my Hands ; others less charitable wou'd have it a little Harlot not yet grown stale to me. While little cou'd they imagine the strange Conversation, that Charm'd me, well knowing my Temper, that I was no Miser, that took a pleasure with brooding over my Gold in the Night.

When I was come home, I soon dispatch'd my Servant, and getting into Bed I turn'd
to

to my Gold, and desir'd to know what discoveries they had made among the Ladies, who were kind to their Gallants? The *Roman* Crown taking the Priviledge I had given him, made me this Reply:

Tho' perhaps you may think we have but few Intrigues betwixt the Gentlemen and Ladies, where Cardinals teach another sort of Doctrine in Love, and have more *Gany-medes* than *Phrynes*, yet I must tell you that *Rome* is not without more natural Intrigues; and there are Gallants who will venture their Lives in the pursuit of a Man's Wife; and Ladies that will hazard more than their Reputation to gratify themselves in a Lover: Nay, who, rather than deny their Inclinations, will ask the Man she likes to do her a civil Favour; and punish the neglect with the point of a Bravoes Dagger. I cannot say there is over much Love on the Ladies side, whose general Confinement, and the common Neglect of their Husbands, with an idle, lazy Life, fill them with so much Lust, that they seek the Ease of that, rather than the more refin'd Joys of a tender Conversation, which is spent more in Action than Discourse.

I know this Pleasure of Intriguing or Whoring, lies under an ill name with the Religious; but yet I can't imagine why, since Nature has given such Desires, which cannot be appeas'd without discharging in the Arms of Man or Woman; and since so

many holy Men have given such Examples, as give a sufficient Sanction to Whoring. Concubines and Wives were allowed the Patriarchs; and *David* the best, and *Solomon* the wisest of the Kings of *Israel*, had both a very jolly company of Drabs, without any imputation of Guilt on that Account. And if the general practice of Mankind in our days be of any Force, there is nothing of greater Authority; and it is strange, that Practice, which is the Rule of Prudence, shou'd be so erroneous in other parts of Morality. I confess that there are many inconveniencies, and hazards, that attend this in the warm Climates, where Jealousie bears such an unbounded sway; yet the Pleasure has been always thought sufficient to Ballance all these Considerations.

T H E

Fortunate Adultery.

I Was once part of the Ring which a young Gallant of *Rome* wore on his Finger, who had been a mighty Devote to Pleasure, and yet was in the pursuit of an Intrigue which he had manag'd with a great deal of Pains and Industry. The Prince *Pamphilia* was a Man something in years, and yet very indulgent to his Wife,

as

as far as consisted with the Custom of the Country, for she had an entire ascendant over him, being very young, and very handsom; but she was of too Amorous a Nature to be satisfied with the Fondness, and Embraces of an old Man. 'Tis true, she was not disgusted at the Dotage of her Husband on her Charms, because that gave her the means of imposing on him to the advantage of her own Pleasure. *Sigismundo Fideli*, my Master, was the lucky Man who had the good fortune to please her, and who had never met with any ill Event in all his Amours with her, either in Country or Town. As she first saw him at *Rome*, so that was the first time of their Loves; but *Pamphilio*, for his Health, us'd all the fine Season to live near *Frescati*, whither in the Moonlight Nights *Fideli* used to resort, and be admitted by her Confident. The manner was this: When the time of his coming was fixt, a Key to the Back-door was left under a certain Stone at some distance from the Palace; and he left *Rome* generally time enough to get thither by Night. But one day he went sooner to Hunt, and divert himself in the Country; but being fatigu'd with the Sport, and the Heat of the day, he wander'd into a Wood, where passing through many gloomy windings and turnings of the Forest, he came at last into a place so delicious, that had *Apollo* e'er seen it, he wou'd have chang'd for it his old Seat of *Parnassus*.

There was a lovely Thicket, whose lofty Trees and thick Leaves, cast a brown shadow all around, which serv'd for an agreeable shelter to a clear living Fountain, whose transparent Streams warbled o'er the Pebbles, against the scorching Beams of the Sun; which yet penetrating the Boughs here and there, produc'd variety of sweet Flowers, which Enamel'd the verdant covering of the Place, while the wand'ring Zephyrs blew the Odours all around; the Roots of the Trees were cover'd with a filken Moss, and their Branches fill'd with the pleasant Notes of the *Nightingales* and *Blackbirds*, made a natural and most delightful Harmony, which was mingled with the soft wispering of the Wind through the Trees, and the murmuring Waters that flow'd along beneath. Sitting down here beneath a Natural Arbor, we soon heard a young Gentleman Singing this Farwell to Love.

I.

Long I a foolish Servitude did prove
 A Vassal to imperious Love;
 It is enough I now at last am free
 From all thy Pains, fond Love and Thee:
 The Wild tumultuous Tempest now is o'er,
 I fear a Shipwreck now no more,
 Safe on the peaceful Shoar.

II.

II.

*Safe on the Beach, I smile to see below
 The raging Billows War,
 Free from the Blasts of Hope and Fear,
 And all the anxious shocks, that silly Lovers know;
 Secure from thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bow.
 While I my Liberty maintain
 I never shall complain,
 Of Lovers painful Joys, and Pleasing Pain.*

To his Verses he added the melting Notes of his warbling Lute, which made such an Harmony, that had *Ulysses* the contemner of the Voices of the *Syrens* been here, and bound to the Main Mast of his Ship, he had burst his Bands and come nearer to have heard this new *Arion* Sing.

Having now tir'd himself with Playing, laid aside his Lute, when crossing his Legs and leaning with his Elbow on his Knee, with Tears he thus address'd himself to *Pietro*, who sat close by him.

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HISTORY
OF

Julio and Sempronia.

EVERY Day I find a thousand Misfortunes surround me, but my Soul bent on Honour, either fears nothing, or at least if it be any thing, it is Infamy. I know not whether I owe my Inclinations to Amours, to the vigour of my Constitution, or to my natural Temper; yet how vigorous so ever I have been in this way, and how earnest in the pursuit of this Joy, I soon, nay, presently repent of my Folly; and now I perfectly tremble at the thoughts of all the false Blandishments of Love. But since you my *Pietro* desire me to give you an Account of my late Intrigue, and to remember my Madness, I shall not scruple to relate the severity of my Fate.

I was oblig'd to go to *Leghorn* about some Business of Importance; while I was there it hapned at a publick Festival, the Women of the Town appear'd all bare-fac'd at a Ceremony peculiar to the Saint of the Day; they were all so beautiful, that tho' they were not Goddesses, yet the Error had been
excu-

excusable for any one to have thought them so. Beauty appear'd with all its Grace in all, but seem'd yet more lovely in one among them; the Lillies in her Cheeks were heighten'd with the Rosie purple of her Elegant Blood, that dy'd them with a Blush so warm, as to be able to set the coldest Heart on Fire. Her modest Forehead was distinguish'd with two semicircles of shining Jet, separated from each other by an agreeable and snowy Interval; on each side the finest Nose of the World shone two bright Eyes, with Rays more glorious than those of the Sun, and darted the Arrows of Love into the most innocent and frozen Beholders: Her flowing Hair that fell down in Curls, where every Ringlet was plac'd for a Grace, contain'd an Ambush for the Liberty of Mankind; and the Ruddiness of her Lips seem'd to have taken so deep a dye, from the Blood of those Hearts that had been broke for her sake. Her Neck was White as the driven Snow, and without the help of Jewels swelling enough with its own native Charms. Beneath rose two heaving Breasts, which breath'd nothing but Love, and promising Extasies to the happy Man that shou'd be admitted to press them; she had a Shape exact, a charming jetting in her Motion, that promis'd an Agility transporting in the Garden of *Venus*.

The Liberty of the Ceremony admitted all to a nearer Conversation, without either suspicion or scandal.

*I tremble much, my Heart new Flames inspire,
And gaze at her who still augments my Fire:
I look, I wonder, but the more I gaze,
The more I languish, and the more I blaze.*

I felt too much Pain, I found too much Desire to suffer me to lose this opportunity of letting her know the mischief that her Eyes had done me; I therefore approach her, and address to her in this manner:

Believe me, Madam, there is so suddain a Flame kindled in my Bosom, that if you shew me the least neglect it will entirely consume me. But if you will be so generous to admit the Tears of a Stranger, I shall make two great Gods your particular Friends, and that is Love and Apollo. Your Eyes have drawn the first from that Heaven where he has a Reign more absolute than on Earth, that I might be deliver'd to him, and he to me reciprocally. The other your Face, form'd so beautiful as wou'd have rais'd the Envy of the three contending Goddesses on Mount Ida, has call'd from his Conversation with the Muses, to sing its praise; that you might know, that such a Miracle of Beauty ought not to be obscur'd, and enjoy'd by any one Man, since there is no Good, that is not common to more; and that Beauty is given by the Gods to be beloved by, and to love many.

Cast your bright Eyes the Universe around,
Nothing more glorious than the Sun is found.
Yet he his Warmth and Beams imparts to *All*,
His *Common Light* on every one lets fall.

Glide on ye Floods, ye beauteous Floods
glide on,

Whether your course you take through
Beds of Stone,

And in delightful Cascades tumble down ;

Or through the flow'ry Meads your Track
you chuse,

And to the Fields Fertility diffuse ;

None are debarr'd of you th' *common Use*.

A servile Law the Fair alone confines,

Abhorrent of the End of Natures wise designs,

While your Caresses that to one restrains,

And only a poor, barren, lifeless Joy obtains,

Be thou, my Fair, as the bright Sun divine,

On all with smiling Eyes serenely shine.

Let no dull Husband, with his cold Embrace.

The fertile Joys of Lovers thus deface :

For, like the *Sun*, thou wert by Heav'n de-
sign'd,

To be the Mistress of all Human kind.

*Having heard my Verses, with a Smile she said
to me— Despair not, my Julio, for you came not
to this place without the Direction of thy good
Fortune ; for Sempronia finds her Heart equally
inclin'd to Julio, which has burnt so long with
as ardent a Flame, that her desire can't be less,
than yours for mutual Happiness. Do you take
care,*

care, like a good Soldier, to be Punctual on the Watch to Night, with Arms proper for the Execution, and I shall defer your Satisfaction no longer: Don't forget my House, least you are forc'd to pass the Night without a Bed, and I without a Lover.

As soon as she had done speaking she went her way, and I follow'd her close through the Town till she went into a Magnificent Palace, that look'd it self like a City; so that if I might judge of the inside by the outside, I cou'd expect nothing less than the Golden Palace of *Nero*.

The Sun now very opportunely hasten'd his Course to his Watry Bed, and now the Evening Star began to shine out with a more sparkling Light; which Astronomers tells us is the Planet *Venus*. When the happy shade took Possession of the Hemisphere, and the Door being open'd, and a Woman standing in the Entry with a Conscious murmuring Voice, call'd *Julio*, I made no manner of Pause, but without any more ado committed my Self and my Fortune to her Conduct; for Love drives Fear entirely out of our Bosoms. Taking me by the Hand, and leading me through abundance of Dark Rooms and Turnings of so large a House, at last she brought me into a Room that seem'd the very selected Palace of Luxury, and lock'd the Door after us. Here a vast number of Tapers Whiter than Snow spread round

round a borrow'd Day, while Silver Branches fix'd on the Silk Tapestry supported them; the Cornishes of the Room were Ivory inlaid in Cypress and Jasper; the Bed was hung with Purple Curtains, richly Embroidered all over with Gold, and the Counterpain being adorn'd all round with a Fringe of Gold reaching down to the Floor, which was inlaid with Marble and other Stones of various Colours, expressing to the Life all manner of Beautiful Flowers in Mosaic Work.

Then my Guide set the Table to the Fire side, and cover'd it with the finest and most curious Sweetmeats, compleating the Banquet with handfom Bowls, crown'd to the brim with the smiling Juice of the Richest Grapes; and then in gentle Murmurs she inform'd me who her Mistress was in these words:

It is now, *said she*, Eight years since *Sempronia* has been Married to *Antonio*, a Man of very great Wealth, but of no less Folly and defects of Person and Mind. Let all Young Ladies who measure their Happiness by the heaps of their Wealth beware least in the crowd of their Admirers, they regard in their Choice of a Husband, more the Splendor of Gold, than the Virtue, Wit, and Vigour of the Man; for the poor *Sempronia* lies in the midst of a heap of Gold, a Widow tho' a Wife, and knows not who shall be Heir to all her Husbands Riches; yet the chaste Matron has so great a desire
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for

for Children, that she leaves no means untry'd that may furnish her with an Heir so much desir'd by both her and her Husband. Flatter not your self that you have the Happiness of being call'd to the Embraces of so great a Lady, out of any Passion for any of your Personal Perfections; when ever she pretends to Love, that passes for Words, not Truth; speaking more to the Gust of the Ambitious Admirer, than by any real sentiments of hers; for this Lady of such Consummate Beauty, finds nothing that can move her Love or Desire; for she is not more Beautiful than Modest: For her Kisses are free from Crime, and she is not guilty of Adultery in all the Enjoyments she has bestow'd; for Adultery is the effect of Lust, not the Natural desire of Children. Two Days ago, while she offer'd up her sweet Prayers to the Holy Virgins most Miraculous Image, which seem'd to grant the Prayers of its Votary, and deliver'd this Oracle to her:

*That by Young Julio she shou'd prove,
Fertile Joys, and Pregnant Love.*

Do not therefore wonder that you found so easie a Reception, since the Holy Virgin's Image Commanded her to admit you to her Chast Bed for the Propagation of Humane Kind. If we are not the only care of Heaven, yet certainly that has some regard to our Happiness,

Happiness, and whatever is done without the Approbation of that, is of no manner of benefit to us. Thus *Antonio* the first Night of his Marriage, which was to be sure disagreeable to Heaven, destroy'd the Fertility and Maidenhead of *Sempronia* together. He has Four Brothers who have taken his place, who while they keep *Antonio* from his Barren Bed, abuse his Sister with unfruitful Seed. Mov'd by their Impotence, she has call'd the whole Family into her assistance; but in so vast a number of Gallants, she has not yet met with one, who has been able to stop the hastning Ruin of so Ancient a Family.

Whilst this Babler held on her discourse, *Sempronia* her self tript into the Room where we were, and the noise of the Doors opening rous'd the Maid, who had now almost talk'd her self asleep. The burning Tapers at her entrance seem'd to blaze with greater Flames, and the Eyes of this Mortal Nymph seem'd to burn the very light themselves. After she had excus'd her long stay by the Importunity of her Husband, and the Affairs of the Family — *Lovers* (said she) *seek Darknes and Secrecy*. Presently the Doors were fastned, and all troublesome Lights put out, and the Bed all Perfum'd left half open; she was pleas'd with the Maids Diligence and Adress, when smiling, she threw her Arms about my Neck, and giving me Voluntary Kisses that Relish'd of *Nectar* — *The Covert of this Bed* (said she) *is*

due to the sacred Rights of Love, and you ought to commit those Flames that you shall experience, to that and to silence ; with that she strain'd me close in a more strict embrace, and sucking my Lips into hers, she surpriz'd me with a Tremulous Summons to a closer Engagement, and in the midst of her eagerness threw her falling Lover on the Bed.

You have doubtless my Friend *Pietro*, experienc'd the Transports of Love, when you met with more, than equal Fire in the Fair one ; she gave proof of her Satisfaction through all the Combat of Love, till after many Deeds of Valour, both tired, we fell asleep. The next Day refresh'd my Vigour with good Meat and rich Wines, and the Night renew'd our Pleasures ; till after a Month of Pleasure and Love, I had the good Fortune to confirm the Oracle of the Holy Statue, by impregnating the Charming *Sempronia*. But now Surfeited with so long a Happiness, I desired my Dismission ; and *Sempronia*, either angry with my indifference, or, as I rather believe, desirous of a new Gallant, even beyond my Expectation yielded willingly to my request, only adding this Admonition :

*If your Stars (said she) among the other Favours they have bestow'd on you, have given you secrecy, you have found a Friend who will in time reward the Fidelity of your Silence with unexpected Honour ; but if you suffer your Tongue to divulge what has past betwixt us, assure your
self*

self that your Rashness will be punish'd with a most certain death. The Hands of an injur'd Woman are long, and implacable, as never being weary till the destruction of the Offender: And of all Injuries a Woman most resents the discovery of her private Favours. But that you may not think my Threats only empty Words, bring hither Bombo, that his death may sufficiently convince Julio of what he ought to expect on the violation of his Trust. Fortune has been very malicious against my Reputation, and a Domestick of my own has been so bold as to cast a Reflection on my Name: For this Fellow whom I had taken from a Groom, prefer'd him in the House, nay receiv'd him to this very Bed, that by Luxury and Pleasures he might forget the lowness of his Condition; has betray'd my Favour, and by a pernicious Loquacity made an ungrateful Return for all the Obligations, that I had laid upon him. The Perfidious Ingratitude of the Sex reaches even to the servile Vassals; for when once you have sufficiently glutted your Appetites with Pleasure in our Arms, you laugh at your Mistress, and with a haughty Pride neglect those Joys, which you had before sought with so many Watchings, Sighs, Tears and Fasting.

Towards the end of her Discourse Bombo was brought in bound, his Countenance and Eyes confess'd Laciviousness; his Hair was Black, and his Chin cover'd but yet with its first Down, only a swelling in his Breast and Belly deform'd a very comly and beautiful Person: Whom when the Maid

had tied fast to a Beam, she fastned his Cloaths behind him, and put a Silver Vessel under his Feet, and then thrust the Sword she held in her Hands up to the Hilt into his Bosom, whence issued such a Gush of Blood as almost fill'd the Vessel at once: Then taking out his Heart, opening the Mouth of the Sufferer, who made no manner of Noise, gave the Heart to him to eat, adding to it this Imprecation—*That All those, who ever shou'd rail at and defame the Lady he had enjoy'd, and wou'd scruple to lie for the Reputation of his Mistress, might dye the same cruel death.* Cold almost to death with Fear, I expected immediately the same Fate, and all I durst pray for was only a milder Death: For I knew that the Cruelty of Women, like that of the *Panther*, stops not at any Mean; but devours more than will fill his Belly. When the cruel *Sempronia*, and the more barbarous *Abigail*, bidding me remember the Fate of *Bombo*, turn'd me out of doors.

Being got out, I at last began to resume new Courage, and with all the speed my Leggs wou'd furnish me with, I fled from an Abode more horrible than the Isles of *Circe*, and the *Sirens*; and having found out my Quarters, I got into my Chamber, nor stir'd I out of Doors in three Days, ruminating all that while on what I had seen. O ye immortal Gods, cried I, how abandon'd are we Men! We foolishly buy Adultery
at

at the expence of our Lives, or what is yet more grievous than any death, a perpetual Banishment. Murther comes upon us in the midst of our Joys, and that in a manner so cruel, that the Common Hangman wou'd tremble at the Execution. Why cruel Women have you thus a while repriev'd me, when I was half way over the *Stygian* Lake, and restor'd me to a momentary Life, only to put me suddenly to a more cruel death? This is a false Kindness which you shew me, which instead of forgiving, only defer the Punishment. Let me die in Peace, and without any farther delay restore this Victim to guilty Fate: For to what purpose was I made Witness of the Death of *Bombo*, but that I might be convinc'd, that when once a Woman will prostitute her Virtue in unlawful Embraces, that she sets no Bounds to her Vices? He had in his Power, not only a Voice, but Sighs and Groans in the midst of his Torment, and utter'd not one: And while his Blood Gush'd out in such a Flood, taking no notice, looks as if he were in a Lethargy, or had some drowsie Potion given him to make the Operation the more feasible. The Heart drag'd out of his Body by that audacious Jade the Maid, seem'd less than a Human Heart. All things to day bore the face of Imposture; but indeed we lay not aside our disguise against Heaven it self, so that if the Divinity had not a regard to Human Frailty,

Jupiter having thrown all his Thunderbolts, wou'd have stood in the Clouds an in-offensive Spectator, not Punisher of our Crimes,

While these Thoughts fill'd my Mind, I heard some body knock at the Door, when to my equal Surprize and Wonder, who shou'd have been list'ning to my Complaint but Bombo in his own proper Person, whose death I had been bewailing; not at all Bloody, nor with a swell'd Bosom, yet with a more fearful Countenance, than he had when he saw his Heart pull'd out of his Bosom; who throwing himself on his Knees to me, thus began—*Forbear, I beg you Sir, to rail at so great a Woman, whose Anger the very Stars themselves are sensible of; what ever has been said of Medea falls short of her skill, for she dives into the very Thoughts of Men, and tho' at a distance from them hears their absent Discourse. What you saw done to me, was perform'd without the spilling of any of my own Blood, only to strike a Terrour into you. But avert the Omen Gods, that this Mimic Death shou'd be any promise of yours in Reality; but believe me, and take my faithful Advice, fly this place with your utmost speed, for here, certain Death unavoidably attends you. Nor am I of so barbarous a Temper, as to suffer a Man, who has been admitted to the Fruition of the same fair Lady with my self, to perish by an untimely Fate: For who knows but the same Stars which brought us both to the same Bed, may bring us both to the same Grave.*

I cou'd not but receive this kind Information with abundance of Thanks, promising that when ever it lay in my way he shou'd challenge as great a Service from me; so taking my Leave of him and *Leghorn*, I made the best of my way to *Rome*: Where yet I can't put the strange Adventure out of my Head; but retiring to my Cousins, *Villa* come often here to this pleasing Shade, to run over the matter, that keeping up the Memory of it, I may never more think of any more Amorous Engagements.

*The Continuation of the Fortunate
Adultery.*

Julio having given this Account to his Friend, and plaid a Tune or two on his Lute to calm his Mind which the Relation had ruffled, they went their way, and left my Master to expect the proper Hour of getting into the Arms of the Amorous Princess. The Night now coming on, and the Moon rising, he got up and went to the Stone, where he found the Key, by which he let himself in at a private Door in the Garden: The first Animal he met was a great Dog, that was the nocturnal Guard of the Place; but this terrible Animal, the Princess, out of a pretended kindness for it, had made acquainted with *Fideli*, by having brought him with her to *Rome*; so that

he only faun'd upon him, and attended him to the place where he was to wait for Mrs. *Abigail's* coming with news from his Princess. How tedious so ever the Time might seem to a desiring Lover, yet it did not in reality exceed half an Hour, *Abigail* conducted him up the back Stairs into Mrs. *Abigail's* Apartment, who being a particular Favourite, had one fit for the Use her Lady once a Month to be sure wou'd put it to.

I will not repeat the mutual Embraces of the Lovers when they met, nor any thing that past all the remaining part of the Night: But the Princess lost some of her Prudence in prolonging her Joys till late the next Morning; nay, being up, they cou'd not be satisfied but they must again retire to the Bed to waste a few Minutes in the agreeable Pleasure: But in the midst of their sport, the old Prince comes to the Door, opens it, and was entring the Room, when she call'd out to him to retire, for having that Morning taken *Physick*, she must have no Man in the Room a Minute; the good old Prince guessing her meaning, and unwilling to disturb her on such an occasion, retir'd, and the Lovers pursu'd their amorous Affair. The next day they were in the same Condition, and hearing the Prince come, *Fideli* was flipt into the Closet, the very place to which the Prince was bound for some Money to play with; she had got
the

the Key, nor wou'd she part with it to him on all his earnestness; which he finding, What, says he, thou hast got some pretty Knicknack there now, which you won't let me see? I have so, said she; but you shall see it some other time, when 'tis more fit for sight than at present. Well, well then, said the Prince, give me some Money to play, and I'll not see your Trinkam. The Princess put her Hand into her Pocket and gave him what she had there, which hapned to be sufficient for that occasion. The Prince being retir'd, the Lover was again set at Liberty. But consulting how to avoid the like hurry again, *Fideli* being young enough, they resolved to dress him in a Womans Habit, and that he shou'd pass for a Relation of Mrs. *Abigails*; the matter was no sooner agreed on but put in execution, and the Princess wou'd have the pleasure of Dressing him her self.

After this they were much less on their Guard, and made no scruple of letting the Prince find them together: His stay was generally during the light Nights, and when those were gon he return'd to *Rome*, which allow'd such a grateful Interval to their Amour, that it kept up their Passion and Desire to so great a degree, that the Prince now dying, and leaving her a considerable Fortune, she thought fit to bestow it on *Seignior Fideli*, with her self in Marriage: Which Match how fortunate so ever

it was to him, was not so to her; for he being sensible of her former Infidelity, was too watchful over her Actions ever to give her the least opportunity of serving him in the same kind; besides a perpetual cohabitation both at Bed and Board, without any Fear or Apprehension from any Body else, made their Passions sink to Indifference, and that to Disgust; all had perhaps ended in the Murder of one or the other, had not his Death prevented: But she in his sickness was so sedulous about him, that he cou'd not resolve to wrong her of any part of her Fortune she brought him, which remain'd yet unspent, but left her all intirely. In that one Action Just; in all others without Principle or Honour. She Buried him handsomely. And I was bestow'd on a Sister of his, whose Story I must add before I give over.

T H E

Whores Revenge.

L*Ucilla Fideli* was very beautiful, and very young when her Brother died, and in a Nunnery in *Florence*, and design'd for a Nun; but her Brother being dead, and she not liking the then unsubstantial Joys of the enclos'd Ladies, quits the Monastery

nastery where her Cousin was Abbess, and takes a Lodging in an Eminent Citizens House, where she soon enlarg'd her Acquaintance. Among whom was a venerable old Lady, who talk'd of nothing but Death or Judgment, and the Miracles of Saints and the Like, and yet was secret Bawd to the young Duke who was yet a single Man, nor did he care to hearken to Marriage. *Lucilla* had a Beauty was the most agreeable to his taste in the World, vvhich Madam the Bawd knew so well, that she easily got him a sight of her new Acquaintance, making her a Visit in Womans Clothes. The Duke was infinitely charm'd with her Person, but more with her Wit and Knowledge, having been so great a Reader in the Nunnery, that her Conversation was much different from that of most of the Sex.

Lucilla is invited to the old *Beldam's*, a Place fitting for the deed; and before the Collation was ready, the young Duke was admitted. He makes his Addresses, she is not averse; but being inform'd that it was the Duke of *Florence*, her Vanity and Pride soon blew up the small Garison of her Virtue; yet she made the Conquest of her Person more hard than that of her Heart, lest by too easie a surrender she shou'd lessen his Esteem of her, and by consequence his Value and Love: But having kept him long enough in suspense to fix her Empire in his Bosom, she found

found such a means of surrendring, as shou'd seem rather a Storm than Capitulation. He vow'd perpetual Love and Constancy, plac'd her in a Magnificent Apartment, and took all that care of her, which a Love, so sincere as he certainly was possess'd of for the Charming *Lucilla*, cou'd prompt him to.

There was in the Court a Man of wonderful Parts and Integrity, tho' an old Courtier, whose name was Count *Horatio*; he had serv'd the Duke's Father many years, and discharg'd his Administration with the Applause of both Subject and Prince. This Man had not only a Fatherly Care over the young Duke, but a kind of Paternal Authority and Aw; he finding out the Intrigue, and in a manner agreeable to the Person he spoke to, inveigh'd against all illegal Amours, and us'd many Arguments to move him to think of Marrying. The Duke thank'd him for his Advice, and promis'd to follow it; but Nature is too frail to suffer a young Man to vanquish an habitual Passion for a Woman, whom he in some measure had been the cause of forsaking the Paths of Virtue. The sight of *Lucilla* soon put an end to all his fair Resolutions, and made him think of *Horatio* as an envious disturber of his Pleasures.

Horatio was soon sensible of this, and therefore resolv'd by a very subtil Address to make *Lucilla* her self the Cause of her own defeat: He therefore comes to her,
and

and examining her about her Amour with the Duke; flatters her Beauty, and Power over him, insinuating, that it must be her own fault if she were not Dutcheſs of *Florence*; that having him now in her Power, she shou'd deny him the Favours she had granted, and preſs him to Marriage. There is nothing in nature ſo credulous as a young Woman in things that flatter her Vanity: She therefore writes to the Duke, and ſends the Letter by *Horatio*, which was to the following purpoſe:

Lucilla, to Cosmo Grand Duke of Florence.

THE Praise of deceiving an innocent poor Girl is below the Ambition of a great Prince, aim not at encreasing your Fortune and Glory by the Misfortunes of her who loves you: If you deſign for Matrimony, in me you will find one who by Uſe and Habit knows how to pleaſe you: But if you deſign no ſuch thing, I will flie from your ſight, that by my Abſence you may forget me. The Name of a Miſtreſs, tho' to a Monarch, is very odious, and the matieſe of Tongues has already attack'd my Reputation; ſo that if you call me not to your Nuptial Bed, I will call you to my Grave. Farewell.

The Duke had no ſooner perus'd her Letter, but finding the Ambition of the Woman, he paus'd a while, and then turning to *Horatio*——Let her go (ſaid he) for an
in-

insolent creature; the Band which bound me to her is at last broke asunder, and since she cou'd not tell how to bear my Love with moderation, let her try to bear the contrary.

Horatio willing to improve this opportunity, endeavour'd by cunning Arguments to convince the Duke of the Inconvenience of a single Life; he urg'd that his Station was such, that all his Actions affected the Publick, all his Subjects being concern'd in them; That he ought to look out for a Wife, whose lawful Embraces might restrain him from running astray, and bring him Children worthy her, and worthy himself; That there was no Princess of *Europe* but wou'd be Ambitious of the Honour of being his Wife: That he therefore shou'd select some one among them, who besides her Person, shou'd bring into his Coffers a considerable Treasure. That in the mean time he shou'd forget *Lucilla*, and all other Ladies of her Condition, and think only of his Glory, and the Good of his People

The Duke being touch'd with this good Advice, disdain'd to return any Answer to *Lucilla*, and made it his Business to think which of all the Princesses of *Europe* he shou'd chuse, to make the Partner of his Bed and his Throne. *Lucilla* in a little time found out the Alienation of the Duke's Affections, and found out the Treachery of *Horatio* in his pernicious Advice; consulting therefore her Resentment, she consider'd only

only how she shou'd accomplish her Revenge. Those who have Money will never want Tools and Engines to execute their most profligate designs; for every were whether Poysoners, or Assassins, have the Price of Iniquity, only Virtue is without any Reward.

There was in *Florence* one *Castrucio*, perfect and diligent in mixing of Poisons, in managing false Witnesses, and murd'ring Men by Assassination. *Lucilla* mad at once with Rage and Love, designing to make use of this Engine, she wrote to him a Letter to put her design in Execution. The Letter she commits to the most belov'd of her Servants, who had scarce got out of doors but *Horatio* met him in the Street, and stopping him by a subtil Address, enquiring into his Haste, he got from him his Lady's Letter; which when he had read, and found the design against his Life, he descended from the Greatness of his Quality, to win him to his Interest. He was afraid of a Reconciliation betwixt *Lucilla* and the Duke, and he knew that a Woman, who had once gon into such desperate Measures, wou'd never cease to persecute him whom once she had fear'd. *Alas*, said he, *How honourable a thing is chearful Poverty? And how cloudy a Glory is theirs who follow a Court? 'Tis ridiculous for a Man in the midst of so many sorts of Vanity, to expect a Happiness of any duration; Uneasiness finds us out where-*
ever

ever we are ; and amidst our Feasts all is sour'd with something troublesom and disgustful. No Man can have very great Advantages of Fortune, and yet keep them long : Fate laughs at those to whom it gives a suddain Rise, since her Inconstancy is a Comfort in our Afflictions, and that our Amours still naturally exposes us to all Misfortunes.

With these Reflections he retir'd from Florence to a Wood in the Appenines, and led an Hermetical Life, taking with him the Servant of *Lucilla*, by whom he had discover'd his Danger. *Horatio* had not long absent-ed himself from the Court, when the Duke and *Lucilla* were reconcil'd, and so was pleas'd with the Misfortune which he ought to have deplor'd ; lost in the present pleasure, he forgot his Friendship for *Horatio*. There is no greater Enemy to a Great Man, than to be too sincere in his Love to his Prince ; and none are so sure of unhappiness, as those who study most the Safety and Honour of his Master : *Horatio* is sought for every where to be put to the most exquisite Torments, not that he was, but because he wou'd not be guilty of a Crime against the Happiness of his Sovereign. *Horatio* being absent, he is accused of Necromancy, and was said to have engag'd the Duke's Friendship to him by fascinating Arts ; and even what had been formerly prais'd in him for Virtues, were now condemn'd as Crimes.

Thus

Thus *Horatio* found by experience to how little purpose it was to persuade a Prince against his Inclinations; and how dangerous to provoke a Woman in her Business of Ambition and Love.

The *Roman Crown* having done; my little *Louis Do'r*, according to Custom, began next to entertain me with Affairs of this nature: I know not (said he) what Gusts the *Italian Gallants* find in the danger, and difficulty of an Intrigue; but I am sure the Matter is pursu'd as much, and with as much Assiduity in *France*, where the Access, and the Opportunities have none of those Hazards. I shall not enter into the dispute of the Lawfulness, or Unlawfulness of these Intrigues, I shall only tell you the Practice, which will shew you Women of the first Quality, and of boasted Reputation, in the Arms of their Gallants, with no other Fear before their Eyes, but that of their Husbands, which yet is not so great as to disturb the least of their delights. A convenient Assurance, with the natural Liberty the Women challenge in *France*; and a spice of Hypocrisie on certain occasions, is all that the Ladies think worth their study, to secure their Pleasure and Reputation. In *France* there is a universal Leudness goes round, and a Lady of Quality without an Intrigue at Court, looks as singular and awkward as a Beau without a Wig or a Snuff-box: Nay, the Men of Quality make no scruple of ad-

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mitting a Gallant to their Wives themselves, provided he has any Interest to carry on by the Reputation. It wou'd be endless to give you a Relation of all I have seen in the *French Court* on this head, I shall therefore confine my self to a very few Instances, which will give you a sample.

T H E

Political Whores.

IN the Time of *Henry III.* *France* was extremely divided into Factions; one side had the Duke of *Guise* at their Head, the other the King, under the Names of the Royalists and the *Guifards*. Each side was very zealous in the encreasing the Interest of their Party, by the Addition of such young Noblemen that came to years of Age sufficient to engage in such Political Quarrels. There were two young Noblemen just come into the Wold of Business, and each Party strove which shou'd engage them, the young Duke of *Candale*, and the young Duke of *Nemours*. The Duke of *Candale* had seen the Beautiful Wife of the Baron *de Grammont*, who was a violent Royalist, and her Charms soon made a sensible Impression on the Heart of the young Duke; who had neither Art, nor desire of disguising

zing a Passion from her, who only cou'd give him Relief. He, therefore, after all the Addresses of Eyes, Sighs, and pressing the Hand, &c. took courage to discover a Flame, that was not disagreeable to the Lady. And she, who was a zealous Royalist, did not doubt fixing him in that Party, who had thus long fluctuated betwixt both; and she was a Woman of too much sense, not to make use of that pretext with her Husband to favour their Meetings; who being not very jealous naturally, smother'd all suspicion in the hopes of having so considerable a Man a Convert to his Party by the Art of his Wife, whose Fidelity he did not in the least question: So that full Liberty was allow'd to their Conversation, which the Duke of *Candale* was too much in Love, and too Gallant a Man not to improve to the Advantage of his Pleasure in the Arms of *Madam de Grammont*. The Duke was converted by the Lady, and she highly diverted with her Convert, till he being fixt in his Principles, and she grown fertile by his Cultivation, the warmth of the Affair abated, and in a little time the Baron had his Wife to himself, gaining by the Intrigue, a Powerful Man to his Cause, and an Heir to his Estate.

But the *Guisards*, who were a very active Generation, having lost their Hopes of the Duke of *Candale*, were resolv'd to be beforehand with the Royalists in the young

Duke of Nemours, just then come of Age. Madam de Chastillon was a most compleat Beauty of the Fair Kind; her Hair was Flaxen, or ting'd with Gold to the Colour of the Sun-beams, and fell into a thousand entangling Curls; her Forehead spacious, her Eyes a dark Blue, large and languishing, her Skin Whiter than *Alabaster*, and her Shape and Mien answerable to those admirable Parts we have describ'd. Her Stature was inclining to Tall, which gave her Port a sort of graceful Majesty, which at once gave Desire, and Aw'd it. Her Charms join'd to her Zeal for the *Guise*, gave her the Name of the *Belle Guisard*. Her Husband Monsieur de Chastillon was a busie Tool of the Party, who won him by a perpetual Flattery of his Parts, in Learning and Politicks, tho' he had not enough of the first to set up for a Village Schoolmaster, nor of the latter, for a common Newswriter. His Study was stor'd with Books, whose Gilt Backs amuz'd his Eye, but whose inside never improv'd his Understanding. So for Politicks, he herded with the most active of the Court, who finding him a fit Instrument for their Ends, admitted him into the *Junto*, on whom the whole Machine of Faction turn'd; of this the Abbot *Fouquet*, and the Count de *Hocquincourt* were the chief: The former being by profession a single Man, in an Honourable and Beneficial Post, might have spar'd himself the Fatigue

tigue of ruling a Party, having no Posterity to reap the Advantage of his Toils. But as he was of a Pale Swarthy Vizage, so his Mind had a Tincture of the same unwholesom Mixture; he lov'd to be at the Head of a Party, and being in his Nature incapable of forgiving an Injury either real or imaginary, the rest of the *Junto* took the same Principle, by which at last they made themselves so many Enemies as overturn'd their Dominion, and gave the Cause to the unpopular Royalists. In this *Junto* was it debated how the young Duke of *Nemours* shou'd be secur'd to the Party; Monsieur *de Chastillon* desir'd to let him have that Task himself, for the accomplishment of which he wou'd be answerable to the *Junto*. Tho' one of the *Junto* very much doubted his Capacity, yet finding that *Fouquet* approv'd of the Motion, easily acquiesc'd, not doubting but that *Chastillon* mov'd by the directions of *Fouquet*; as indeed he did. For meeting with him when the noise was hot of the Duke of *Candale*'s going entirely into the Interest of the contrary Party, and having some hints at the motives of his Resolution — My Lord (said *Fouquet*) the Baron *de Grammont* has acted like a Politician indeed, and like a Man of Sense, and one who will be advanc'd by sacrificing the Trifle of a Wife's Embraces to the good of the Cause he is engag'd in. A Wise Man shou'd never Marry a hand-

some Wife to please his own Gusto, and to deliver himself a Victim to her Charms; nor like *Sampson*, forget all great Actions in the wanton Arms of *Dalilah*; but he shou'd make the same use of her, that *Grammont* has done. I fear he will pursue the same Method with the young Duke of *Nemours*, now full of youth, and sway'd by Amorous desires, a fine Woman may lead him whether so ever she pleases, and having once declar'd of one side, there are Arts enough to retain him, if he has not Resolution to keep to what he has once espous'd.

My Lord (replied *Chastillon*) I believe I have the means then of serving the young Duke of *Nemours*; my Wife is in all things superior to *Grammont's*, and which is still better for the design, the Duke has fixt his Eyes upon her with such marks of Affection, that I believe I do not flatter my self, when I say I have it in my power to make him our own; nor shall it be said that *Grammont* did more for his Party than I will for mine. This was the assurance that made the Abbot *Fouquet* assign him to *Chastillon* in the *Junto*. *Chastillon* made it his business to caress the young Duke, and carry him home to Dinner and Supper, and then officiously to leave him alone with his Wife, who had her Instruction to deny him no Favour, that might fix him in the Faction of the *Guisards*: And the Duke was so entirely Free in that Particular, that if she had

had'propos'd the *Alcoron*, the hopes of the Blessing of her Person, wou'd have carried the Cause. Till he had done, some public Act for the Party, tho' he was a Man as accomplish'd for the Lady's Service as any at Court, she allow'd him no substantial Joys; but making him only half Blest, made him the more eager to come to an entire possession.

They were both young and wanton, and she shew'd no little command of her self in resisting an Importunity so agreeable to her, till she had gain'd her point; but her zeal for her Party happen'd to be stronger than her Lust, so at once secur'd her Conquest, and fixt her Gallant in Politicks and Love, so that he never after forsook the Cause. Tho' in Love he grew a little roving, and she, who had now by her Husband's consent bid adieu to her Virtue, began to provide for her self, nor stuck at any thing in which she hop'd the least pleasure. Nor cou'd the Husband justly find fault, since he first not only taught, but commanded her to think of another in so Criminal a way.

I will not tell you of Madam a' Olone's numerous Intrigues, with the Duke of *Candale* (the Grand-son of the former) Monsieur de *Beauvin*, *Jeanin de Castille* a rich Merchant of *Paris*, or *Paget* as rich a Banker of the same place, the Count de *Guiche*, and the Father the Marshal de *Grammont*, the

Prince of Conde, her Husband's Chaplain, the Marshal *de Hocquincourt*, and various more, while by false Caresses she lull'd her doating Husband asleep, till her Favours grew so common that they were not thought worth the concealing; till it came to her Husband's Ears, who leaving the Court, took his Lady with him into the Country, in hopes there to enjoy her without a Rival; ev'n in that he was deceiv'd, for while he kept a Servant, his good Lady wou'd not be depriv'd of her Recreation, Tho' all the Court Ladies are not so very inconstant as Madam *D'Olone*, yet all of them have their share of Man, except those who are for a strange odd Taste of acting the Men themselves, and debauching the young Girls, to pursue more filthy, more unnatural, and more empty Joys. But this, like all other Novelties, spread much at Court, and was mightily follow'd because a new Vice: Yet Madam *de Veneville* stuck to the old way of more substantial Pleasure in the Arms of the Count *de Thoulouse*.

T H E
Lucky Escape :
 O R, T H E
REPRIZAL.

Monsieur *de Veneville* was look'd on as a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and of a pretty good Estate, to encrease which he Married the Daughter of the Chevalier *D' Harcourt*, a very considerable Fortune; She was moderately Handsome, had a Pertness of Discourse, and an Air very agreeable: Her Husband had by his Conversation with some Jovial Fellows contracted a habit of Drinking, and of coming home pretty late, which left his Lady many idle Hours to contrive a satisfaction, which his Conduct had of late very much abridg'd her of, and to which she found her self not a little inclin'd by Nature. A Woman of Address and Youth need not in the *French* Court be long destitute of a Gallant; and the Count *de Tholouse* being a young Man of Quality, and bred to the Sea, her opportunity of seeing him often with her Husband, who belong'd to the Maritime Affairs, gave her no small liking to the Man; and her Conversation and Person rais'd in him a tender kindness
 for

for her ; so that both being willing, it was not longe'er they came to an *Ecclaircissement*. Several hasty Enjoyments they found means of obtaining ; but those serv'd only to heighten their desires of a more full satisfaction. Madam *Veneville* understanding, that her Husband was engag'd one Night, both at Play and at Drinking, believ'd herself very secure till towards the Morning: The Count is inform'd of the matter, and in the Dusk of the Evening comes to her House, is admitted to her Chamber, where they soon entred the List of Love, getting to Bed out of Hand. They had not long Revell'd in Joy, but News is brought that Monsieur her Husband is return'd, but very much in Drink. The Count is immediately dress'd in Womens Night-cloaths, and the Lady gets out of her Bed in her Gown in order to stop her Husband from coming into the Room: But he, full of Love now as Wine, was resolv'd that Night to lye with his Lady, which he seldom of late did, but when he was thus unfit for that place. Madam stops him at the Door, and tells him he must not come in, since *Madammoiselle de Chartres* was in her Bed, and just got to sleep, not being very well. He swore that nothing should hinder him that Night from being her Bedfellow. Madam grows angry, but cou'd not provoke him to be gon ; and when at last he found his Fondness in vain, he swore he wou'd not leave the Room till he

he had taken one kiss of the young Lady, for robbing him of the Pleasure of lying that Night in her Arms. This alarm'd them more than all; but whatever she cou'd do he found his way to the Bed-side, he struggled some time in vain for a Kiss, the Count hiding his Face in the Pillow, and Madam and her Maid pulling him away, tir'd at last, he swore that she was a perfect Virago, but that in the Morning he wou'd take his Revenge; so betwixt Scolding and Perswasion, they got him up to Bed, where he was no sooner laid but the fumes of the Wine got the mastery of his Senses, and he slept as soundly as if the Count had not been supplying his place with his Lady; who immediately return'd to him, and fastning the Chamber Door against any other Interruption, she flew to his adulterous Arms as full of Desire and Love, as if she had never enjoy'd him before; or that Adultery were a Modish Accomplishment with which the Conscience had nothing to do.

The Danger being over, and the Count recover'd of his Fright, they cou'd not forbear Laughing at the Imposition on the Husband, and resolving to make use of their Time, they let slip but few minutes; until the day coming on, the Count got up, and went away in a Chair to his own Apartment: Nor had he been scarce gon, but Monsieur de Veneville getting up, comes down to his Lady's Room, finds her in Bed, and

and asks for *Madammoiselle de Chartres*; yes replied Madam his Wife, you have behav'd your self very finely, you come home Drunk, and then abuse the best Friend I have; *Madammoiselle* affronted at your last Nights Behaviour, took Chair as soon as it was day, resolving never to come near your House any more. Monsieur *Veneville* was a little vex'd at the misfortune, because he had long had a Passion for the Lady, that burnt in his Breast: He therefore charg'd his Wife to go to her that day, and make his Excuse, and endeavour his Reconcilement with her, since whatsoever he had done was only the effect of the Liquor he had drank. That being oblig'd to go so early about the Business of his Office, he wou'd meet her in the Evening at Monsieur *de Chartres's* Apartment, and there have her make up his Peace. Madam having promis'd to obey his Commands, he left her, to go about his other Affairs. But here Madam committed a great oversight in Love Politicks, since she ought immediately to have gone to the Lady to inform her what Part she was to act in her behalf: But she being pretty well tir'd with the work of the Night, yielded to her Inclinations for Sleep and Refreshment; not suspecting that her Husband wou'd ever think of going near *Madammoiselle* till she had made his way easie.

But it so happen'd, that as he was going to his Office, he met with *Madammoiselle's* Woman,

Woman, who had often solicited in his behalf, and had been retain'd by him some Time: Finding her thus early abroad, made him conclude that all that he had been perswaded to by his Wife was really matter of Fact, so that coming up to her, Ah my dear *Beaumelle*, said he, am I not quite ruin'd in your Lady's good Opinion? Will she ever forgive my drunken Impertinence? And must I always languish under a Cruelty which I have now but too justly provok'd? What new Adventure alarms you (replied *Beaumelle*) what have you done then to ruin what I have been so long a doing for you; even when I had brought her to confess that she lik'd you, and cou'd with difficulty deny you any thing? Alas! last Night (said the disconsolate *Veneville*) last Night was my Ruin, I came home too much Elevated with the Juice of the Grape, which made me so whimsical to design to lye with my Wife; but as my ill Stars wou'd have it, *Madammoiselle* was got into my Place fast asleep, and I like a rude inconsiderate Lover wou'd needs ravish a Kiss from her, which with her utmost struggling she denied me.—Hold (interrupted *Beaumelle*) you are I fear not sober yet, and repeat your wild Dreams for matter of Fact. My Lady was not out of her Apartment all the Day nor Night, nay rests yet in her Bed. *Veneville* was Thunder-struck with these words, and cou'd not be prevail'd on to believe

lieve her; but she assuming the Discourse went on: Come then, I find you are like other Husbands, in the Dark as to their own Affairs, and while you are so eager in pursuit of my Lady, never take Notice what is done at home. It is plain that your Wife had a Gallant in her Bed, and this was only her Excuse to impose upon you; I will go before, and prepossess my Lady of the Affront put on her by Madam *de Veneville*, which shall be sure to turn to your Benefit, if you come soon after me, and press the Advantage I have given you. *Veneville*, as much as he was vex'd at this Trick of his Wife's, was transported with too much Joy in the Prospect *Beaumelle* had given him of immediate success with his Mistress, to think of any thing more; so doubling *Beaumelle's* Fee he dismiss'd her, and went to the *Bagnio*, where cleansing himself he prepar'd for the pleasing encounter, which he persuaded himself was very near.

Beaumelle by this time had sufficiently fir'd *Madammoiselle de Chartres* to Revenge the Injury Madam *Veneville* had done her, in making use of her Name to cover her Thefts: Which with her Inclinations for *Veneville*, made her resolve not to be cruel to him when the first opportunity presented his eager Address. In the midst of these Thoughts *Veneville* found her just wrapt in her Night-Gown, which was thin enough to discover all the Beauties of her Person; he is conducted

ducted privately up Stairs to her Bed-chamber by *Beaumelle*, and there left to his own Courage and good Fortune. *Veneville* address'd himself to her in the most passionate manner, and finding encouragement, proceeded step by step to the last Happyness she cou'd bestow; The Amorous Combat being over, he took his leave, and retir'd, expecting that his Wife wou'd soon be there to make her, her Friend, meaning her self, her Bedfellow that Night. The Husband had not been long gone but the Wife came, and found *Madammoiselle* yet in Bed, little dreaming that she came to Address to the only Woman who wou'd betray her. First Complements being over, alas! my Dear, said *Madam de Veneville*, I am utterly undone, unless you stand my Friend. In all that I can with Honour replied the other. I desire no more, replied *Veneville*: But you must first promise never to say one syllable of what I am going to tell you; for businesses of this Nature are not to be confided without the utmost Caution: For tho' all Women will gratify their Inclinations, yet while our peace depends on the Humour of a Man, whom the Law has given a Power over us, we must play the Hypocrites, and rail at that in another, which we dayly practice our selves; for it is not the Action, but the Conduct, that the World condemns. People of Sense know that Nature will be Nature, and that while

we

we indulge our Appetites and Senses in all other Pleasure, Chastity is only a meer Pretence, to carry on an Intrigue with the less suspicion.

What I have said will be sufficient to convince you, that I have been guilty of the Frailty of my Sex, and view'd another Person with Eyes of a tender Regard beside Monsieur *Veneville*; yes Madam, I confess the Woman, I have seen, and I love the most charming of his Sex. My Husband was impos'd on me by a Brother, and my Inclinations no more consulted, than if I had none; he has besides us'd me like a Husband, his brutal Humours I am always sensible of, but seldom a kind offer comes from him, but when he is incapable of making them any thing but Offers. In short, Madam, last Night, being assur'd that he wou'd not come home till very late, if at all, I admitted the dear Man I love to my Bed, where we had not been long, but my drunken Beast interrupted us, but I had the Address to pass him upon him for you my Dear; and on his rude Behaviour, I told him you were gone away in disgust; two things I must therefore beg of you, one, to own your Lying with me last Night; and the other, to admit of a seeming Reconciliation, this Evening when he will come to beg your Pardon.

I know not Madam, replied *Madammoiselle*, what I ought to do in this Case, I think

think you us'd me but indifferently in making use of my Name on this occasion, yet since it is past, I will do what I can to serve you, but fear I shall be trapp'd by his Curiosity. The best way in my mind said *Veneville*, will be for you, after Reconciliation, to go to my House this Night, and take a Bed with me, and let him find us as he did my Gallant and me the last.

Madammoiselle having some other Thoughts agreed to the Proposal; but when the Reconciliation came in the Evening, she told him his Wife's design, and that he might make what use of the Intelligence he pleas'd. Just before they were got into Bed *Veneville* comes home, and as before, pretending himself Drunk, wou'd make his Wife and *Madammoiselle* drink a Bottle of Wine with him; to quiet him, by her Consent the matter was agreed: He took care to fill his Wife's Glass very largely, which (she not being us'd to good Liquor in any Quantity) soon had its desir'd effect. Madam goes to Bed, and *Madammoiselle* with her; whither *Veneville* as soon as undress'd comes after, and there revenges his Quarrel on his Wife; for in the very place where she embrac'd her Gallant but the Night before, he, by her side, had a full Enjoyment of his Mistress even to satiety, the Fumes of the Wine imprisoning Madam *Veneville's* Senses so far that she knew nothing of the matter. *Veneville* having acted like a Man, wou'd

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needs persuade *Madammoiselle* to a fresh onset, when now in all probability his Wife must wake and be a Witness of their Caresses; She utterly refus'd it, but he pressing it with vigour, she made but a weak Resistance to a Pleasure she lik'd, when in the height of their Raptures *Madam Veniville* began to wake, and was at last sensible of the Treachery of her Friend; but being prov'd too Guilty her self, was fain to submit to what Terms they wou'd give her. The happy Life they afterwards liv'd you may easily Guess, when Love was on neither side, yet Distrust and Diffidence on both.

THE

Countrey JILT.

BUT the strange Appetite of Woman in things of this Nature, I must give you an Instance of, in an Adventure of a Doctor of Physic, who lodg'd at a creditable House in *Paris*: He was not yet a Man of much Practice, and so kept but indifferent Hours. He had frequently observ'd that a handsom young Country Lady was up when ever he came home, and being sometimes exalted with good Liquor, he ventur'd into her

her Apartment, where she receiv'd him very civilly; he saw she was Beautiful, and believ'd her very Innocent: However he frequently made his Addresses in his Drink, which for fear of disobliging her, he denied all Remembrance of when he was Sober. When he really was not Drunk he wou'd pretend to be so, to push on an Affair in which he propos'd a great deal of pleasure. Coming home one Night pretty early he found her in Tears, and after much pressing to know the Cause, she ingeniously confess'd, that being but young and foolish she had been betray'd to Marry her Father's Coachman; but, that having never Consummated, she thought her self free, and wou'd Marry the Doctor if he thought fit, having a Fortune of 40000 Crowns at her own Command. The Doctor was infinitely pleas'd with her Person, and desir'd nothing more, than always to live with so charming a Creature: So having blam'd her for a Folly so much beneath her Quality and Fortune, and made her promise him not to see him if he shou'd come to Town (as his Letter had told her) but remove to some other place where he cou'd not be able to find her: He left her and went to Bed, she allowing him no Liberties beyond Kisses while he was Sober. The next Night he came home pretty merry, and made himself appear much farther gon than really he was; he press'd matters so far, that there

being a Bed in the Room he accomplish'd his desires, and the next day ask'd Pardon if he had done any thing amiss, since he cou'd remember nothing he did.

This Method continued a while, but when he pretended to the like Favours when he was Sober, she wou'd fly into a passion at his attempts on her Honour; so resolving to make the matter more easie, he comes home in a woeful Condition in appearance, and the Lady believing it real, admitted him to her Embraces; but in the midst of his Joy he said to her, Madam, 'tis now a folly any more to deny me, I am in possession, and I am Sober, assure your self I was not ignorant of my Happiness all this while, but cou'd no longer bear the thoughts that you shou'd give those Favours to me when I was least like a Man, and deny them when I knew how most to take them; I therefore now claim you as my own, since purchas'd by Stratagem as well as real Passion: She was too well pleas'd with what was transacting to shew any Resentment; and never after deny'd him what he ask'd, whether drunk or sober.

But now another Letter comes from the Coachman her Husband, That he wou'd be in Town the following Week. She promis'd him faithfully, not only not to admit him to her Bed, but even to her Sight, and to remove with him as soon as he cou'd get them another Lodging. The Doctor went
out

out in order the next day to provide her a new Lodging, but according to Custom made it late before he came home; when enquiring for the Lady, he was told that she was in Bed with her Husband, who that very Evening was come out of the Country. The Doctor was in a Passion scarce to be restrain'd, against his Rival Coachman, and her fickle Jilting Temper, which he concluded at last not worthy his Thoughts; so to Bed he went, and lying pretty long in the Morning, the Lady in her loose Gown came to his Bedside, threw her self on the Bed with Tears in her Eyes, begg'd his Pardon, and protested that she cou'd not help what was past, but that she was ready to go with him wherever he pleas'd with all her Fortune.

No Madam, replied he, you are only fit for the Husband you have chosen, who I doubt not will use you according to his sense and Education; you have now Consummated your Marriage, and have no longer any pretence to Separation, nor will I share in a Guilt that can afford me no Pleasure; while you were mine, and as I believ'd only mine, I valu'd you above all the World; but when you have shewn your self not proof against so contemptible a Wretch, you give a proof that your Soul and your Body are very ill match'd; and I, Madam, who can never love the Body only without any Regard to the Beauty of the Mind, must

from this moment cease ever to think kindly of you.

She heard him with Tears, threw her Snowy Arms about him, with her self on the Bed by him, nay, made such Advances as were sufficient to unbend any Resolution but his: But he struggling from her Arms, got on his Cloaths, and left her sighing on the Bed, whilst he went out and got a new Lodging, whither he removed that very Night. But afterwards, enquiring out of Curiosity after his Damafelle, he heard that she received her Husband that very Night to her Bed, and was never more Brisk and Jolly in all her Life: But that she was resolv'd not to keep all her Charms for the Coachman, she had then got three several Gallants. So concluding that she was wretched enough, he never Curs'd her any more.

My little *Louis d'Or* having said this held his Tongue, when my *Guinea* thus gravely began.

O F

L O V E.

Love, it is most true, is a Passion that Rules in every Man's Breast that is not a perfect Brute and Barbarian, yet not in all in the same degree. There is a soft and dif-

disquiet desire of Pleasuring whomsoever we find any satisfaction in, whether by Chance, their Merits, or our own Mistake: And this cunningly insinuates it self so into our Hearts, that we find our selves in Love before we have any Thoughts of the Measures of our Love. It wou'd be no difficult matter to banish this Passion in its first approaches, did it not sooth those whom it afflicts, with such a Witchery of Pleasure and Softness, as to make it seem a sort of inhuman Ferocity (especially those who never felt it before) to drive so gentle a delight from their Hearts. But if this Passion be rightly manag'd, there is nothing more noble and sublime in the whole Nature of Things; for it not only heightens the Virtues the Lover is Master of, but even casts an agreeable Vizor or Veil over his Vices. Ill therefore do our formal Philosophers, full of a severe Moroseness, form to themselves an enervate and filthy Image of Love, to raise their Aversion to so heavenly a Passion; since in all human Affairs there is nothing more sincere, provided its Flames are kept in just Limits, and be not suffer'd to burn those things that are forbidden. But to make it appear, that this Fire of Love is not an Addition to a Breast worthy and fit for its Reception, but Born in it: Experience shews us, that not only Youth and Men of Riper years, but even Boys have felt the Force of this Passion. And Boys

and young Men being more free from the Incumbrances of the World, can less govern themselves in this Affection; it is more anxious and solicitous in theirs than the Breast of Men more involv'd in Years and Experience. This spurs up their Minds to things above the common stress of their years, and makes them aim at an Excellence they wou'd not else have thought of: An Example will make the matter more plain.

THE Force of LOVE.

THere was a Boy at School in a Country Town, who loving his Play more than his Book, made but little progress in the Arts he came thither to learn. It happen'd that a Lady of Quality came to the same Town with two of her Daughters; who being a particular Acquaintance of the Parents of this Boy, sent for him to her Inn, there to entertain him in Honour of his Friends. When he was come, he first began to regard one of the two Daughters with a singular Admiration, then to dwell on her Words, and at last in the first Interview to love her to extremity.

This brought his rude and uncultivated Mind to have a sense of some Cares; so that
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the next day he went again to the place that he was Conscious of the Birth of his unknown Wound, and encreas'd his illness by a longer Conversation. The next day the Lady pursued her Journey, and left the Stripling almost dead in the place; for he durst not own the Malady for fear of his Relations, and of being made the sport of the Boys his Schoolfellows. After a long debate within himself, he cou'd find no other way worth following, but a close and diligent Application to his Studies, hoping by his progress in Learning to redeem his past Time, and render himself so agreeable to his Parents, as to make them able to deny him nothing; that when he had employ'd his Time from this Accident so well, he might get leave, as a Reward of his Diligence, to go to see the next City, where this Lady then lived with his Beloved. This strange Change of his Conduct surpriz'd both the Masters and his fellow Schollars, who cou'd by no means guess at the Cause of it, that he that so little a while since had a perfect Aversion to the study of Letters, shou'd now surpass every Body in his Love and Application: For he got up in the Morning to his Book, while others were taking their Repose; nor wou'd ever be drawn to any diversion, but by the Force of his Master's Commands. For that Force of Love, which had possess'd the Boy, and begot this Diligence, mitigated

gated the sense of the Labour, and gave the Muses a Charm to him which he never knew before. But as it happens in so tender an Age, long Absence had pretty well wore out that Flame which the Presence of the young Lady had lighted in his unripe Bosom, the Thirst and Desire of Learning yet remain'd; and he made such a wonderful Progress in Arts and Sciences, that the learned World was afterwards very much oblig'd to his Studies.

Growing now up to a Youth, he had yet a mind to see the Lady to the Power of whose Charms he had ow'd so considerable an Advantage, he made a Journey to the City of her Abode; but coming thither he found that she was the day before Married to another: So never vent'ring to see her, he return'd to his Studies, and made them ever after his Wife and his Mistress.

There are Ten Thousand instances of the wonderful effects of Love; but that which is the present subject of our discourse, tho' it go under that glorious Name, is far unworthy of the Title. The Ancients indeed made two *Venus's*, two Goddesses of Love; one the Daughter of *Jupiter* and born in the Heavens, and therefore the source of all just Passions which are founded on Virtue; the other sprung from the Froath of the Turbulent Sea, who is the Goddess of Lust, speaking properly; who scatters about those unlawful, and those waving and inconstant Passions,

Passions, that give abundance of Fatigue and Pain in the Enjoyment, and often Misery and Destruction in the Event. One is the source of the noblest Happiness of Man, the other of the greatest Misery and Pain. 'Tis true, that experience has shown me, that if Reason and good Sense is incapable of Reforming them, all Penal Laws and Informers only add to the Evil, and harden those in the Folly, who else might have been taught by one evil to avoid another. The Fatigues and the Consequences of Whoring are often a severer Punishment for the Folly, than any Law did hitherto ever inflict, nay, perhaps than is in the Power of any Legislators ever to invent ; if horrible Diseases, unpitied Poverty, and universal Contempt may be thought of that Nature. To see a Fool that has kept his Coach and Six, reduc'd to trudge about in a Thread bear Coat, Cobled Shoes, and a Pissburnt Wigg, for an Age together, and carry Letters for a Pot of Ale, for being a Bubble to a Jilt, who never was true to him, nor wou'd give him one penny to keep him from starving. To see another in the midst of his Youth, decrepit as Age, full of Aches and Pains, Disgustful, nay, Loathsom Blotches, that bring Mortality it self almost into Disgust ; and this by a Company of Scandalous Drabs, who are as common as the Street he trod on ; is a Punishment, I think, that no
Law

Law has yet, nor any but Nature inflicted on the foolish Transgressions this way.

As I have observ'd Men of Quality impos'd on in every thing, the Poetafter passeth on them for a Poet; a Dawber for a Painter; a Scraper for a Musician; a Mason for an *Architect*; so does a worn out Whore of the Town for a Citizens Wife or Daughter; and she that has been common to his Valet de Chambre, goes down with him for a pure Virgin by the help of Alom and Address. There was a certain Noble Man in this City, who being an extraordinary Husband in all things, was very parcimonious even in his Whoring; he kept a Bawd whom he allow'd Twenty Pounds a year Salary, which was ill paid, to provide him Whores; and a *French* Surgeon whom he paid better, the better to Cure the ills the former procur'd; for he wou'd rather hazard his Body with a Drab of the Town, put on him by his Bawd for a Citizens Daughter, tho' he knew the Cheat, than venture his Money to procure wholesom Food. But this is a Common Bite among the Quality who deal with Bawds, *Drury-lane* furnishing them with Citizens Wives and Daughters, of all Degrees and Complexions.

Other Noble Lords are for singling out a bright Nymph of the Stage, or the Bar, and keeping her for his own use, while he is only at the expence of maintaining a Whore for the Publick. Tho' this were a migh-
tier

tier Mode some years since than now, yet it is now so common, that Drawers and Tapsters keep their Whores averse to Marriage. They are never Faithful, have no regard to the Man that supports them, make him and his Fortune a Sacrifice to their Vanity, Avarice, or Lust; they act Love without Tenderness, a Man's hugging to his Bosom a cleaving Mischief, instead of a soft and dear Companion.

T H E

Kept M I S S.

There was a Merchant in the City of *London*, who dealt for a great deal of Money, and as he had a plentiful income by his Trade, so he was resolv'd to employ part of it, in those Pleasures which were agreeable to his Age, which was under Thirty Years. Gaming was a sport he never much car'd for, and Drinking, tho' it gave the enjoyment of a Friend at the same time, yet his Constitution did not seem made for that Delight; Women were his chief Pleasure, and yet afraid to Hazard his Health by living on the Common, he resolv'd to find out some agreeable Girl whom he might keep to himself, and spend his looser Hours with in Enjoyment, that a deprav'd Appetite

tite cou'd not give him with his Wife, tho' every way more Accomplish'd than the Lady of Pleasure which he chose. She was Beautiful in her Person, and Affable in her Temper ; and had she been any Man's Wife but his own, there never had been a Woman that cou'd have pleas'd him better ; but having had her some years, he cou'd find no more Charms in her.

This Gentleman Walking in the Park, met a young Lady, whose Face, whose Person, and whose Air pleas'd him extreamly: He address'd himself to her, and found her Discourse as agreeable as her Appearance, and perfectly compleated the Conquest of his Heart. He Walked with her so long, that he prevail'd with her to wait on her Home, where, by her Art, she fixt him to her Will, and he agreed to remove her from her Lodging and her present Gallant, who being an Officer in the Guards, cou'd not allow her to that extent which her Vanity desired. The Merchant immediately took her very fine Lodgings, and on her coming into them, presented her with a Hundred Guinias, and a Diamond Ring of more value ; and Celebrated the first Night's Enjoyment with as much Pomp, as if it had been his Wedding Night to the finest and most Virtuous Lady in London. Her Caresses as little as they had of Nature, were, however so improv'd by Art, that the Merchant thought himself the happiest Man in Chri-

stendom :

Freedom : Scarce a day pass'd but he made her some present or other ; and was such a Sot, to believe that his Love and Generosity had entirely engag'd her Inclinations. He only wish'd that good fortune wou'd rid him of his present Wife, that she might succeed to his Legitimate Embrace ; but alas ! a Whore has no Thoughts but of her Self, her own Interst, or her Pleasure ; for when a Woman has once forsaken the Rules of Virtue, she has nothing to retain her within any Bounds. All her care was to keep the Thefts of Love from the Eyes of her Keeper, and secretly to divide his Spoils with the Scoundrel she fancied.

She never slipp'd any opportunity of his Fondness, without getting something from him of value, either in Jewls or Money. The Miss imagin'd it a prudent care to provide for her self, if he should Die or alter his Affections, which she thought was impossible. She went to the Park and the Play, the Opera, and all the Resorts of the Young and the Fair, nor wou'd she deny her self the satisfaction of the Embraces of any young Fellow she lik'd, either at Home or Abroad, tho' her kind Keeper thought her constant to him, and that he only enjoy'd a Pleasure which he paid so very dear for. At the Play She was mightily taken with one of the Actors ; and rather than want her satisfaction, she not only let him know her mind by the following Letter, but

but sent with it a Present to move his desire of Gain.

You will not sure be surpriz'd, that you shou'd seem agreeable to a young Lady, since doubtless you have found that by experience; that you never appear on the Stage but you Wound more in reality in the Boxes, than the Hero you represent does, in the imaginary Field. At least I must on my self own of those, who think nothing more agreeable. If you doubt the Truth of my Letter, meet me in Covent-Garden-Square, before Play time this Evening, and I'll convince you that I am no Hypocrite, when I profess that I Love. Yours Amelia.

The hour appointed is come, and she in a Hackney Coach waits with impatience the coming of *Roscius*, who never disappointing a Challenge of this Nature, was there waiting her coming; pleas'd with his readiness at the Assignment, she beckned him to the Coach, which when he was enter'd, she pull'd off her Mask, and drew up the Glasses; she was too Pretty not to satisfy him with the Adventure, and too Willing not to deny him any satisfaction he desired, her Wishes preventing ever his Attempts. According to the Mode of *Covent Garden*, he soon made the Coach conscious of his Vigour, and gave her that delight, that she was resolv'd to take him home to her Lodging; but it being a Night when he Acted a Chief

a Chief Part, the Hour was appointed when the Play was done. In the mean time she went home to have all things in that order, as to seem more worthy his pursuit, and to secure their Pleasures from any interruption from her Keeper. She always took care to have a Maid exactly tutor'd to her Will, and therefore made her imprudently her Confident. This Maid, when the Merchant came, told him, That she had been ill all day, and that she was gone to Bed in hopes of getting some Sleep that Night, and desir'd not to be disturb'd till the Morning. The good Man was mightily troubled for her Indisposition, and valued her Health so much, that he immediately went away, charging the Servant to have a peculiar care of her Mistress; and the more to encourage her, gave her half a Piece.

The Keeper being thus easily put off, she only expected her Gallant with impatience, and being in Bed for fear the Merchant should have come up, she was resolv'd to receive her Gallant in that place and manner: She had provided a neat Collation and rich Wine, Conserve and other comfortable eatables. *Roscius* who had conceav'd Mountains of his Lady, was punctual to his Word, scarce allowing himself time to shift himself. *Phillis* lay in her Bed with her Bosom negligently bare, cover'd only with a fine Holland Sheet; for the Weather was very Warm: The sight was so tempting, that tho' she was ta-

king her Gown to get up, having told him the Reason of her being in that place, that the Maid had scarce time to withdraw, before he threw himself into her willing Arms, and gave her an earnest of what he promis'd to do when in Bed. The first Scene of Lewdness being over, the Lovers got up, Madam only in her thin loose Gown, and *Roscius* in his Cloaths all unbutton'd, as he generally wore them in the heat of the Weather. A Cap and the poor Keeper's Gown was soon brought for the Gallant to put on, who stripping himself to his Shirt to be on equal terms with the Lady, clapp'd on the Gown that was brought him, and sat down to the Collation, and having eaten and drank to satiety, the Bawd retires, and the Lovers go to the encounter, which lasted almost till Morning, to the no small Scandal of the House, and then departed highly satisfy'd with his Intreague, of which he sufficiently boasted among his brethren, according to the worthy Custom of the Gentlemen of that Family. The Maid was told of this irregularity by the Landlady; who, according to her desire, acquainted her Lady with it; which was so far from reforming her, or making her afraid of a discovery, that the first thing she did, was to put her fond Keeper on taking a small House for her, where she might live more securely in her Whoring. She had not bin long settled in her new Abode, but she found out

out a new Lover (for she us'd to say, That after the first or second engagement with a Man, the Pleasures grew Pall'd and Insipid) and this was an under Dancing Master in the House. A Fellow, all whose merit lay in his Heels, and that but very slender too. Few of these Sparks, or Fidler and Singers, have any share of Sense and Understanding sufficient to make them above Fools. However Monsieur *Caper* had jump't fortunately into this Ladies Affections, which was not only agreeable to his Lewdness, but his Vanity, who never had an Affair before with any Woman above an Orange-Wench. The same was his Treatment, and as Vigorous his Embraces; so that she thought she had chang'd nothing but the Man, and that for the better.

But this Coxcomb was more troublesome than she expected ; for tho' he valu'd her as little as she cou'd him, after the first heat of the Battle was over, yet he wou'd not quit her, in hopes of Food for his Body as well as his Vanity. The Letter she sent him was show'd to all the House, and *Roscius* at last had a sight of it ; He knew the Hand very well, but dissembled his Knowledge, and plainly told Mr. *Caper*, That he would never believe it any thing but his own inditing to himself, or else from some *Drury-lane* Strumpet, unless he brought him into her Company. That *Caper* readily agreed to, and finding at last that he cou'd not get her to a Tavern, he carries *Roscius* directly to
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her House; the Door being open'd, and without any Cerimony, lead him in with such Assurance and Familiarity, as convinc'd him of what had past. Coming into the Parlour to her, Madam was Drinking her Chocolate, her Keeper as good Fate wou'd have it being just gone to the *Change* — *My dear Phillis, (said Caper,) I have made bold to bring a dear Friend of mine to Drink a Dish of Chocolate with you— Here Betty, draw me a Chair for the Gentleman—* Madam no sooner saw Roscius but she started, and blush'd with a Scarlet dye. He made her a Bow, and address'd himself to her in this Manner — *And Madam, can you indeed fall so low, to admit such a Creature as this to those Arms which are only fit to incircle a God! Was I thrown aside for this Animal, that has not sence enough to know the Happiness he enjoys? Whether will you fall? what greater Wretch can you find out next for your Embraces? But that I can do nothing to do you an injury, who have given me so much Pleasure, I wou'd let the Gentleman your Friend know this great Rival: But that I will leave to his own Vanity, who has taken care that so many shou'd see your Letter, that I doubt not but it will come soon to his Ears, If this shou'd happen, Madam, and you be discarded, as you really deserve, for past favours, I'll get you in to be a waiter in the House, and there you will be a new Face, may get a new Cull, whom you may use a while like the Gentleman you have; but I fear it is not in your Temper*
to

to make use of your good fortune, and therefore as your ill luck maybe Infectious, from this time I shall never trouble you. Adieu most judicious Lady.

With these words he left the House, but *Caper* staid with her, and wou'd have press'd her to grant him new Favours; but she with an Assurance peculiar to her self, not only refus'd him any more, but flatly deny'd that she had ever seen him before, or had any thing to do with him. On his proceeding to Rudeness, she threatned him with a Resentment of a Gentleman's Sword, who wou'd not see her abus'd. That qualified his Rage of Love, having a Mortal Antipathy to the sight of a Sword; so challenging the Maid as a Witness of his past Happiness, he found her in the same story, and to convince them both of their Impudence, pull'd out her Letter, which being what she desir'd, she snatch'd it away; he struggling for it, the Maid and Mistress fell both upon him, and with the Poker knock'd Poor *Caper* flat as a Flounder. As soon as he recover'd himself he beg'd for Quarter, which on these Conditions they admitted him to; That he shou'd do her that Justice to clear her Reputation to *Roscius*, and own the Truth, That he never had seen her before, but mistook her for some other Woman. The Terms were harsh to a Man of his Vanity; but Fear prevail'd, and he promis'd any thing to get out of the House.

He was no sooner gone, but the Rage that *Roscius* had express'd, stuck on her mind, she fancied it discover'd something of a value he retain'd for her Person, and that renew'd her desire of a fresh Commerce with him. The more she thought of it, the more she desir'd it, and at last sends her Female *Mercury* with this Letter to him :

I Was so surpriz'd (dear *Roscius*) to day with the unaccountable Impudence of the Fellow that came with you to my House, and the Reproaches that you very unjustly then made me, that I cou'd not tell what to say to you ; and your hasty departure left me no time for Vindication: But coming to my self, I suppose I sufficiently punish'd him for his Insolence with a Lady whom he never saw before. I desire but one hour to convince you of the Truth of what I say, and then censure me as you find me Innocent or Guilty. I find what I cou'd never have believ'd, that I cannot bear your Resentment ; tho' I wou'd not have you imagin it the effect of any Passion for you, but only to clear my self of an Imputation which I scorn and detest.

Yours Amelia.

Roscius knew not what to make of this Letter, but promises to meet her the next Night at the Park near *Rosamond's Pond*. In the meanwhile he went to find out *Monfieur Caper*, to examin the matter a little clofer ;

closer; he found him in Chamber with his Head bound up, and his Eyes Black and Blue: How now Monsieur *Caper*, said he, what disaster befell you after I left you with so fine a Lady, in whose good Grace you had so considerable a Place? What did the Kind Keeper come and catch you in his *Purleus*, and give you a Remembrance of his Resentment? Come prithee unfold the Mystery. Damn the Bitch (cried out the disconsolate Monsieur) this is a barbarous Nation, they have no respect to Art; to use a Forreigner at this abominable Rate? Why, Sir, assoon as you were gon, she not only refus'd the Favours she had formerly granted, but denied that she ever had seen me before; I press'd the matter more close, she fell a scratching my Face, the Maid coming to her assistance knock'd me down with a Poker, and for fear of the Resentment of my Anger, call'd in a Fellow to keep me in Awe, whom I promis'd to do her justice, as she call'd it, and tell you, that I never had seen her before in my Life; but I promis'd that only to save my Life then in danger, but now I am got free, I will publish her in the Streets. *Mortbleu*, there never was so impudent a Whore in the World, I have lain with her Twenty times: Nay, you saw her own Letter (which she has now got from me) and yet the Damn'd Jade denies she ever saw me.

Roscius cou'd not forbear laughing at the Monsieur's ill Fortune, and tho' he was satisfied that what he said was true, yet since she had made him such a sacrifice to him, he cou'd not but forgive her, and to prevent further Mischief, advis'd poor *Caper* to to sit down with what he had, and hold his Tongue, both because he cou'd not speak of it without shame to himself, and even the hazard of his Life, since a Woman's Revenge for an Offence of that Nature, seldom stops of this side the Grave. The Monsieur full of Pain, and stout at the Distance of future Danger, swore he wou'd have Ballads made on her, and sung about the Streets, and under her own Window. *Roscius* finding that all his persuasions were in vain, left him to consult his Pillow, and the next Night met the Fair Wanton at *Rosamond's* Pond. *Roscius* had no mind to make any doubts of her Protestations, so that whatever she said found the success, that she desir'd; but he told her it was necessary, that she shou'd threaten the Monsieur a little more, since Fear wou'd cure his Vanity more, than any other Medicine whatsoever. She enquired his Lodging, resolving to take his Advice. They spent some time in renewing their Passion, and so adjourn'd to the Tavern, where their usual Freedoms past betwixt them, and she told him that she wou'd be glad to see him at her House, but that it was dangerous to her Fortune, since

since her Friend was of late grown very Jealous. She only made this Excuse, because her Indifference return'd : So parting very kindly, she set him down at his Lodging, and went home to her own House, where the Cully was waiting her coming with impatience. She seem'd very Melancholly, he enquir'd the Cause: Alas! said she, I have been to see a dear Schoolfellow of mine who is dying, and whom I fear I shall never see more; I staid thus long to see her depart this Life if I cou'd, but her Fate is lengthned perhaps to another day. She had always Tears at her Command, and then summoning them to her Aid she let fall a Pearly Shoar, which struck the tender Merchant to the Heart; for a Weeping Beauty has a strange Power to move the Soul. He comforted her all he cou'd, and by the help of a Present he had brought her, and a Glass of right *Burgundy*, which he took care she shou'd always have by her, her Melancholly was recover'd, and nothing but Joy and Pleasure succeeded, till the Hour he was to go home; never in all his dotage passing the whole Night with her, but having been in Bed till Twelve, One, or Two, he went home to his Wife, out of Civility to her Virtue, not Love to her Beauty.

If any thing cou'd have given her a Moderation, or Caution, the several Escapes she had had might have done it; but walking

ing in the Temple Garden she sees a young brisk Fop, that with as much Impertinence, as Pertness, makes his Addresses to her: The Fellow was handsome enough in his Person, and being just in the Bloom, the Down but yet rising on his Chin, gave her a Relish of Youth which supplied all other defects. He was Clerk to a Lawyer of the *Middle-Temple*, and it being now Vacation time, he Beau'd it with his Long Wigg and Sword: But had he been a Sharper, a Footman, or greater Scoundrel, if his Appearance was clean, Madam never examin'd into the merits of his Birth, Honesty, or Understanding. However she thought him too young to be trusted with her House, for Youth seldom guards the Reputation of Ladies it has to do with, a very young Fellow being fond of being thought a Man, discover their Intrigues to get that Reputation. So that the *Italian's* Advice is good to the Ladies, — *Intrigue not with a Man under Thirty, since he will tell to be thought a Man; nor past Forty, for he will tell to be thought not past one.* For this Reason she appointed to meet him at a Lady's of the Town, who was her Relation by Birth, as well as Occupation, and there she gratified her self, and him, as long as they both thought fit; when getting up, Dressing and Parting, he was resolv'd to dogg her to her Lodging, having been infinitely pleas'd with her Conversation. The next day he
was

was there to enquire who liv'd in the House, and found that only a single Lady and her Maid liv'd there, with none of the choicest Reputation in the Neighbourhood: Tho' he was not very certain that this was the right House, yet being a forward young Chick he was resolv'd to knock at the Door, and try his good Fortune. By chance the Maid was gone out, and Madam went to the Door her self, and was very much surpriz'd to find her last Nights Gallant had follow'd her so close; but having a ready Wit she Wink'd at him, and stopt his first Sally by saying, Sir, you have mistaken the House, we Let no Lodgings here; and softly wisper'd, she wou'd meet him at the same place, her Friend being then with her. Which she only did to get time to consider how to get rid of so dangerous a Companion: But she cou'd find no expedient but a Promise to meet at the old place as often as he shou'd send to her. This to her was an intollerable Yoak, and must be broke some way or other.

Her Relation had a very large Acquaintance among the Pocky Sisterhood, and therefore on her desire cou'd provide her with a Lady that was capable of giving him such a Remembrance that wou'd cost him some Months to get off: So making the young Spark pretty mellow, after the heat of his Love was over, he fell asleep, and she getting from him let the other supply her.

her place. Being now refresh'd by sleep, he wakes, and renews the encounter in so vigorous a manner, that in less than a Week he found he had reason to wish he had not been so eager for the continuation of an Amour for which he was like to pay so dear. However hoping it was but a small Evil, and Business now in Term time keeping him so close to his Desk, that he cou'd not take proper Medicines in time, let it alone for three Weeks longer, when ev'ry day discover'd new symptoms of a more terrible disaster, he is confin'd to his Chambers during the operation of three Months; in which Time the good Lady remov'd from her House at the Court end of the Town into the City, and left no Track or Footsteps by which she might be trac'd by the Spark she had so severely punish'd for his troublesome Kindness.

To recount all that she had betray'd her Friend to wou'd be endless, since from the Knight to the Carman she had tried all that she fancied, it being her Maxim to deny her self no Pleasure that Health, Wealth, and Youth cou'd afford her.

It was now the Fortune of the Merchant to have run out a little too much of his Cash in a Merchandize that made no Returns; and while he was thinking what course to take, he had Letters from the *Indies* of a near Relation who was dead, and had left him a very considerable Fortune.

The

The better to secure it, he was advis'd by his Friends, not only to go thither himself, but also to carry a Cargo with him that he might double before he return'd. He had no manner of struggle to leave his good Wife behind him; but it went to his Soul to think of parting with his Mistress. He did all he cou'd to persuade her to go with him; but she declar'd that the very sight of the Sea was sufficient to kill her. So leaving her a better support than his Wife and Family, he set Sail, accomplish'd his Voyage with success, and in his Return home, staid a little while at the Isle of *St Hellen*a; there he met with an old Acquaintance, who had been oblig'd lately to go thither as a Refuge from that ill fortune, which his own folly had brought upon him. Enquiring into the matter, our Merchant found his Friend had there got a Place which afforded him and his Wife a happy support.—But my Friend said he, why brought you your Wife with you, when your Fortune, as bad as it was, had left you so good an excuse of leaving her behind you? I think the farther from my Wife the Happier, and if it were not for the most Charming of her Sex, a taking young Harlot, that I have kept for some Time, I wou'd never have return'd from the *Indies*; but she is the prettiest Innocent, Faithful Turtle that ever lov'd.

His Friend first Laugh'd at him, then fetch'd a Sigh from the bottom of his Heart:

Alas!

Alas! my Friend, I wish you may never be convinc'd of your Error in the putting any Faith in the Proteſtations of a Harlot, as I have been, you wou'd then to your Coſt find the difference betwixt a lawful, faithful Wife, and the deſigning Careſſes of a Whore, who values what ſhe gets of you, and not your ſelf: There is no Tye of Intereſt betwixt you, and where there is not that, there can be no laſting Friendſhip betwixt Man and Man, or Love betwixt Man and Woman. Your Wife's Intereſt is yours, ſhe is Happy or Miſerable as you Thrive or Loſe; Intereſt therefore fortifies her Love to take care to guard your Reputation and Subſtance, while it being quite contrary in a Whore: It is her Buſineſs to get all from you that ſhe can, and the ſooner ſhe Ruins you, the ſooner ſhe gains her bad ends, in caſting you off for ſome one that has more of the ſmiles of blind Fortune. And then ſhe who Careſs'd and Wheedled you will not know you, and if you ſpeak to her ſpit, at you, and call you Sawcy Fellow. I am my ſelf proof of this very thing I aſſert; and in my Miſfortunes met with ſeveral miſerable Objects ruin'd by the ſame Cauſe.

T H E

Cully's Fate.

YOU know very well that I was a Man who got a great deal of Money, and might have left my Family a considerable Fortune, had it not been my ill Fate to have fallen into the bewitching Company of that detestable Creature to whom I at last ow'd my Ruin. The Plot was it seems laid for me by her former Gallant, who being weary of her, and unable better to provide for her, propos'd to get me to see her, and doubted not by her Arts and my Folly to engage me in her Snares. He invited me to a Bottle and a Fowl, and to make the Cheer compleat, when I was a little warm with Wine, he, by my consent, sent for *Sylvia*; she was not very young, having past her Thirtieth year; but by Art and some Benefit of Nature, the Lights and other Occurrences, she lost at least Ten years of her Age in my Opinion.

She was of a middle size both for Stature and Bulk; her Hair Coal Black, her Eyes Hazle and Sparkling, her Skin Clear, her Lips Ruddy, her Nose Aquiline; she sung prettily, was Gay, good Humour'd and Airy, she wou'd not let Melancholly come into the place where she was; at least till she

she had secur'd the Fool she design'd for her Gin. These things took wonderfully with me that Night, and I discover'd my liking so far, that my Friend (I speak after the way of the Town, which calls any one Friend) took occasion to withdraw; I made use of my Time, press'd matters so close that we agreed on the Point, I was to bring the Purchase with me the next day, and take possession of what I had bought. I am ashamed to tell what I gave her, so much was I besotted on her, but I wish my Extravagance had ceas'd there; but having once admitted me into her Arms, she was resolv'd never to part with me till she had drain'd me of all my Money: The Park and the Play, *Chelsea* and all the Resorts of Pleasure must we frequent. I was once with her at the Magpye at *Chelsea*, and up in a Chamber where there was a Bed, after our Sports we drank a Bottle, and I sung her a Song. One pair of Stairs there was an Acquaintance of mine, who hearing my Voice knew it, and sending his Name, I invited him up with his Friend to my Room. Drinking about I began to sing a Song, as I then us'd frequently to do; but says he Mr. — your Voice is excellently Good, but like all Bases, that are so, I think it sounds much better at a Distance; if that be all, said I, I will go down to the bottom of the Stairs and try; the Voice in the Ascent I believe will sound very agreeably.

ably. He embraced the motion, it being indeed what he design'd; I cou'd suspect nothing since there were two in the Room with her; yet her Impudence was such, that whilst I was Singing she laid her self on the Bed, and let my Acquaintance lie with her whilst the other was in the Room. The mischief was but just over as I had done my Song, and I thought I saw some Confusion in his Face tho' none at all in hers. I profer'd, on his praising my Voice at that distance, to go down a second time, but he excus'd my former Trouble, and adjourn'd it to another Time, his Friend having refus'd to make use of the same Opportunity, as they afterwards told me, when the discovery cou'd be of no use to me.

She had with her a Servant as good as her self, who wou'd drink as much as her Mistress, and that was a large Portion; and who having a Brother in Town, wou'd needs one day take her Mistress to see him, which she agreed to on this Condition, that she should pass for her fellow Servant. *Sylvia* being thus dress'd, goes with her Maid to an Ale-house, and sends for the Brother of her Maid, who taking her for a Servant Wench was as free with her as he cou'd desire, she giving him all the encouragement he cou'd wish; She Treated him there, then carried him to the Tavern, and from thence to her own Bed, where she kept him betwixt

Drunkenness and Lust for three whole days; But then expecting me to Town, the Fellow was dismiss'd till she wanted him again to do her drudgery.

I all this while ignorant of the matter, concluded that I had as true a Turtle as ever bill'd: But at last by my Dotage on her, Neglect of my Business, and some Misfortunes in Trade, I found my self unable to stand my Ground; so being Arrested, I was forc'd to turn my self over to the *Queens-Bench*, where I spent not only all I had my self, but all that my poor Wife cou'd find among her Friends for my support. I sent to *Sylvia* often in my distress, she first denied me Civily, then Rudely, and positively refus'd me Money enough to pay my Fees of the Prison, when now I had made up my matters so far as to get my Liberty, to solicit some other means of maintaining my self and my Family, sufficiently convinc'd me of my former Error. However I once went to see her, to try if she cou'd refuse me a little of that Treasure which had made her a considerable Fortune: But she wou'd not see me, and plainly affronted me, which touch'd the very Minister of her Lewdness, her Maid, to that degree, that she proffer'd me Five *Guinea's* of her own Money. Tho' my Occasions were great, yet I wou'd not take such a Summ from a Servant, and so went my way. Then cou'd I hear of all the Tricks she had play'd me,

no body telling me one syllable of them before. 'Tis true, some urg'd in their Excuse, That when a Man is befotted on a Woman, he is so far from being reform'd by a discovery of her Roguery, that he hates the Man that makes it. Pride perhaps is the Reason, which is ashamed to let us own our selves in an Error, or enduring at least to be caught in it by another, who by that may pretend to a greater share in Wisdom, than our selves. At last my Friends taking Compassion more on my Wife and Children, than on me, got me this Place by her sollicitation, who wou'd not leave me in so hazardous a Voyage, but ventur'd her self with me, and gives me a sort of happiness I never experienc'd in the Arms of that Harlot.

If you think you have got such a Treasure in yours, make one Experiment which will justify or condemn your Conduct to her, and to your Wife. As soon as you come to *England*, and made your way to *London*, go to your Mistress, and pretend that you are Cast away, have lost all your Fortune, and only have what you left in her Hands to begin the World with; then see how she will receive you. Do the same to your Wife, and then discover the difference betwixt Vice and Virtue.

When the Merchant's Friend had done, the Merchant was so touch'd with his Misfortunes, he was resolv'd to take his Advice, and promis'd him if he found the Benefit

of it in the Tryal, he would take his eldest Son Prentice without any Money.

The Continuation of the Kept Misses.

THE Wind sitting Fair the Merchant arriv'd safely at *Plimouth*, where taking Post immediately, he got safe to Town, and dressing himself at a Friend's House who was to second his pretended Misfortunes, both to his Mistress and his Wife, he went directly to the former; who had given her self over to all manner of Lewdness in his Absence, and had not much left besides the Jewels he had given her, which were in Pawn, and about Fifty pieces of old Gold, and Two hundred Pounds in current Money.

She was at first overjoy'd to see him; but when he had told her a most dismal story of his Misfortunes, and what Treasures he had lost, and desir'd her to assist him in his necessity, which her welcom Transports at his Arrival perswaded him, that he had reason to expect; she grew very cold, told him that she was unprovided of Money, that the Necessities of her Friends had drain'd her of her Money, but that if he wou'd call on her the next day, she wou'd try her utmost to serve him; so she dismiss'd him, and sent immediately to the Merchant his Friend who us'd to pay her his Allowance in his Absence, and of which there

there was now a quarter due: He sent her Word (as he had bin directed by the Merchant) that truly he cou'd pay her no more, having already made greater disbursements for him than he fear'd he shou'd ever be pay'd, since he was come back so needy a Bankrupt from his Voyage, that he had not Cloaths to his Back fit to appear among Gentlemen.

The Jilt having heard this Story from another, concluded that what the Merchant had said to her was not a meer Tryal of her Love, as she had before imagin'd, and therefore had her Answer ready for him the next day.

In the mean time he took his Friend with him to his Wife, and made him go before to introduce the matter to her by way of precaution, which having done in the most lamentable Words he cou'd think of, But where is my poor unfortunate (said his Wife) 'tis well that I have not lost him too; I value not his Goods if he but survive: He is my dearer Part, Where is he? Let me see him. Upon this coming in, she run into his Arms, and embrac'd him for near a Quarter of an Hour, smothering him almost with Kisses and Tears of Joy--- Ah! my Love, said she, do I hold thee in my Arms! have I got thee safe from the Rocks and Seas! Trouble not thy self at the loss, we must submit to Providence which orders all things for the best, at least

for me——for none will Rival me in a broken Fortune, I shall have thee all to my self. Upbraid me not, said he, my dear Wife in my Misfortunes——far be it from me said she; I shou'd not deserve thy Love if ever I did——But I have sav'd something out of my Allowance since I have been thy Wife, which will do more than Cherish thee, tho' it be got by my good Houfewifery 'tis thy Money, thou canst improve it for the good of thy Family: A Thousand Pounds, besides my Rings and the few Jewels my Mother left me, take all and be easie.

The Merchant unable to hear so much unmerited Love from a Wife whom he never had valued, as she discover'd, was quite confounded and asham'd——Why all this Goodness to me, said he, my Dear, my injur'd Wife! Thou knowest I have wrong'd thee, gon astray after forraign Charms, and was blind to those Beauties of Mind and Person, of which in thee I was the happy Master——I know no Crime, I am not a Judge of thy Actions assured she. All that I am is thine by Right, and I surrender it to thee, hoping at least that thou wilt own that I have been a good Steward, and that Praise from thy Mouth is my Reward——No more I conjure thee (interrupted the Merchant) I am not able to support thy Goodness; but I will make thee amends all my Life to come. Know then that this Story of my Misfortunes was only a pretence

tence to try thy Goodness, and that Womans Villainy who has too long misled me from my Duty, and whose Enchantment is now at an end, and I to morrow will give a Proof of my Repentance in her Punishment.

This moving Scene being over, the Merchant with his Friend past the day with his Wife and Family in Joy, and celebrated that Night as if it had been the first of their Marriage, as it was like to be the most happy of their Life.

The next day in his old Cloaths he came to his Mistress, but she cou'd not be spoken with; with much ado he gain'd admittance, but not one good Look. She told him she wonder'd at his Assurance to apply himself to her for his Money again, after she had wore out her Youth and her Beauty with him: That truly she must first take care of her self, and if she thought he wou'd ever trouble her any more, she wou'd not be long in his knowledge. He begg'd, he pray'd, reproach'd her, but nothing wou'd do; when in comes the Merchant his Friend to speak for him, but that was as fruitless; till at last, says his Friend to the Merchant, I have in my Hands the means of your Revenge, by breaking your Order, for I have let her have no Money since you have been gon but what she has given me her Notes for; so that if she do not immediately pay that down, I have the Officers without to execute

cute a Writ upon her. This House is taken in your Name, and the Goods I know you paid for, I shall likewise seize on them for your use. Come Madam, Four Hundred Pounds you have had of me on Notes under your Hand, if you have not Money, your Jewels will do; for immediate satisfaction will I have, or you shall be treated with the utmost Ignominy.

Her Passion can't be well express'd, but oblig'd to comply, she produc'd her 200 *l.* and 50 pieces of old Gold, assuring them that her Jewels were in Pawn; so on her giving them a Note to the Person that had them, they gave her up her Notes. Well, said the Merchant, tho' your barbarous Treatment of me deserves no Compassion, yet I will do something for you because you once pleas'd me: The 200 *l.* is yours, and your wearing Cloaths; whatever else of Jewels and Furniture is here, or in Pawn, shall be given to my Wife, who, tho' injur'd for thy sake, Treated me with Tenderness and Generosity, sav'd a great deal out of so small an Allowance, when thou hast squander'd all away on Vice and Folly. To thy greater Confusion know that my pretended Misfortunes are only to try thee, and that I bring home with me upward of 70000 *l.*

The Miss in Confusion, with her Servant in Iniquity, is turn'd out of Door, the Goods and Jewels redeem'd and given to his Wife,
and

and he for ever averſe to bad Women, having learnt too late, that their Smiles and Charms were like the Harmony of the Sirens, that brought nothing but deſtruction.

When this Change in the Merchant was known to his Friends, he was ſoon told of all her Tricks and Whoredoms, which ſtill confirm'd him in his Contempt of ſuch Creatures, and ſatiſfied him that ſhe wou'd revenge him on her ſelf by her own Lewdneſs and Folly.

Near *Golden-Square* there liv'd a Lady of this Kind much celebrated for her Beauty, but more remarkable for her Pride and Luxury. She was a pedling Grocer's Daughter in *St. James's* Pariſh: Nature had given her a Perſon extreamly Charming, and that conſidering the Men ſhe had to do with, paſs'd for Wit and Truth, and every thing elſe, of real Value; for among her Cullies ſhe had a kind of a Party Bully, an old formal Courtier, a Country Member of Parliament, a worn out Beau, and a City Gameſter, beſides any other who wou'd pay her Price.

She ſo far forgot that ſhe ſprung from a Mechanick, that ſhe was perpetually railing at them as a contemptible part of the Vulgar: When Green Peaſe were at Fifteen Shillings a little Plate full, ſhe complain'd they were too old for her, and fit only for the Vulgar; equally extravagant in all other things, ſhe never ſpar'd her Cully's Pocket. The State Bully was ſoon weary of her;

her ; then the Country Senator took his Place ; but she being entirely Mercenary, having a fairer offer from the old Courtier, receiv'd him as Commander in chief of her Fort ; yet in private met her Member of Parliament at her Sisters, a venerable Bawds not far distant from her : For she wou'd not lose the Benefit that might be made of any Coxcomb, that wou'd share her with another. By several of these she had two or three Boys, and as they run about her House she calls them, as Beaux do their Wiggs, by the Names of those that made them ; so does she her Children by their Names whom she thinks did beget them. She was a profess'd Enemy to good Sense and Generosity, using to say, Men of Wit, and Generosity, were always poor wretched Fellows ; always Beggars. Tho' her other Gallants wou'd admit of Rivals in her Favours, the old Courtier wou'd not suffer it ; so that all her Intriguing with the Rest was done in Private, and each had their particular Hours and Days of Happiness appointed, at the House she had taken for her Sister to that end. But the Lady cou'd not Dance so nicely in a Net, but that some Spies on her Actions, who watch'd to do her a Kindness, gave the old Courtier Notice of her abusing him with more than one, and let him know the very Place of their Rendezvous. But too much infatuated, at first he gave no Ear to the Information, till afterwards a fit
of

of Jealousie succeeding, he plac'd such Spies as shou'd be sure to bring him certain Intelligence ; by whom he found that he was made the Property to support her Vanity and Grandeur, while others shar'd the Prize on much easier Terms. So coming to the Lady's Sister's when she was actually in Bed with her Senator, he forc'd his way up Stairs, and found Madam just Rising, and the Spark escap'd into the Closset ; she wou'd soon have perswaded him that being late at her Sister's the last Night, she was forc'd to lie there, and not sleeping well, she lay in Bed so late to recover her sleep : But the Courtier was not to be impos'd on, and taking his leave of her, never saw her more.

The chief Cully having thus forsaken her, half the Bait to their Amours was taken away, and her Lovers dropt off one after another, till she was left to her own Fortune to provide fresh Gallants, which she did, till her Face was so common that none of the Grand Gusto wou'd have any thing to do with her ; then she fell to filthy Mechanics, who had been so much her Aver-sion ; from thence to Porters and Footmen. When plying in the Streets the godly Reformers preis'd her for *Bridewell*, in which worthy Colledge she compleated her Character and Knowledge so far as to be a confirm'd Whore, and Pick-pocket ; by one she got the Pox, and by the other the Gallows, which was the Noble end of this Heroick

roick Lady, who was endued with all the extreamest Qualities of the most abandon'd Whores.

I cou'd tell you of other sorts of Whores, who breath nothing but Piety, go to Church every *Sunday*, and to the Sacrament every Month, and at Night to Bed to their Gallants, with as little scruple, as if Fornication were no more a Sin, than eating of Syllabub: But this is a Discourse proper for another Head, with which I will to morrow Night entertain you if you think fit; that is, The Godly of our Nation, and the Pious Reformers.

I cou'd likewise tell you of the abandon'd Male Whores, but these are not fit to be mention'd tho' too common, and visible; and of your Scoundrel Stallions, who, like Mercenary Whores, sell the pleasures of Love. Nay, they are a Vermin ten times more pernicious; because it is ten times more in their Power to do Mischief: These Fellows, generally of the *Hibernian* Nation, who appearing like Gentlemen of Figure and Estates, are admitted to your Houses as Friends; by this means they get Access to your Wives, and the opportunity of Corrupting them; whom they make pay for their Folly, while the Husband that had admitted this Fellow as a Gentleman, pays for the maintaining the Port and Appearance to which he owes his Dishonour. Of these, as of Whores, there are different Kinds; some

some Lew'd or Rakelly, others Grave and Formal; the latter are the more dangerous, with the Ladies who value their Reputation, tho' they wou'd enjoy the Pleasure. For on their Gravity they promise Caution and Secrecy; for there are Ladies fond enough of a private Amour, who will not trust their Fame to a Man that has no regard to his own; while they thinking it secure in the Hands of one of these Grave Stallions, they stretch their Purfes to oblige him. These are more inexcusable than Whores, because they seek out and tempt those they Ruin, Whores are sought to; These are Men, and while there are Wars in the World ought not to quit the Encounters of *Mars* for those of *Venus*: Besides, Women have not all the Opportunities and Means of employing themselves, and living handsomely by their Industry; a Man may always put himself forward in one Post or another. The Whores have nothing to do with Corrupting of Families; but these Stallions invade other Mens Rights, and put their own Spurious Issue in the Room of the Right Heir of the Family. In short, instead of our Reformers falling on the poor Whores who take up with Half-a-Crown, they shou'd search into these Scoundrels, that Revenge the Whores Quarrel on their Wives and Daughters.

I cou'd give you some Instances of the Villainy of these sort of Creatures, which
con-

contain the highest Treachery, and the greatest Ingratitude: But the Night is so far wasted, that I fear you are now quite tired with my tedious Discourse. However this Use you may make of the Discoveries we have given you of this Kind, to fix in your Mind, That there is no Whore in the World, how plausible soever she may seem, how dear, protesting and loving; that cares one Farthing for any Man by whom she has any Benefit, or to whom she owes any Gratitude. 'Tis true, few of the most profligate Whores there are, who has not some beloved Scoundrel, on whom she squanders what she has got by her Cully. You see the Nature of all the Trade in these few Instances we have given you; so that if you are after this misled by their false Charms, and falser Protestations, you are without excuse.

My Zealous *Guinea* here putting an end to his Discourse, with thanks to the *Golden Spies*, I turn'd my self to my Rest; which in a little Time I found coming on me most agreeably.

T H E

Fifth Nights Entertainment.

O F

The GODLY and REFORMERS.

I Was so pleas'd with the Discoveries I had made by my *Golden Spies*, that I retir'd home with pleasure every Evening betimes; but this Day had produc'd other Business, that took me up some time after it was dark: For as I was returning home, I was sent for into the Neighbourhood by a Friend, to Bayl a young Lady that was taken up by the Reforming Constables, as she was leading home to her Father's House by a Relation.

When I came, I found the poor Lady all in Tears, and the Gentleman, who had sent for me, a little in Drink, and Swearing at the Rogues of Reformers. The Constable was a Zealot, and took notice of all his Oaths, and Swore before the Justice that he had Swore about Two Hundred; for which he was oblig'd to pay. I endeavour'd to mitigate the Matter with the Constable, and Wheedle him very smoothly, to prevail with

with him to stay till Justice——— was come home, who was an honest Gentleman, and had been out at his Bottle till it was now past Ten a Clock when News was brought that he was come home. By good Fortune the Justice knew both the Gentleman and the young Lady, so dismiss'd them, and gave the Constable a very severe Reprimand; which made him go out muttering to himself, that he wou'd bring no more Grift to his Mill.

The Justices Coach was yet at the Door, which being stopp'd, the Lady was sent home in it for fear of any fresh disaster of that Nature; and the Justice stopping us to drink one solitary Bottle till the Return of the Coach, I began to enquire what he thought of these Reformers?

Why truly (said he) I am of the Opinion of a Learned and Worthy Judge, who is the Honour of the Bench where he presides; who when the Fellows went about to get People of Fashion to subscribe to be of their precious Society of Reformation of Manners, told them with an honest Heat, That he did not find this Age any Wickeder than the last; and since that did well enough without Reformers, he cou'd see no occasion for them now, nor wou'd he set his Hand to their Paper. Tho' this Noble Judge refus'd it, yet the Jest on it is, they went to the Persons the most remarkable for their frequent and profess'd Gallantry to the Fair,

Fair, who willingly subscrib'd to be of a Society, which pretended to direct their diligence against the very Frailty for which they had the greatest Inclination. But this indeed must be said for some of the great Ones in this particular, they subscrib'd for the suppressing of poor Whores, not of those who were Rich; of them who got but little by playing the Whore, not of those who got a great Deal. The Project indeed was calculated for greater Designs than every one is aware of, no less than the subversion, as some pretend to tell you, of the Church and State; at least it is so far plain, that had People come in as was expected, and had it been countenanc'd so much by the Men in Power, as the Projectors design'd, it would, in a little time, have brought every thing under its Power, and have prov'd as villainous as the Inquisition of *Spain* or *Rome*. But some wise Men found out the Aim of it, and so left it to languish in the Hands of Beedles, Headboroughs, and hired Constables; and some needy or busie Justices of the Peace, who either have nothing, or but little else to depend on, but their Commission, encourage these Informing Rascals, who bring Grift to their Mill, and nothing else has kept them up so long. But concluded the Justice, God be praised, I have an Estate of my own independent of any such Roguish ways of Support, so that I dare check the Insolence of Constables, and do an honest Gentleman a piece

of Service by Chance; as I have you now and your Cousin, tho' I must tell you, that it was much that the Constable could be persuaded to come before me.

The Coach by this time being come, the Justice oblig'd us to take it home, and the Night being somewhat dark, and the Watch very troublesome, we were glad of the Offer.

I was vext to have been kept so long from my dear *Golden Spies*, and long'd to hear what Discoveries they had made of Things of this Nature, which carries the Awe of a Religious Pretence: As soon as I came home I hasten'd to my Chamber, and undressing my self with speed, I laid me down in my Bed, and thus address'd my self to my *Guinea*, — I suppose, you Forraign Pieces have known but little of what I now enquire about, and therefore I apply my self to my British Piece, to let me know what Discoveries he has made amongst the Reformers; my Reason of Enquiry I told, by a Relation of what had kept me so long from their Company.

I confess, (said the *Roman Crown*) Reformation of any thing is what we are not very fond of in the City and Court of *Rome*; least if we should give way to it under any Pretence, it should get a Head, and Curtail the Gown: Yet by the little I have seen, I must needs say, I think the Method we take in the Cities of *Italy*, seems
more

more reasonable, and more likely to reform Offenders, than that which is taken in this Place. First I take it for granted, that it is not in the Power of Man, nor in all the Diligence of Magistrates, to put an end to Whoring, to keep Men Chaste, and within the Bounds of what is Lawful, and Religious; cou'd that indeed be done, there wou'd be some ground for all this Stir. But till you Reformers can make a new Nature, they labour in vain at a Thing, that the Corruption of Mankind can never suffer to be abolish'd. Your Severity is shown against the poor Traders in Fornication, not against such as being private Whores, Cuckold their Husbands, and induce a spurious Issue into his Family for Negligence, wherever the Injury is greatest, there must be the greatest Offence. Now when you pay your Woman her Price, you do no injury to any but your self: But when you make a Cuckold of a Man, you injure him, and all his Family; if you deboach his Daughter, you bring her to Ruine; but the Son with the Trader, far less injurious, and by Consequence far less Criminal. But if you suppress the Traders in Fornication in General, or molest them too much in their Occupation, you lessen their Trade or destroy it, and turn all those who will be Whoremasters into Adulterers, which as I take it, is out of the frying Pan into the Fire. Now the sage Wisdom of the *Italians* con-

sidering, that humane Nature was not to be alter'd by Humane Laws, contriv'd Laws at least that should aim at a Reparation of those Defects, by a true Repentance. The Women therefore that deal in that way are confin'd to a certain part of the Town, pay the State a small Tax, and are protected and righted in their Gains: But then they are oblig'd all to be at Church, or at least are at a Place assign'd to that Office, and to hear a Sermon against the vicious Course to which they have devoted themselves. Now this I take to be more the Rationale of the Matter, than the hunting of Whores out of their Burroughs, with reforming Tiez-ers, to throw them into an abandon'd Goal, where they learn only to be more harden'd in their Iniquity.

For my part, I speak as a fair Stander-by betwixt the Difference of Religion among them, for they are no more to me than a Pancake, for I have no more a Soul to be saved by the one, than a Stomach to feed by the other; but you seem to carry things too far, and reject things purely because in use with the Papists, without examining whether just or reasonable, or not. Thus you reject the Use of the *Gregorian* Regulation of the Year, because he was a Pope who set it a Foot; tho' it is manifest to a Child, that it is much more perfect than that of *Julius Caesar*, who if not a Pope, was a Heathen Usurper.

I confess (assum'd the *Guinea*, finding that the strange piece had done) that I cannot in my own Reason find any ground to quarrel with what the *Roman* Crown has spoken; for indeed, all that our Reformers have done, has been of young Whores to make old ones; of Bashful Whores, to make Impudent Strumpets; confirming them by a *Bridewell* Discipline in those Vices, in which they were before only newly initiated. But then we must consider that we are generally hurried away more by meer Words than Things; to attempt the same Regulation in this Country, wou'd be to make the *Canterers* cry out, that we were establishing Wickedness by a Law, tho' it be the only way in the World that can give the least Prospect of lessening a Vice, that can never be enrirely rooted out.

But this is not all, those Hands which are set to the Plow in this *Sham Reformation*, are the most Wicked the Nation can produce; Fellows that take Bribes to slip over a Whores Lodging, and will Swear in another that he knows nothing of but her Name. The same happens in their swearing about Oaths: In a Tavern with them the other Night, one of these Informers, with a Friend or Two: The Fellow was Drunk, yet Zealous in his Drink, and Intent on his Business, he fancied that the two in his Company swore; they believing him in Jest laugh at the Frolick, and bid

him put each down so many Oaths; the Master of the House coming in, he spake to him about three Words and pass'd on about his Business, the Company bantering him on, bids him set the Master of the House Fifty Oaths, the Drunken Informer does what he is bid; but the next day goes before a Magistrate Sober, and Swears all he found in his Book, tho' he made the Master of the House guilty of six times the Oaths that he spoke Words.

But let us look into the Men that are employ'd: Among the Rest there is a *Presbyterian* Tayler and Tally-man, who lives by selling the Whores Rigging of all sorts on Extortion, a Man likely to be push'd on by a Pious Zeal for Religion: Another is a broken Shoemaker, who, unable to live by his Trade, through Idleness, sets up for an Informer at the Salary of so much a Week, and what Perquisites he can get from the depending Whores: A Third is a Bodice-maker, and he quits his Trade to be a Re-forming Constable, which if it were not very Beneficial, his Zeal wou'd never chuse before a reputable Trade; especially since Men of Probity and Business chuse rather to Fine, than stand Constable even for their year: Yet these Reformers keep such a Post all the Years of their Lives. Now where the Advantage is so visible to their Pockets, and the Proof of their Religion so small and invisible, it is no Breach of Charity to believe,

lieve, that the Devil himself might be one of our Reformers without setting up against his own Kingdom, which by his false Zeal and Hypocrisie he every day enlarges.

Thus the late Saint *DENT*, of whose death the Judges discover'd another Notion, than that of the Parson who Canoniz'd him in his Sermon. I shall give you a Story, which will shew you the Temper of them all; for I had not been parted long from the very Lady that suffer'd, by his Roguery, before I came into your Hands.

St. *D E N T*:

OR, THE

Reforming Constable.

BUT because I wou'd set the whole matter in a clear Light, I must begin a little higher, to shew a probability at least, that this *DENT* was a Tool to the perfecting a former design against the Lady I mention: You must therefore know, that their lives within a Mile of *Charing-Cross* a Person who has the Title of Captain; He is by Birth a *North-Briton*, his Father was a sort of Scots Scrivener, by which and other means, he got a tolerable Livelihood; But being plagued with an intolerable Scold of a Wife,

the poor Cuckold thought it better to venture Honourable Scars in the Field, than an inglorious Scratching at Home: To this end he went for *Holland*, where he arriv'd to the Honour of carrying a *Brown-Musket*. But Madam Termagant wou'd not suffer him to enjoy even this wretched Retreat of Cannons and Bullets, far less terrible than her Tongue; but speedily pursues him with our young Hero in a Snapjack at her Back, and twanty geud *Scots* Poonds in her Pocket, and getting an Eleemosynary Passage to the *Brill*, she prudently lays out her Treasure in a Cargo of *Geneva*, a Comodity of good Sale among the Soldiers, while she follow'd the Camp in diverse Capacities. Having now rais'd her Stock to greater Adventures, she pass'd the Seas frequently, but at one time in the Company of a Foot Soldier (whose Clothes she us'd to mend, and betwixt whom and her self many a good Turn had past while yet her Husband was alive) and by her address (being now a buxom Widow) got the Woodcock into the Noose; and so from selling *Geneva*, and following the Camp, came to be a Collonel's Lady; for to that Honour did the Foot Soldier arrive after he had got so great a Treasure as the Mother of our Hero. The young Stripling in the mean time growing up, was prefer'd to the honourable Post, of a Footman to a certain Widow Lady: From whence, on his Father-in-Law's Rise, he
was

was advanc'd to be a Trooper, which Dignity he forfeited, having his Sword broke over his Head for suspicion of purloining a Utenfil call'd a Silvar Tankard. Under this Misfortune he retires to *Ireland*, and to redeem his past Loss of Time, Marries the Widow of an Innkeeper of *Dublin*: But fickle, like the Heroes of old, he quits his fair *Venus*, having had a Son by her, and once more applies himself to *Mars* in the post of a Trooper for *Tangier*; which Place, and the Gallows, as well as the Sea, refus'd no Man. Here being near his Father-in-Law, he was much entrusted by him; but how faithful to the Trust he prov'd, appears from his putting 2000 *l.* in his own Name, which the Collonel gave him only to carry to the Bankers. It wou'd be endless to tell you half the Exploits of this *Hero*; I shall therefore only add, that as he Cheated his Father-in-Law, so he was shrewdly suspected of Poysoning his Mother; for she died in a Day or two after she had been Drinking with her Son at the Tavern. Thus, Rich with the Spoils of more than one, and being now weary of his Wife, he leaves her with her Son in *Ireland*, and passes the Seas for *London*, there to pursue another Course; he had Lodg'd at a Tayler's House, where he lik'd the eldest Daughter very well; and thither he goes again in hopes of getting a fresh Maiden-head, and living like a Gentleman, since he
now

now had the Post of one, by keeping his Mistress. However Matters were manag'd, he got the Taylers Daughter in the mind, and with his *Scots* Art imposes on the Father, so far that he was Married to his Daughter, by which he got Lodging and Diet, and what Money the old Stitch-louse cou'd part with. Madam took state upon her, and the Honourable Captain improv'd his time so well, that he Purchas'd many Houses; but all along neglected to support his own Wife in *Ireland*. She comes over and disturbs him, gets a little Money, and a promise of an yearly Allowance, Signs a Paper disowning all Claim to him as a Wife, and that in her Maiden Name. Having thus got rid of his Lawful Wife, he was much at ease, but never cou'd keep his Hand out of Mischiefe. There was a Gentleman of Fashion liv'd next Door to him, who with his Lady were come to a very great Familiarity with him and his supposed Lady, the Tayler's Daughter.

The Captain was always an insinuating Person, and the Gentleman his Neighbour was a very honest unsuspecting Person, who put a great Confidence in the Captain's sincerity, veracity and understanding; but his Lady, who perceiv'd the cunning designs of the Captain more than her Husband did, therefore always countermin'd his designs. The Captain found out the *Remora* of his Projects, and therefore secretly vow'd a
Re-

Revenge, that shou'd put her out of the way of keeping her Husband out of his Clutches.

But he had waited long in vain for an opportunity, till her own good Housewifery expos'd her to his Mercy. She had sav'd unknown to her Husband about Fifty Pounds, which by the help of a Friend she had put out to Use: But an Acquaintance one day wanting Ten Pounds on a very urgent Occasion, she took Coach, and call'd on her Friend at the Coffee-house to ask him for such a Summ; he assur'd her he had not so much about him, but that if she wou'd go with him to any Tavern about *Westminster*, he wou'd send a Porter home for the Money. The matter being agreed, he remembered, that the Night before he had drank some good Wine at a Tavern near the Abby, and as he thought, the nearest to it, which was the Horn; but not knowing the Sign, he bid the Coach go to the Tavern by the Church-yard. Being come out of the Coach, he fancied that it was not the same Tavern; but being lighted up Stairs by a Servant Maid, he call'd for the Drawer, but was answer'd that they had no Drawers in that House; this convinc'd him of his Error, but designing only to stay till he had sent a Porter for the Money, thought it not worth the while to remove for a Pint of Wine, which with a Fire was all that he call'd for, except a Porter, and Pen, Ink and

and Paper: But while he was Writing, she sitting on one side of the Table, he Writing on the other, in comes the Reforming Constable and his Watch and hurries them away; having first ask'd their Names, which ignorant of the ill use that was made of it, they gave in false, unwilling to expose their own on such an Occasion.

Before the Justice they must go, and before a Justice fit for the purpose; for the Gentleman they went before, is said to have a Wife, that has made him use even Cruelty to all the Fair Sex that are brought before him. *St. Dent* was very busie about the Justice, who asking who the Lady was, he replied, that her Name to his knowledge was *Smith*, a common Strumpet, that ply'd e'ery Night at the Play-house Passage. The Lady, who before had assum'd that Name to conceal her own, came up to him, and throwing up her Hoods, ask'd him with some vehemency whether he knew her or not? He replied again what he had said before, asserting that he cou'd Swear it. After *St. Dent* had affirm'd it, it was in vain to contend it with the Justice, tho' there were those present who knew her, besides the Gentleman with whom she was; but her *Mittimus* must be made for *Bridewell*, all that was urg'd was in vain, the Justice is inexorable, and away she is carried. But the next Morning the Gentleman had got Bail, and deliver'd the enchanted Lady from

from Captivity, and all might yet have been well, but that some who were for helping the Informers and Reformers to Ruin a Family, took care to carry her Husband word of all that had past; upon this Word was sent to her not to come near home, the Storm was too high, and her absence wou'd be much better till the noise of the Adventure was over.

In short, the Roguery of this Constable was the occasion of the Ruin of the Lady, the Infamy of the Children, and the Destruction of the Family, without doing any body the least Good, unless it were by the Fee for a Mittimus, and the paying the Prison Fees, and the Bail-Bond.

Nay (said the *Lewis d'Or*) since being in this Country I have been in the Hands of the Godly, and been Witness of their Artful Hypocrisie: But I wonder that these mighty Reformers of Manners extend their Care only to Whoring, Drinking and Swearing, all Vices bad enough it is confess'd, yet all retain some certain sort of Human Frailty abstracted from Malice, which is a Vice one wou'd think peculiar to the Devil; and that is perhaps the Reason the Godly leave it untouch'd. Backbiting, Detraction, Calumny, Censuring our Neighbour, overreaching him in our Dealings, Extortion, Oppression of the Poor and the Needy, is a Task worthy true Reformers; these do a Thousand times the Mischief in the World
which

which the others ever did. Match-making for their own Profit, without any regard to the Good of those they joyn together; getting of Trusts which they make a Market of, and the like, are Sins that the Godly will have no hand in Reforming, because they bring them in so considerable an Advantage.

T H E

Hypocrite Uncas'd.

I Was once in the Hands of one of the Godly, who being a Minister of the Word, express'd a great deal of Zeal in his Preaching, and Prayer; this got him so great an Ascendant over his Congregation, that nothing was to be done in any of the Families, but the Man of God must be first consulted: No Maid must have a Husband, or young Fellow a Wife, that he did not approve: And whoever cou'd get into his good Grace, was sure never to lose his Cause, if within his Jurisdiction. Among the multitude of his Hearers was a pretty young Woman, who had about Five Hundred Pounds to her Portion; a Church-man of a tolerable good Trade had seen her at a Friends House, and tho' nothing in her Fortune cou'd be an obstacle to his Pretensions;

sions; yet understanding that nothing was to be done with the Mother but by the means of the Minister, he was so much in Love, that he resolv'd to play the Hypocrite with the Hypocrite: He therefore pretends to turn Dissenter, and enter himself in this very Man's Congregation. No Man was more assiduous than he at Morning Lectures, and none seem'd more diligent in Writing down the Sermon, tho' indeed he knew nothing of Short-hand. His exemplary Conduct made him taken notice of; and the Teacher hoping something from so uncommon a Zeal, took care to come acquainted with him. The young Man was glad of the opportunity, and made him a present, which often engag'd his Visits. He being a single Man, the Man of God enquir'd into his Circumstances, and urg'd him to settle by Marriage; he seem'd indifferent till he thought he had sufficiently establish'd himself, and then he propos'd the Lady he desir'd to have to his Wife. The good Man told him he had reason to hope a greater Fortune, and that if he wou'd be rul'd by him he should have one: But he persisting in his Choice, the matter was soon brought to an Agreement; for his Interest and Care in Procuring, he was to have One hundred Pounds out of the Five.

The Bargain being made with the Teacher, the Hearers were soon determin'd on the matter, the Mother was prevail'd with to
admit

admit him to her Daughter, and the Daughter to be rul'd by her Confessor and Mother; Besides the young Man had a very agreeable Person, and what might engage the Heart of any young Woman to love him for a Husband.

The Marriage is concluded, the Day appointed, and the Nuptials celebrated. The next Morning the Bride put him in mind to go to hear the good Man's *Sunday Lecture*, but he easily found means to cool her Zeal of the Spirit, by the Application of the Flesh. The Mother waited as long as she cou'd for them; but being impatient, she goes away without them. Then the Bridegroom and Bride agreed to get up; but it being too late to come into the Meeting without being taken notice of, he prevail'd with her to go to the Parish Church with him. Whence returning home, the Mother began a Lecture on their Remissness, in not getting up to go to the Meeting; they both affirm'd that they had been at Church: But the Mother making a further Enquiry, the Husband thus spoke to her:

Madam, You are impos'd on by a grave, starch'd Formality, which makes you a Property to those Knaves that lead you where-ever they please; I must be candid, I never was of that Opinion; but having a Passionate Love for your Daughter, and knowing no other way of getting your Consent, I dissembled thus long, to gain the only Earthly Happiness I desired (I ask

ask Heaven Pardon for my Hypocrisie) I was not deceiv'd in my Thoughts, for your zealous good Minister sold me your Daughter, and her Fortune, for One Hundred Pounds; for which he has my Bond, and which he will come to receive to morrow at Noon. Get you a Friend with you, and be within hearing, and you shall find, that I have not laid any thing to his Charge, but what will appear to be true to a Tittle.

The Mother and Daughter seem'd strangely surpriz'd, and promis'd, that if he made out this Accusation, that they wou'd both go to the Parish Church, and for ever quit the scperate Congregation. The Monday is come, and the Man of God with a chearful Countenance is arriv'd, with his Stomach set to a good Dinner, and more to the Hundred Pounds. Dinner was past, with the young Married Couples good Healths, and several Pious and Godly Discourses, till the Cloath being taken away, and the Tea pot brought in, the sober Bohea went about, when the Mother and Daughter pretending Business to go abroad, left the good Man and the Husband to pursue their Affairs.

Well, said the precise Hypocrite, my good Friend, how like you a Married State, and how like you the Wife I have procur'd for you? Is she worth the Price you give? Am I worthy my Hire? There is no body better pleas'd, than my self (said the young Man) I have got the Woman, whom of all other

I lov'd, nor do I think I can ever pay too dear for her. A good hearing (said the Minister) a good hearing my Lad; I have generally had very good luck in the many Matches I have made since the Lord has put me into this Vineyard. But I am afraid, Sir, (said the young Man) you have been harder with me than any other on this Occasion: No, I protest (said the Hypocrite) on my veracity I never take less; nor has any one ever scrupled to give me two Hundred out of a Thousand. That may be (replied the other) but then perhaps the Man has not had an Equivalent to the Lady's Fortune, whereas I have in my Stock, and a small Estate, something more than the whole Five hundred requires. Alack-a-day (says the Parson) I examin'd not into that, it had been all one to me; you were a Godly young Man, and my Interest and Trouble was the same: Well but Sir (interrupted the young Man) considering that you have provided well for two of your Congregation, it will be some Reputation to you; and I suppose a satisfaction so great, that you will, for the good News (since more than you knew before) abate one half of the Summ. Fie, fie young Man (replied the grave Rogue) how can you offer it! What I deliver from my Pulpit I impart to you all alike for the Contributions that they give me; but in this way of dealing, which is none of my Spirituality, I can abate nothing.

The

The young Man having tried all means to make him abate to no purpose, he calls for his Bond, which the old Fellow produces, and while they are reading over, the Mother and Daughter, and two Friends came in upon them; the Man of God was so frightened at the sudden assault of the Mother's Tongue which let fly, Rogue, Hypocrite, Villain, and a Thousand other good Morrows in a trice, that he let go the Bond, which the Husband took care to Cancel, and lay aside. The poor Marriage Broaker was so beset, that he wou'd have given a Hundred Pounds more to have been out of the House: But he hop'd it in vain till their spirits were spent in Reproaches; but then having assur'd him that they wou'd never herd any more with Dissenters, but immediately conform, he beg'd them to smother his disgrace, telling them that the best Men were subject to frailties, and that since he had a great Family on his Hands, he hop'd a moderate profit for the Interest he had in his Congregation was allowable both by the Laws of God and Man. He was not therefore solicitous for any thing, but that the Enemies of his Way might turn it into Ridicule to the prejudice of the Saints; that therefore he remitted the Bond to the young Man, and hop'd for his Friendship, since by his means he had obtain'd so good a Wife, and one that he lov'd.

The Company was mov'd with his Discourse, and promis'd to say no more of the matter, only that he shou'd have a care of

such sort of dealing; but if that he wou'd pursue it, that he shou'd regard the good of those that he join'd, more than his own Profit, since else he might be the Ruin of others, only to enrich himself. With that they dismiss'd him, who returning home, took his Bed for vexation, and very narrowly escaping his death he reviv'd, but went on in the same way as long as it was in his Custody.

The Story you have told (assum'd the *Guinea*) carries the Air of so much Fact to me who have been very Familiar among them, that I make not the least doubt of your veracity; but this, as the young Peoples good Fortune directed, met with a lucky Conclusion to both; but what, I now shall relate, was far more terrible in the Event.

T H E

Godly Debochee.

I *Sabella* was a beautiful young Woman, who having but little Fortune but her Needle, maintain'd her self honestly and genteely by her Work. There was a young Man just out of his Time with a Mercer, and who had a good Fortune in Money to set up his Trade, which, as soon, as he had done, he design'd to Marry *Isabella*, thinking her valuable enough in her self without any Portion, well remembring, that a good Housewife,

wife, and a good Humour, bring Plenty and Happiness, while the contrary, with never so much, will destroy both. Their Loves had been of some duration, and their Ages near the same, tho' she had the start of him near a year.

It was the hard Fortune of poor *Isabella* to have old *Gripe* see her at Church, and there to fall in Love with her to such a degree, as to follow her Home, and *Sunday* not being a proper time to begin an Affair of that Nature, especially he being a Zealous Brother, he put it off till next day; when on enquiry he found that she maintain'd her self by plain-work, which gave him both an opportunity of introducing himself to her by bespeaking half a dozen Shirts, and hopes, that her Necessities wou'd lend an-easie ear to a Price for her Maidenhead, which might put her in some better way.

He came to her every day, and every day added new fuel to his Fire; what to do he knew not, for he had by this time heard of her Engagement with the young *Mercer*, and that cut off all his hopes of success in a Passion, which he cou'd not, or wou'd not overcome. He had no means to make way for himself but by endeavouring a Rupture betwixt them; he therefore found out the Relations of the young Man, by some Agent which he had, and discover'd his Intention of throwing himself and his Fortune away on a Beggar. Tho' no Body cou'd hinder him of his present Portion, yet he had an Uncle

who cou'd leave him a considerable Estate; and he by this means coming to know his designs, assur'd him he wou'd leave him never a Groat if he proceeded in so scandalous an Amour: He let him understand, that tho' his own Fortune was pretty considerable, yet that the greater his Stock was, the sooner he cou'd get an Estate; and that if he were enclin'd to Marry he wou'd provide him a Wife who shou'd equal his Portion, and settle a Jointure upon her out of his Estate.

The young Man was not easily won from his Love by the prospect of Gain; he informs her of the Proposal of his Uncle to him; but at the same time assures her, that he wou'd never forsake her for all his Uncle's Estate an Hundred times told. *Isabella* was a little struck at the News, she consider'd that this was not an Age to hear Men quit a great deal of Money for a meer Form; and therefore resolv'd to be beforehand with her Lover, and either have the advantage of losing him handsomly, or binding him faster. So that the next time he came, she told him that —

She was sensible of his Passion, and the Advantage of having an Husband of his Circumstances, which were far greater than she cou'd merit; that she return'd him a reciprocal Kindness, and indeed lov'd him too well to let him be a sufferer in his Fortune for her sake; That Trading was a Lottery, and if he shou'd not meet with the success he pro-

pos'd, she wou'd never put it in his Power of reproaching her with being the Cause of his Ruin by disobliging his Relations, who otherwise wou'd have set him above the Assaults of Fortune. She begg'd him therefore, with Tears in her Eyes, to strive to forget her, and place his Affections on some more fortunate Woman, and more agreeable to his Relations, and his Estate.

I will not pretend to draw the moving Scene of their parting that Time, he protesting inviolable Constancy; and she assuring him, that she wou'd admit no more of his Courtships, till she was satisfied that his Relations allow'd his Address. Notwithstanding this he wou'd still see her, and renew his professions, till his Uncle had now found out a Lady to his mind: She was the Daughter of a Mercer who was dead, and had left her above 2000 *l* to her Fortune, in the Hands of a Guardian who was of the Uncles Acquaintance. The Matter being mov'd, the Conditions were agreed on, and the young People were to be brought together by Accident to see one another. *Berinthia* (for that was her Name) was about Seventeen years of Age, and the young Man betwixt one and two and Twenty. She was perfectly Handsom, and having had a good Education, set off her Beauty with a Thousand Graces of Mien and Address, which were new to the young Spark, *Isabella* being only of a plain, untaught, unsophisticated Nature, deriving

nothing from Art. The Uncle invites his Nephew to Dinner, without acquainting him with a word of his Design, lest Prepossession shou'd create an Aversion; whereas seeing a Charming young Lady, without knowing that she is to be impos'd on him for a Wife, might raise a Passion for her, which much more easily wou'd bring the same Matter about.

The Uncle's Notion was so just, that before Dinner was over *Isabella* was quite forgot, the present Lady younger by four or five years, with all the Bloom of the Plumb, with a Genteel and Courtlike Air, adorn'd with Jewels, and set off with all the Art imaginable, struck the young Citizen so deeply, that he cou'd not but gaze on her all the while she sat at Table. The Uncle was very well pleas'd to observe this Alteration in his Nephew, but yet resolv'd to make no discovery, till he had first made his Application to him; by which he wou'd so far confirm his Love, that he cou'd not recede, and the Woman he design'd wou'd seem the voluntary choice of his Nephew, and no Imposition of his.

The young Lady was gay in her Témper, and free in her Conversation, and he being the youngest of the Company they soon join'd in Conversation: The old Folks indulg'd it, and withdrew to smoke a Pipe in the next Room. In short this meeting had so entirely vanquish'd the false Lover, that he, before he went home, made some mo-

tions

tions to his Uncle about her; asking her Fortune, Quality and the like: But hearing that her Portion was so considerable, he sigh'd in despair. His Uncle ask'd him the Cause; he frankly at last told him, that in obedience to him, he had broke off his Inclinations from *Isabella* and hop'd, that since now he had fix'd them on an Object, which he cou'd find no fault with for want of Fortune, that he wou'd make good his Word, and enable him to make his Pretension, and Addresses to her for a Wife.

The Uncle cunningly at first rais'd some difficulties; but at last told him, that being both his Uncle and Godfather he wou'd stretch a Point, and that nothing on his side shou'd be wanting to satisfy her Guardian, provided he cou'd satisfy her, and win her Affections.

All this while *Isabella* knew nothing of the Change of her Lover, whom notwithstanding her generous discourse, she cou'd not find in her heart never to think of any more. In the mean while the old Reformer, employ'd all his Engines to endeavour to corrupt her with the hopes of an easie Maintenance, without naming his Name, and only specifying his Age, and Circumstance of Riches, and his Love for her: But no Argument cou'd prevail to make her give ear to the immodest proposition. This Difficulty old *Gripe* attributed to her Hopes of her Lover; and therefore suspended his despair till his Marriage was past, which he
heard

heard was very near, before he discover'd his Infidelity ; lest by seeking him out, she shou'd recall him to her Obedience. But he had no need to let *Isabella* know, that her Lover was False, since he had not been to see her for some Time. Yet he being now Married, old *Gripe* took care that she shou'd know, that all her hopes were gon of that Nature, since now he was another Woman's Husband.

The Concern with which she receiv'd the News is not to be express'd, yet she took care to discover as little as possible to the Person who brought her the Intelligence ; yet cou'd she not conceal such symptoms, as betray'd an Agony of Mind much more than appear'd. When her Passion was vented, and she had a little recover'd her self, she resolv'd to Write him an upbraiding Letter, which she did to this purpose : —

Your Conduct has been so extraordinary in this Affair, that tho' I resolv'd never to think of you more, yet I must do what you wou'd not do by me, send you this Farewell. I was always sensible that I never was a proper Match for you, or was Mistress of Charms sufficient to secure your Heart ; but then it had been more generous and just in you, either never to have Vowed, or at least to have kept your Vows : But you are a Man, and I ought never to have expected any thing else at your Hands. Yet since perhaps some Curse may hang over you for your Perjuries to me, in consideration of the poor Lady you have Married, I Cancel all Obligations of that Nature,

Nature, and pray that Heaven may as easily forgive you.

The Mercer receiv'd this Letter not without some sting of Conscience for what had past, and a new desire of seeing her, and design if he could, to make her his Mistress, since now he cou'd not his Wife; he came to her, swore a Thousand Oaths that he lov'd her still more than ever; That what he had done, was only to enable him to do more for her than his transitory Fortune wou'd have done by a meer dependance on Trade. She minded not what he said, but desir'd him never to come near her more, and not to think of being as unjust to his Wife as he had been to her; but as she was a fine Woman, had brought him a large Portion, and was young, he shou'd keep his Affections for her, lest he shou'd teach her to alienate hers from him, and place them on one she might think more deserving.

He wou'd not be denied, and press'd, every time he came, his Love, and its satisfaction, till she forbid him her Lodging, and wou'd not see him whenever he came. However he often watch'd her going out, and wou'd pursue her where-ever she went; wou'd watch her Return, and wait on her home, and with great difficulty repuls'd the entrance of her Lodging. This gave old *Gripe* the villainous thought how to compass his Ends, tho' by a way, that the Wicked cou'd never have entertain'd.

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He had observ'd, one Night, as she was returning home, and her Mercer in spight of her Teeth still pursuing her, the Reformers (being set on it by old *Gripe*) seize her as a Night-walker, and carrying them both before a Justice, she was sent to *Bridewell* for being in a Married Man's Company: But the Matter the next day being examin'd into, and the Mercer appearing, she was set at Liberty. But how innocent soever a Woman be, the very Name of *Bridewell* does her a Prejudice; and this coming to spread (by the industry of old *Gripe*) about the Neighbourhood, the poor young Woman was fain to leave the Place, and lose most of her Business.

Gripe in this distress renews his Addresses, proffers her Money, nay (which is extraordinary) left a *Guinea* on the Table when he went away, and which she found not till the next day. He finding her obstinate against all his unlawful Proposals, offers to Marry her; and she willing to be so well provided for, then listned a little more patiently to his Pretensions. She therefore enquired a little more narrowly after him, and to her great mortification found, that he was already a Married Man. Having therefore sufficiently reproach'd him, forbid him her House. All this cou'd neither allay his Passion, or his Resolution of satisfying it one way or other: He therefore sets one of the Informers to dog her out when she went in the Evening to carry home her Work,

Work, and by one means or other to send her to *Bridewell* once more. The poor Girl coming home, was follow'd by this *Reformer*, or *Informer*, who wou'd needs pick her up, but she always refusing him, he at last told her, he wou'd not part with her till he had drank with her; so she ventur'd to sit down at an Ale-house door in the Street on a Bench by him, and had no sooner drank to pledge him, but she was again taken up by the Gang, and sent away to *Bridewell*. She knew not what to do, nor whom to send to, when old *Gripe* pretending only to look at the Unfortunate Wenches, and to see which was worthy his Compassion, found her there and immediately Bail'd her out. She cou'd not but in Gratitude go to the Tavern with him, where he had plac'd another Woman, who was to draw her into drink; and perhaps by mingling something in her Liquor, intoxicate her to the last degree.

This horrid Plot was put in Execution, so that the poor Girl was carried in a Coach Drunk to a place agreed on, and put into Bed, to whom the old Letcher was soon admitted, where he did what he pleas'd, Drink having quite rob'd her of all power of resisting.

The Morning came on, and she coming to her self found, first that she was not in her own Bed, and speedily drawing the Curtain found the old Fellow by her side now asleep,

asleep, and tired with his Nights Villainy. She gave such a Scream that soon rais'd the old Rogue, and flying at him had very near throated him; The Noise brought in the Bawd, and some assistance, who took her away from him; but so bruised with her Knees and Hands, that he was scarce able to get home; where he languish'd a little while and died. The poor young Woman found worse, for being a little come to herself got out of the House, with a Resolution of having all the Actors in this Villainy severely punish'd; but her Rage and Concern was such, that it threw her into a Fever, and that into a Delirium; in which she continu'd till she died. And this was the fatal end of our *Godly Debochee*.

The Night wastes a-pace, so I will only give you a very short Account, How some Informers, and their Journeyman Justice were met with, by one who knew how to manage them: For confident of their Power as Reformers, they often Transgress the Law without being taken notice of.

THE

T H E

Reformer Reform'd.

I Belong'd to an honest Gentleman of the City, who one *Sunday* had Business at the other end of the Town, so resolving to take a walk into the Fields, he prevail'd with two Friends more to go along with him; when they came near to the Place, there was a Coffee-house, where he desir'd his Friends to stay while he stept a door or two farther, to speak a few Words with the Person he had Business with. Church was done when they went into the Coffee-house, where they found only two Women, whom they ask'd for some Coffee, they replied they had none; for some Thea, and the same was the Answer. In short, nothing else being to be had, they bid them bring Half a Quarter of Brandy, instead of which the Impudent Baggage brings a whole Quarter, but drinks first her self, and leaves them not half; the Measure being adapted to the Place. While they were arguing on this Head, in comes a Reforming Constable with his Gang; and seizes them for being in a Bawdy.

a Bawdy-house. They perceiv'd that they were grave Citizens, and so hop'd to make them bleed a little freely, rather than be expos'd as taken up in a Bawdy-house. The Whores they were for begging them to make it up, and not go before the Justice; and one of them more timorous than the other gave a willing Ear to the Proposal; but the Friend coming in the *Interim* he examin'd into the Matter: The Constable told him they had found them Drinking with those Whores in a publick Bawdy-house. How! says my Master, do you know that they are Whores, and this a publick Bawdy-house? They replied yes. Then said my Master, I Command you to take them with us before the Justice; for before him we will go; and do it at your peril.

The Whores and the Constable did all they cou'd to perswade them not to expose themselves; nay, wou'd at last have dismiss'd them without a Farthing. No, no, said my Master, we are too well known in the City to fear being expos'd in such a piece of Roguery as this: And I will spend Five Hundred Pounds but that I will drive it so far to make you all asham'd of it.

In

In short, he oblig'd the Constables to take these Ladies of Pleasure with them, and go all before the next Justice, who happen'd to live in the Neighbourhood. When they came there, the Constables made a plausible Story of their being taken in a known Bawdy-house, and with known Whores: The Justice, with a very formal supercilious Look, address'd himself to them. *Gentlemen, I am sorry to find Men of your seeming Gravity, to be caught in the Company of such Lewd Women, and in a House so Notorious as that where you were taken.* Sir, said my Master, do you know that to be a Bawdy-House, and these Women Whores? The Justice replying in the Affirmative, *Why then,* pursued he, *how comes it that you, who are a Magistrate, suffer such a House to keep open their Doors, on purpose to betray the Innocent into such a Premunire as my Friend and I am fallen into, who went in there to rest, and did nothing Undecent, nor knew any thing of the matter.* Since therefore, Sir, you knew this, and yet suffer'd it under your Nose, I desire we may be all bound over to the Sessions. I will send, Sir, for Ten Thousand Pound Bail, and I will spend some Money, Sir to have you and your Constables made an Example, for laying Traps for Her Majesty's Liege People, and making those a Prey who want either Money or Knowledge to deal with you as they might. You have this time mistaken your Men, we are above your doing us any Harm, and we are able to do you Justice.

The Magistrate found himself in the wrong Box, and began to mollify the matter, persuading them to make it up, that it might be some Reflection upon them, and the like good Advice. But they persisted so earnestly in being all bound over, that the Justice told them they might, if they pleased, go about their Business, for he had nothing to say to them. Then said my Master, I have this to say to you, that if I find this Sign up and House open the next time I come this way, I will take care of your Worship and your Commission.

With these words they parted, the Constables asking them a Thousand Pardons, and excused themselves by their want of knowing them, or they should not have given them this Trouble, and such a lame come off.

In a few Days after my Master went that way again, on purpose to see if all was perform'd, and he found the Sign removed, and the Doors all fast, for they perceiv'd that they were so much in the wrong, that to stand against him, wou'd have brought Matters so on the Stage, that might very much have funk their Markets.

All that I shall observe from what has this Night been said is, That you ought to be very much on your Guard, when you have to do with a Man that pretends to more Holiness than his Neighbours.
There

There is such a Leven of the *Pharisee* in all those sort of Men, that you cannot sin against Charity when you describe them such, since the Picture is so like the Original, that 'tis impossible to Affront them.

The *Guinea* here ending, and the Night being pretty well advanc'd, when I came Home, I turn'd my self to rest, praying, as from suddain Death and deadly Sin, likewise to be deliver'd from Reformers and Informers.

T H E

*Sixth Night's Entertainment, of
Peace and War, or, the
Trade of the Camp.*

I Got up in the Morning, and taking a Walk in the Fields, reflected on the strange depravity of Mankind, that left nothing unattempted with his corrupt Practices. Religion, the most Sacred Tye of Humane Society, I found by my last Night's Conversation, was, even in the purest Country, made often a Stalking-Horse to Private Interest and Sinister Designs. Tho' this indeed is a stronger Proof of its Excellence, and only an Evidence of the Extraordinary Wretchedness of Mankind. Nor did this put me out of Conceit with the

276 *The GOLDEN AGE, or,*
present Age, because I found in my Books,
that the same abominable Viciousness was
charg'd by the Writers of former Ages on
the Wickedness in their Times. In this as
well as other Emergencies of the World, I
cou'd never find any great Variety; Men
were always the same in their Desires, in
their Sins, in their Follies, and not very
different in their Knowledge; if one Age
lost it, the succeeding ones revived it, and
tho' with little variation from what it was
before, yet the Reviver has challenged the
Honour of the Discovery. This holds in
most of our Modern Philosophical Notions.
So in every Age Noblemen, Usurers, Tra-
ders and Soldiers have desired Money more
than Fame; some few Wise Men have va-
lued Honesty, while the greatest Knaves
praise it; and those who most cry it up,
do least for it in Distress. Courtiers al-
ways valu'd themselves more than the Pub-
lick or their Prince; States-men coloured
Self-Interest under *Publick Good*: Priests al-
ways first pursued the Goods of this World,
themselves more, than they preach'd the
Goods of the other World to others; never
forgave their Opposers, and endeavoured
by their Practice to undermine the Belief
which they taught. Contrary Parties were
always Knaves and Fools to each other;
while the Leaders of both might challenge
the first Title in Reality, and all the Follow-
ers the latter. Pedants always would as-
sume

sume the Name of Men of Letters, and Poetafters palm themselves on this Senseless Town and Quality for Poets. Men always, as well as now, talk'd as they would have it, and Peace and War became the Subject of common Discourse, as Men grew weary of War or Peace.

Full of these Reflections I return'd to the Town, to refresh my self and meet Company to dine with, I went to the Coffee-House, where I found a sort of a *Jack*, or diffident *Pinnacler*, in deep Debate with a Whig of the New Cut about the Peace. This justify'd my last Reflection, and will be plain from what follows. Says the first, Had not the Act forbid it, I would lay any Man Ten to One, that we have no Peace before *Michaelmas*. Whoo! we love to run down our Enemies, and make nothing of them; but 'tis a foolish Method, for if they are in so woful and deplorable a Condition, what need we attend their Terms? Why don't we march into their Country with an irresistible Army, such as we pretend to have, of above 160 Thousand Men, Veteran, Noble, Gallant Fellows, well fed, well Cloathed, well paid? What can oppose them in a Country, that is starving, an Army without Men, and Men without Hearts, Cloaths, Money, or any thing necessary for Defence? Who fly before we come near them, and can no more make a stand against us, than a drunken Old Fel-

low against a Brigade of Constables and Watch-men? How can the *French* Monarch pretend to Capitulate on any Terms, but to surrender Prisoner of War? Or why don't we serve him as he did the Doge of *Genoa*, make him come with a Halter about his Neck and beg our Pardon, and submit to our Clemency? 'Till I see these things done, for my part I shall not believe, that the *French* are so damnably reduc'd, or that there is any likelihood of a Peace.

Sir, said the *New Cut*, you are a little too Hot, Politicians suffer the Under-spurs of the News-Writers, to magnify the sad Condition of *France*, to give our own People Heart to hold on the War 'till we can get an Honourable Peace; but for my part I must deal ingenuously with you, I am far from imagining the *French* Affairs in so desperate a State; this King is a Wise, a Great, a Powerful Prince, and he would never let the Prince of the *Asturia's* be acknowledged by the *Cortez*, or the States of the Country, had he found that he must so soon be obliged to disembody the whole *Spanish* Monarchy. For my part, I could wish, for the good of *Europe*, that he were as low as he is represented; tho' on the other hand I must tell you, that I do not think it is the common Interest to pull him down too low; for *Europe* has been in danger once already, from the Power of the House of *Austria*, and should the Empire, and the *Spanish* Monarchy be join'd again, I
know

know not but there would be a Necessity of a Confederacy against that Exorbitant Power. Come, come, we are never satisfy'd, we rail'd at poor King *William* on the Treaty of Partition, and yet I can see no means of restoring Peace to us all, but a Treaty on that Foot. Besides, I must tell you, that tho' the *Dutch* are our Good Confederates and Allies at present, yet I do not think it good Policy to have them entirely secure on the *Terra Firma*, for should they be so, I know not what Designs they may form against *Great Britain*, that is their Rival in Trade. Oh! Gentlemen, there are a great many things to be consider'd in Affairs of this Important Nature, and Things that do not fall into every Man's Capacity to think of; under the Rose, we have a great many Busy, Noisy, Grumbling Fellows, who, were they intirely out of Fear, might play the Devil for God's sake. No Man wou'd be secure. The Clamours against great Men are, alas! generally but too Popular, and since great Men are but Men, they can't but give (thro' Inadvertence or Folly) some Handle for Malice to take hold of, and when Men make a Noise for the Publick Good, how eagerly is all they say swallow'd down for perfect Gospel. Another thing is to be consider'd, our *Hot-spurs* are for having the *French* King to deliver up the *Spanish* Monarchy as a Preliminary. Lack-a-day, Sir, that is a perfect Jest; 'tis

not in his Power, Sir, to give up that Monarchy; 'tis in his Grand-son's Hands, and none but he and the *Spaniards* themselves can do that. What would you have us to do then? Why if the *French* King will give you Passage through his Country to drive his Grand-son out of *Spain*, then while Prince *Eugene*, with an Army of good *Catholicks*, does that Work, our own Men may be brought into *England*, and while they are on foot, they may be ready to Sail either to *Holland* or *Spain*, as occasion requires, and in the mean while they will keep the Grumblers in Awe. In short we were lull'd asleep too long by the enervate Reign of King *Charles* the 2d. when he got up to such a Power as to be an Over-Match for all *Europe* besides. 'Tis very well that we have bang'd him till his Sides Ake, and made him glad to seek a Peace, which, I think we may be willing to accept on easier Terms than some Men propose, who are carry'd away by I know not what sort of Enthusiastick Zeal, that is only founded on Fancy. If he recovers by a Peace, why, so shall we; what's Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander.

There sat by these Learned Disputants an *Old Whig*, whose Colour went and came Twenty times, whilst these Worthy Knights were settling the Affairs of *Europe* on a Secure Foundation. At last, taking up *New Cut*, Sir, said he, I know not what to call

call you, for you talk more like an Engine of *France*, than an *Englishman*. I think what you have said amounts to little less than Treason, at least against the Interest of all the High Allies, as well as our own Nation. What, Sir, to insinuate so great a Libel against the Bravery of our Generals, the Courage of our Soldiers, and the Honour of our Statesmen, after the prodigious Expence of so much Blood and Riches for the carrying on of this War; and since Heaven has Blessed Her Majesty's Arms with such Miraculous Success, that History can't Parallel; when the *French* have been beaten every where, their Armies destroy'd, their Chief Towns plundered, their Country laid Waste by the Hand of Heaven, and their Prince's Cruelty, by forcing above two Millions of Industrious People out of his Country for Religion, whose Hands would now have Cultivated his Fields and shut out Famine, that is now entred their Dominions; after all this, Sir, to obtain a Peace that will leave us worse than the War found us!

The bare Surrender of the *Spanish* Monarchy, good Sir, sets us not where we were before the War; because it is brought much Lower, less capable of Defence, and more lyable to be Seiz'd than ever. The same may be said of the *Netherlands*, tho' not in so great a Degree. So that there is a Necessity of making them Refund *Burgundy*, *Alsace*, and *Franche-Comte*; to lessen the
Number

Number of their Ships, and not be suffer'd to appear on the Ocean with a Ship above 50 Guns; to Surrender *Newfoundland*, their Claim to part of *St. Christophers*; to Demolish *Martenico*, and *Dunkirk*; to give up *Calice*, and to disband his Army. As for restoring the Power of Parliaments, I have nothing to say to it; for I am of Opinion, that to make *France* more Terrible to *Europe* than ever, make it perfectly Free; in their Slavery their Spirit is quash'd and yet by a Politick Prince, you see what they have done; but then indeed bad Success makes all their Glory moulder away much swifter than it rose.

Tho' I am not fond of Discourses of this Nature in a Coffee-House, yet, Sir, I cannot hear such Designs insinuated against my Country, without taking notice of them. You were finely preparing a Way for a Standing Army, by your Peace and no Peace; but I had rather see you, and all your Party Hang'd, than ever see that settled again in *England*. What was the Effect of it in *Oliver's* Time, Slavery first, and then Confusion of Changes. No, Sir, were your Libel true against the Managers of our Affairs, yet give me leave to tell you, That there are safer ways of Defending our Laws and Liberties, than by a Standing Army. Since the Parliament deny'd it to the Best of Kings, I dare believe the Best of Queens will never seek it.

While

While these Gentlemen were thus hotly discoursing the Matter, there sat by them a Jolly sort of a Man, who seem'd one of those who meddled not with Parties, who when the Matter grew High, interposed his Pleasant Face.

Gentlemen, said he, for my part, I am one of those Happy Fellows who never examine into the Secret Motions of Government, nor enquire how such or such a thing is to be brought about. All my care is to have the Blessing of Peace, while you Statesmen, you Wise Politicians contrive to give it me. I confess I love both Peace and War, but for several, I mean different, Reasons. War carries away abundance of Scoundrels that used to infest the Town, and disturb our Pleasures in the time of Peace; but then on the other side, it carries off a great many Honest Fellows too: It is a great promoter of Sobriety; but then it is because it makes Drunkenness too Expensive: It drains the Corrupt Humours of a Nation, by a seasonable *Phlebotomy*; but then for want of Skill it lets out a great deal of good Blood with them. It gives us Glorious Victories, but then the deuce on't is, that it Ruins our Trade. It raises abundance of Brave Fellows to be known in the World, who else had never been heard of; but then a great many hundreds find other Arts to Live by in the very Camp, than by the Sword; and who make
such

such a Figure in the World, that they had better never have been heard of, for the Honour of those who Raised them, and the Dignity they bear. In short, when I think on the Balance, War is not so much to be admired, as it once appear'd to be. But then for Peace, no Body can find fault with it but the Soldiers——but then we have stoppt their Mouths with Half Pay, and no Broken Bones. The Trader Rejoyces in it, for the Privateers fright his Sleep no more away from him, and he has no Hazard but the Rocks and the Sands, much more Merciful than *French Privateers*. The Young Girls they are glad of it; for, they hope now that they may no longer stick a Hand; their Sweet-Hearts will not be ravish'd from their Arms. The Good Fellow is pleas'd with Peace, for then Wine will come Cheaper, and the Vintners will not need to Brew it at that abominable rate, they do now. The Lawyer will Rejoyce at a Peace, because according to the Old Proverb, Peace brings Plenty, and Plenty Litigiousness, and Litigiousness fills *Westminster Hall*, which has had almost a long Vacation ever since the War, while Boys whipt their Tops about the Hall in *Michaelmas Term*. The Parsons will like Peace, for there will be more Marriages, Christenings, and Burials, besides they have too great an Interest in the Plenty of good Wine, and want that Consideration of their Satisfaction in a War.

War. The Bayliffs will be likewise overjoy'd at a Peace, for then they may have a full Gang of their Lubberly Followers without any fear of being press'd to harder Service, either at Land or Sea. Tho' I am afraid that all would not be Pleas'd ev'n with a Peace; *Stocks* would be much abated, which would be a Mortal Blow to *Stock-Jobbing*; Those who have Places in the Taxes would be in fear of paying off the Publick Debts by a Peace, and then they should have their Fortune to seek. There may be others perhaps of their Mind who got Money by War. But 'tis now time to settle; *every Man for himself, and God for us all.*

Thus you see Gentlemen, how many would be pleas'd with Peace, so I beg you let us have it, that we may all sit quietly under our own Vine, laugh away the livelong Day, have much Joy, and little, tho' sound, Slumbers, Friends, Wine, and Women, without controul. And which way soever you compass it, 'tis not a Half-Penny matter.

When he had said this he took his Leave, and the Grave Coxcombs confounded, paid their Dishes, and went off; when I, meeting at last with my Friend, adjourn'd to the Tavern, where we spent the Day as plentifully as if it had been Peace already.

But the Evening being come, I went Home in pretty good Order, and retired to my

my Post of Audience. And the Disputes of the Day, having fixt the War and Peace so much in my Mind I determined this Night to have some few Words about the Camp, where the Fate of Peace and War is decided.

When I had propos'd the Subject; For my part, said the *Roman Crown*, I cannot pretend to say much of a Subject so War-like; at *Rome* we have no *Fulmina Belli*, tho' we have sometimes a noise about the *Fulmina Cathedrae*. Ours is a *Spiritual Warfare*, and the Stratagems and Arms we use, are proportioned to the End of our Designs. For your Great Guns, we have our Canons, and our *Ordinances* for your *Ordnance*; for Fire and Sword, we have Bell, Book, and Candle; for your Plunder, we have our Indulgences, and *Peter-Pence*. But then, whereas the *Spiritual War* Deals in Immortality, it is Immortal, and never Ceases, the Devil fights hard on one side, the Pope on the other. The Devil finds Temptations and Decoys People to Sin, in order to Damn them, but then out comes the Pope with *Indulgences*, *Agnus Dei's*, and the like Ammunition, and for a very little Money makes the Sinners Souls *rectas in curia*; the more they Sin, the more he gives Indulgences, and the Trade goes on without ceasing; the Devil's ne'er weary of Tempting, the *Romans* of Sinning, nor the Pope of Pardoning; the more the Devil Tempts, the

the more the *Romans* Sin, the more the Pope Pardons; so the Devil adds Temptation to Temptation, the *Romans* Sin to Sin, and the Pope Pardon to Pardon: And yet the Devil never gives over till Death, nor the *Romans* in Sinning, but then comes in the Pope, by a plenary Indulgence, a Scapular, or a St. *Francis's* Cord, and whips the *Roman* Souls out of the Devil's Hands, and sends them directly to Heaven.

This is the State of our Spiritual Warfare, where the Opposites being Immortal, and the Ammunition Imaginary, the Contest is Perpetual, in which every one gets but the Devil: For the *Romans* get Pleasant Sins, and the Pope gets their Money for his Pardons; but for your Wars of this World, I leave an Account of them to my worthy good Brethren, who have been more Con- versant about them.

Here the *Roman Crown* closing his Discourse, my little *Louis D'or* thus began, Sir, I think my self the properest piece of Gold of this Company, to satisfy your Curiosity in your Enquiries of this Nature, because I having belong'd to the *Grand Monarch*, know more Secrets of this kind, than the Cabinet Council it self, or all the Generals of the Armies of *France*. For I may assure you, that all the successful Campaigns that *Lewis* has formerly had, tho' he Challenge the Glory, we had the principal share in acquiring them. I confess, that we are
not

not the only Instruments of obtaining a Victory, it must be indeed allow'd that he has other Troops appear in the Action, but we that work Invisibly, are the main Engines that do the work Effectually. The Troops of the Household flatter'd formerly with the Name of the *Invincible* (tho' since beaten into a sense of the Adulation) have but the Pompous Title, whilst it is only we who have the true Post of Honour, and are indeed the true Troops of the Household, and deserve the Name, if not of the *Invincible*, at least of the *Irresistible*; for we make the first, and the most effectual Attack. We bear the King's Image, and carry with us a greater Awe, and strike a deeper Terror, than those who only wear his Liveries. We have always Conquer'd, nay, whole Armies have laid down their Arms at our Approach. No Fort, no Ramparts, no Bulwarks or Walls, but fall down like those of *Jericho*, when we go in Procession about them, and at last pass Triumphant in without a Breach. When we spring the Mine, the Fortress is no longer Tenible.

I must ingenuously Confess, that we have not been so Successful in the open Field, as in Sieges and Blockades; and yet I may venture to Assert, that we have done very considerable Services, either in by-passing the opposite General, retarding his Marches, or putting a stop to the Pursuit, when Victory was theirs, and ours forc'd to fly.

fly. From all which, our Titles to Valour and Conduct can by no means be disputed, two Qualities of so great value in a General; nay, we may likewise pretend to the Honourable Appellation of generous Enemies, since we never shed any Blood in the Field, nor take any City or Fortress by Storm.

First we appear before it, and let the Enemy take a view of our Strength and our Numbers, then we summon them to Surrender, which if they refuse, the Politick King draws fresh Troops out of his Garrisons, (that is, out of his Coffers) and this never fails to make the most Impregnable Fortifications fall into his Hands.

Thus *Lewis le Grand* has possess'd himself of so many considerable Towns and Cities in so little a space of time in the *Franché-Conté*, *Flanders*, and the rest of the *Spanish Netherlands*, and at one fatal juncture, throughout all *Holland*, tho' an Accident prevented keeping them. And yet the *Dutch* Fear and Reverence him more for their own sakes than his, because every Branch of their Trade with *France*, proves Profitable to them: Our Attacks have always prov'd very successful in the Empire, where Cities and whole Countries have become our Vassals, without aspiring to the Honour of striking one Blow to yield with the better Grace.

I have been in several, nay many Confe-

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rences

rences, and assisted at divers Councils of War, while I was in the Possession of the *Intendants*; the *Secretaries of State*, and the *Commissaries of the Armies*, and I can assure you on the Word of a *Louis d'Or* of Honour, that there has never been any one Thing of Moment enterpriz'd above these Forty Years, the Execution of which has not been entrusted to our Care and Adrefs.

When any of our Generals have demanded any Number of Thousands of Horse or of Foot, for the attempting any Action, the King (who loves to act the surest part) wou'd then propose a like Number of *Louis d'Ors*, being sufficiently convinc'd that this was the most certain way to accomplish his vast Designs; and in this his Opinion, he still was seconded by his Cabinet Council, who always thought it better to Buy the Town, than hazard Attack.

To give you an Instance, when the great *Condé*, or *Turenne*, and a few more of that Character, (who, good Men knew no other Use of Gold, than to pay their Troops) would demand 20000 Foot, and 10000 Horse; the King and his Wise Council wou'd add a like Number of *Louis d'Ors*, as well knowing that one Man might be as good as another, but that no Man was so good as a *Louis d'Or*, so that on any demand of Men by these fighting Generals, the Council of the King consulted how many of us were fit to be employ'd in such an Expedition

tion; if one Sum prove too little, Additions were made, and Success always attended. Then did the Army take the Field, and the King put himself at the Head of them; and march'd to a Victory already assur'd, who like *Saul* among the Prophets, would say at his going away from *Versailles*: *I am going to Besiege such a Place, and I shall take it such a Day*; and this has been observ'd never to fail in the Event. But to do our selves Justice, I must declare, that neither his own nor his General's Conduct, not yet the Bravery of his Troops cou'd assure them such signal Honour, of Subduing so many Wealthy Towns and Provinces, but only we who carry with us where ever we go, such an Intrinsic Value, and so Irresistible a Power.

But this does by no means hinder all the Appearance of a formal Siege, tho' we have secur'd the Surrender, yet they draw Lines of Circumvallation, Contravallation, raise Batteries, and play their Great Guns; but this is only for the Honour of his Arms, and so steal a Glory of Martial Prowess for the Monarch: But the springing the Golden Mine, produces the Flags of Capitulation, then is the King extoll'd by all, as a Man of wonderful Valour, and so enters the Place new taken in Triumph.

Thus the Great *Lewis* makes War his Diversion, entertaining the Ladies either in the Camp, or in the fine Fields of *Douille*,

the Danger and the Success is always the same. For what I have said, I leave it to you to judge, whether *Lewis* does not in the nicest point deserve the Sir-name of *Great*.

Near my little *Louis d'Or*, lay a Spanish *Pistole*, who, at this, broke his Silence. You discover a piece of a Gallic Assurance (said he) in assuming all the Honour of these Actions to your self, tho' too many of us Spanish *Pistoles*, have had too large a share in the matter, I confess indeed, that we ought to be ashamed, and not value ourselves on this Merit of Unstability to aggrandize your Monarch and lessen our own, when by paying the Price of those very Towns which they have wrested out of our Hands.

The *Louis d'Or*, with a seeming Modesty and Deference, thus answer'd, And what you say Sir, is true, nor did I design to do you any Injustice, but still what was done by both our means, must redound to the Honour of my King, who knows so perfectly well his own Interest and Advantage, as to oblige his very Enemies to Contribute to his Greatness.

Truly, interrupted the *Guinea*, this is an Honour so peculiar to the *French*, that it has not been nam'd among us yet in this Island; for to Bribe and Subborn, to deal with Traytors, and Traffick for Towns like Jockeys for Horses, is fit only for the most Base, or the most Abject of Men; and are
these

these then the Steps by which *Lewis* had mounted so high as to threaten all *Europe* with the Terror of his Name? The Event may have since convinc'd him, that Victory is not always the Reward of Treachery.

My *Louis d'Or*, who expected no such Answer, seem'd in some Confusion, but being us'd to the *French-Air*, he soon put on a little Assurance, and said, I do profess that there is no difference in Conquest, whether it comes by *Gold* or by *Iron*: Whether by numerous Armies or prodigious Sums of Money; for let Victory be bought with *Gold* or with Blood, it is certainly still Victory.

But pray Sir, assum'd the *Guinea*, is this the way that *Cesar*, *Scipio*, and *Alexander* made War, they disdaining that Victory that was not the purchase of Blood: They always wou'd say that they were Generals, not Merchants. These were Men famous in War, and in great and mighty Conquests the Patterns of Heroes, and the Admiration of all; and their Method seem extremely different from these you advance.

I look on them (reply'd the *Lewis d'Or*) as great Men of their Times, when the True and Modern way of making War was unknown; they scarce knew their own Original, much less the wonderful Influence that *Gold* has on the Minds of Mankind; that mighty Bait was reserv'd in store for the

Discovery of the present Polite Age, and our *Lewis the Great* has so thoroughly study'd Men, that he perfectly knows their weak sides, and never fails to attack them in that place. Thus instead of shedding whole Deluges of Blood, he spreads his Conquests a more gentle and Humane way, by Deluges of Gold; these are Conquests worthy the *most Christian King*. And yet I much wonder that *Alexander* should so far forget his Father's Wise Maxims, by which he Conquer'd all *Greece*, and smooth'd his way to the *Persian* Monarchy. Nor was it much wonder that he quitted these Maxims in the difference of Antagonists, The Brave one is to be Corrupted, the Cowards to be Beaten, Poor Men of Valour will submit to Gold, and Rich Cewards to the Sword. Thus Gold Conquer'd *Greece*, and Iron all *Asia*.

Why, said I, my little *Louis d'Or*, thou art not satisfy'd with taking Towns, and gaining Victories, but puts in as a Panegyrist for a Place among the Flatterers that surround thy Master's Throne.

Why truly Sir, (reply'd the Piece) I am not asham'd of the Character of an Orator, and you Men seem to allow it to Gold, when speaking of a more than commonly Eloquent Man, you say he has a *Golden Tongue*; the Metaphor is just, for 'tis taken from the greater Excellence, for our Eloquence does far surpass yours. There is no Cause

Cause so Bad, that does not become Good in our Hands; and no Cause so Good, but when we are against it shall appear Bad. It is our Talent to Conquer; and even Time, that grave Destroyer of all things, has no Dominion over us; for a *Louis d'Or* that has been rambling throughout the World, e're since the time of *Lewis XIII.* is as capable of Undertaking any considerable Action, as any one that received the Stamp but Yesterday, so little does she impair our Virtue and Force. Thou art, my little Piece, a most profound Casuist, said I. No, that Talent we leave to your Men (reply'd he smartly) for Words are your Province, but Actions is ours, and I might therefore fitly apply the Words of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* to my self.

*Quantum ego Marte feroce
Inque Acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.*
As much as I in Martial Deeds prevail,
So much does he in a fine varnish'd Tale.

I wonder that the World should so much Reproach *Lewis le Grand* (who so well knew his own Interest) for making use of that Metal which commands the World, and is it self the Bulwark of Kingdoms; and the darling Object of all Mens Desires; this Metal he has at his Command, and with this he compasses his vast and Noble

Designs, and which when that fails, must also fail. I will add but one Word more on him, and that is; that he seems by Fate design'd to command the whole World, since by his Policy he has already got Possession of the New, which furnishes him with Gold to make War in the Old; Nay, his whole Reign 'till this present, has been an *Age of Gold*.

But said the *Italian Crown*, the Golden Age was succeeded by the Silver Age, and that by the Brazen and Iron Ages; and then *Lewis* has out-liv'd the Three former, and has now no more Gold to dispose on his several Occasions about this part of the World as he was wont. So that whilst his Soldiers have nothing but Rust, he himself must submit to the Conquest of the Iron of his Enemies. Witness his Unsuccessful Campaigns, and whilst his Foes are making vigorous Preparations for War he is fain to send his Plenipotentiaries to sue for a Peace.

You give we the Spleen (said the little *Louis d'Ors*) to hear you speak thus without Reflection, I confess that we are now in the Enemies hands, but then as I told you, we are Invulnerable and immortal, whilst a General or other Officer taken, must be a Prisoner till Ransom'd, or we are at liberty, and may pass back again into our Old Masters Hands; and when that comes to pass, you may be sure we shall again gain him

him this wonted Success; and retrieve all those Losses which now appear in considerable. But since the Golden Age is now no more (said the *Guinea*) and the Iron Age bears all the sway, why does not he make use of this Metal to perpetuate the Conquests that his Gold had obtained there, and make at least a Vertue of Necessity, and at last draw the Sword when his Purse will no longer answer his Demands? Our Generals would think the History of their Actions would make but a dark Figure, if any of them were owing to so Mercenary a Metal; but take the Field after we are sent away with the Baggage, admitting with a grievous Disdain of all other Help but their Swords, whilst on the contrary, your King is coming to his Army when his Golden Bridge has secur'd his Passage.

That (said the *Louis d'Ors*) was always thought the surest, and most subtil Art of making War; *Philip* the Father of the great *Alexander*, and Pattern of my Master, as I have observ'd, us'd to say that there was no Fortrefs impregnable, if there was a way for an Ass loaden with Gold to get Entrance. Private Men as well as Monarchs, make use of the most probable means of Success, and both have found Gold to be the surest means.

I agree with you (said the *Guinea*) that no Prince ever had a greater Regard to his own Interest; for to advance that he has never scrupl'd to sacrifice all things that were Sacred.

Sacred or Dear to Man ; but to esteem this an Honourable Cause is what I can never subscribe to.

It is as Humour's in Fashion (reply'd the *Louis d'Or*) every one has his own Fancy and Notion. And as *France* is the Fountain of *Fashions*, and Cookery, so I think her Right has not been disputed in setting the Standard of both with the well-bred fine Gentlemen ; the same will hold of what is Honourable and Dishonourable, at least by the Practice of the Beau Mond. Here are no Honours so distinguish'd as those we have practis'd ; and if the Honours of *Lewis le Grand* are now in Decay, it is because we have left his Dominions.

That is to say, assum'd the *Guinea*, that he has no Honour left, in the favour of your Monarch, I presume to deny, and affirm that he has now as much Honour as ever he was Master of.

Be not so hard, said the *Louis d'Or*, on our great King, who has ever paid dear enough for his Purchase. But I must again say that nothing is more glorious than to see him take Towns, and over-run Countries, with little more force than what he desir'd from his *Louis d'Ors*. You know that *Philip* the 2^d. Boasted, that he commanded the World, and made his Enemies tremble without going out of his Closet. This may properly be said of *Lewis le Grand*, since without

without stirring from *Versailles*, he has accomplish'd these Warlike Designs, which have frighten'd all *Europe*; and I call it glorious to gain Battles and Towns with an Instrument so mean. For the weaker the Means, the more Honourable the Exploit.

But since we have entred so far into this Argument, let us examine which Conduct is most agreeable to Reason. Your Generals you say, know no way to Conquest but by the Sword; and where is then the Wonder, that at the Head of Brave and Vigorous Troops Victory should attend them. No Man ever doubted the Valour of *Gustavus Adolphus*, who accomplish'd so many Glorious Actions, and great Things by meer force of his Army. The Kings of the *North* know no other way, nor have it in their Power to try any other. While we call this a Gigantick way of making War.

But the Victories of *Lewis le Grand* are so *Ænigma*, which the best Historians, or Politicians are not capable of explaining. The terrible Effects of his Power are e'ery Day felt, but the Fountain from whence they spring, has been always a Secret. You daily hear of Forts, Towns and Cities Subdu'd, but could never discover the Hand that did the Work. This is truly more than Humane Wit.

But I will let you know how he became Master of *Strasbourg*, the Capital of all *Alsace*, a Place which other Princes would have

have reckon'd worthy a Campaign, which yet we took without the loss of one Man's Life, or so much as a Wound, but a world of good *Louis d'Ors* were bury'd in the Town.

The King dispatches away his faithful *Louvois*, and only our Servant, he finds the Chief Burger-master's Coach ready to receive him without the Gates, whilst he is carry'd to the Burger-master's House; he sends his Man out under preterice of buying up Horses: The Burger-master's Family being got out of the way, he Assembled the rest of the Magistrates, and in the Midst of them, Mr. *Louvois* opens the Case, produces also very large Promises, extolling the great Rewards his Master was preparing for them, in consideration of the Affair they then met about, and as an Earnest of it presented each of them with a Thousand *Louis d'Ors*, adding that his Master was not Rich enough to requite so great a piece of Service to the height of the Merit, but assur'd them they had engag'd with a Prince who would always be liberal of his Favours to them, and Honour them with his Esteem, as his best Friends and Allies.

At the Second Conference it was agreed, that the First or Chief Burger-master shou'd have a Present of Four hundred Thousand *Louis d'Ors*; and every other Magistrate of the Cabal should have Three Hundred Thousand; on the Payment of which the
Keys

Keys of the City should be deliver'd into his Hands, and that it should for ever after be tributary to *France*, and that the Publication should be made on the 23^d. of *October* 1661. The King was punctual to the Agreement, and enter'd the Town on the very same Day.

I shall next inform you how we got the King the Mastery of *Casal*, a Place of such Importance that I need not enforce it. I had a Relation of that Fact from a Piece that was sent on that very Expedition.

The Marquis d' *Louvois*, whose Head was al ways at work, and ^{The taking of Casal.} had met with such Success so lately in the Affair of *Strasbourg*; let the Duke of *Mantua* know that if he would sell *Casal* to his Master, he would pay him down two Millions of *Livers* for it; a mighty thing in the Pocket of so Poor a Prince as *Mantua*: Therefore in his Answer, he acquainted him that the Proposal was not disagreeable to him. The Fatigue that *Luvois* had lately, and also in his Journey to and from *Strasbourg*, had disabled him from undertaking that Journey; he therefore advised the King to make use of Mr. *Colbert*; who having received his last Instructions, set out with all Dilligence for *Casal*; who, as soon as he arriv'd had a Private Conference with the Duke. Then by Misfortune, drawing out some Papers from his Pocket, he dropt one of his Memoirs, in which he had Instructions

The GOLDEN SIEGE, or,
ons to go as far as Four Millions, leaving
other little Affairs to his own Management.
This Paper, one of the Duke's Pages find-
ing, brought to his Master. But Mr. Colbert,
coming among others the next day to his Le-
vee, the same Page with a bundance of Ad-
dress, convey'd it again into his Pocket with-
out being perceived. The Duke seeming to
know nothing of his Instructions, told him
that he could not part with a Place of that Im-
portance for less than Four Millions. Mr. Col-
bert was surprized to find the Duke in a
Mind different from what he seemed the last
Night, but dissembling his Instructions, told
him, That he could not exceed what had
been before proffer'd; but yet rather than
leave his Court *re infectâ*, he would venture,
on his own hazard, to exceed his Commis-
sion some Hundred Thousand of *Livers*. It
was at last agreed, That the Duke should
have his Advance of 500000 *Livers*, and a
Yearly Pension of 200000. This Poor
Prince being thus caught, he Sign'd the
Contract of Sale, and Mr. Colbert return'd
to Court in less than six Weeks. This was
the Prelude to that Prince's Misery.

In this manner, said the *Louis d'Or*, does
our great Monarch accomplish his Designs,
and yet you will not allow his Conduct Ho-
nourable and Just, tho' you cannot deny that
there is nothing more Lawfully got, than
when we Purchase with our Money.

I do aver, reply'd the *Guinea*, that that
very

Very Maxim will not generally hold good, as reaching no farther than the Bargains of private Men. But in Matters of State, a Man of Honour would Blush at it, and rather expose his Life in Honourable Conquest, than steal a Town, a Province by a Bribe to a Prince, who has no Right to sell it.

Tho' I think your Assertion, said the *Louis d'Or*, will not hold good, yet to pass over that Subject, I will proceed to the Relation of another Action, which no less tends to the rendring his Name Immortal, and that is, the Conquest of his own Subjects; and those of Millions of Souls which he has Converted to the *Catholick* Faith, in which we also have acted no inconsiderable Part.

Then I find, said I, that thou art a Missionary, as well as a Soldier, and Statesman! Pray, let me then hear what Success you have had in this Apostolical Function.

Is it possible, said he, that you can be Ignorant of that which all the World knows already so well?

I know very well, interrupted the Guinea, who could not be silent on this occasion) that *Lewis XIV.* has routed the Protestants out of *France*, and that *Dragoons* were the villanous Instruments of that Work, effected by Fire and Sword. By which the *Dragoons* made more Converts in one Week, than their Bishops and Prelates could do all their Lives. But I must own that I am quite Ignorant of what part you cou'd have in that Weighty Affair.

I expected no less, said the *Louis d'Or*, I see you are prepossess'd with that False Notion, as well as others, of attributing all his Success to the Fury of his Arms; when we alone deserve all the Praise. In this I already open'd your Eyes as to his Secular Conquests, now I am to assure you, that those likewise which are Spiritual derive all their Glory from us.

Was

Was I in your place, said the *Guinea*, I should easily surrender my share to the *Dragoons*, who seem fitter Instruments of a work of this Nature than you.

Why, said the *Louis d'Or*, in a kind of heat, is the Conversion of Two Millions of Souls to be past over in silence? Which can't be equal'd in History, even since the Days of the Apostles; nay, I may say, that this exceeds all they did. If they Converted many Nations, it was by strange and wonderful Miracles, Preaching, and the Holy Spirit; but here was not so much as one Miracle perform'd, nor the least pretence of having the Gift of the Holy Ghost. And since these strange things are brought about by our means, why should we refuse the Glory we deserve.

But we in *England*, said the *Guinea*, being quite Ignorant of these Things, I hope you will pardon our Doubts. And I think that Corruption is a less excuse for defending an Opinion than Fame.

The Dispute is not of that, said the *Louis d'Or*, whether it be more or less Culpable, but let it be taken as it will, it makes our Enquiry of equal extent; and since Men's Consciences are not proof against our Power, it plainly follows that nothing else is.

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In effect, Gentlemen, said I, to put an end to the Dispute, you are the Darlings of the Age, your Empire is over all, and you are the Arbitrators of *War, Peace*; but to the Shame of those who advanced you to that Power be it spoken. It is the Scandal of *Lewis le Grand*, to have made so Brutal an Use of you; as well as of the Popish Church, to commit so many Sacriledges by your means, And a Reproach to Mankind to prostitute himself to your Charms.

Yet since there can be no Intelligence like what you can give, I shall take care often to Consult my
GOLDEN SPY. *FINIS.*

